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ERRATA.

Introduction on Taste, p. 3. l. 9. insert the "tout ensemble, je ne sai quoi," of the French, the "un certo che, "un non so che," of the Italians.

Ibid. p. 11. l. 26. For *flowing* read *glowing*.

—— p. 30. l. 22. For *Fontenelle* read *Abbé du Bos*.

—— p. 31. l. 6. For *paradox* read *phenomenon*.

—— p. 34. l. 9. For *begging of the question* read *going in a circle*.

—— p. 87. l. 18. For *ancient* read *ancients*.

—— p. 108. l. 10. Place a semicolon instead of full point.

—— p. 148. l. 2. For *Macbeath* read *Macbeth*.

—— p. 160. l. 2. For *Argantes* read *Argante*.

Poemata, p. 119. l. 20. and 21.

—— Quem gloria vana
Lusit imaginibus falsis.

INTRODUCTION ON TASTE.

IN all works of taſte, Nature is the unerring infallible guide that leads to perfection. Simplicity is the height of refinement, is a rule in its principles ſo extenſive, as not to admit of a ſingle exception, it is reaſonable to conclude, in the whole circle of the arts and ſciences. This refined ſimplicity is widely different from the rude uncultivated ſimplicity of nature, altogether unaſſiſted by art; for it borrows from both, but conceals what it derives from the latter, in imitation of the former, for its ornament.

THERE is a medium that all nations paſs through, in their progreſs from the one to the other of theſe extremes, that ſeems to have little or no connection with either, and that is altogether a ſtate of art. Here it appears portrayed in every ridiculous, groteſque, fantaſtical ſhape. It is here that form,

ſymmetry, and exact geometrical proportions are in every thing diſplayed, every where impoſing ſhackles that nature never meant.

THIS middle ſtate once paſſed, men arrive at that laſt ſtage of improvement, in which they are not guided by mere rude nature, as in the firſt, nor fettered entirely by art, as in the ſecond, but happily blending the two, reach that ultimate point of perfection, within the compaſs of human affairs, beyond which there is no advancement, but from which certain declenſion, in conſequence of the perpetual rotation, the flux and reflux, they are neceſſarily involved in.

THERE is a natural and acquired taſte, both mutually depending on, and aiding each other. Its ſource is alſo twofold; the mind in the exerciſe of its own functions and operations, and adminiſtered to by the ſenſes. In whichſoever way it decides on the objects of taſte, its deciſions may be true or falſe; and to aſcertain their rectitude or depravity, the judgment is reſorted to, to aſſign the reaſons of the ſentiments or ideas entertained, diſtinguiſhing between their conformity with, or deviation from nature, the genuine ſtandard. The finer ſenſes of ſight and hearing hold a middle rank between the mind and the groſſer ſenſations of taſte, ſmell, and

touch, forming moſt important links in the chain of our ideas and perceptions.

The author of the ſublime and beautiful has given no definition of taſte, judging it too delicate to endure the chains of one. Monteſquieu, more bold, hazards a general definition: It is that which attaches us to any thing, whether real or intellectual, by ſentiment. But that altogether without a name, or the natural gift of pleaſing, ſo gracefully and beautifully figured in that maſterpiece of fiction in Homer, Venus's girdle, comes under no definition, eludes all deſcription, raiſes in us ſentiments, affects us with ſtrong emotions of ſenſibility, but how, is not to be expreſſed. As faithfully as the ſenſes repreſent the images derived from nature, ſo faithfully ſhould the imagination reflect them in all works of taſte, that are to be eſtimated by that ſtandard.

The ſource of taſte is what has divided the authors that have treated of it; whether it is to be traced in the qualities of the heart or head, ſome deriving it from the imagination, from ſentiment and ſenſibility, others placing it in an enlightened underſtanding and exquiſite judgment. It does not ſeem neceſſary to ſide abſolutely with either opinion, but rather to endeavour the conciliating and

uniting the two, as there is nothing irreconcilable in them; the advocates for each only attributing too much to their own ſyſtem, and too little to the oppoſite, deviating from the due medium, in not allowing each their juſt proportions. For it appears incontrovertible, that an entire union, in their moſt perfect ſtate of all the qualities of the head and heart, eſſentially contributes to the formation of a fine taſte. The ſenſes muſt inform the underſtanding, and the underſtanding correct the ſenſes, as each is liable to its errors, without the other's aſſiſtance. Without the interference of the judgment, all ſenſations would occur to all men in the ſame way, as all are furniſhed, independent of diſeaſe and accident, with the ſame organs of ſenſation. The ſenſes then are but the inlets or avenues, through which the ideas are to paſs to the underſtanding, out of which, as the materials, it is to form by compoſition and reſolution that, which is better known than defined, taſte. Exquiſite ſenſibility, refined ſentiment, neceſſarily imply a correſpondent refinement of judgment. In perſons well born, well educated, with a good ſhare of natural talents, the mind cannot refuſe its aſſent to the impulſes it receives from ſenſation; hence an uniformity of ſentiment in all perſons of the ſame deſcription, and a certainty in taſte. Taught then its certainty, acquainted with its infallible ſtandard, nature our

guide, let us not be remiſs in the cultivation of that which requires, as indiſpenſable requiſites in the purſuit towards its attainment, all the qualities that can adorn the mind, or refine the heart.

Scilicet ingenuas didiciſſe fidelitèr artes
Emollit mores, nec ſinit eſſe feros.

and in another place,

Illum, quicquid agit, quoquò veſtigia vertit,
Componit furtìm, ſubſequiturque decor.

It is in the ſpirit of theſe lines, in aiming at the perfection of the moral and intellectual agent, that we are to ſacrifice to the Graces, ſtrow flowers on their altars, that to our invocations they may be propitiouſly inclined, embelliſh our actions, and conduct us ſucceſsfully through the paths that lead to virtue, ſcience, and the fine arts.

Without the ornaments and embelliſhments of the Graces, there may be much real worth and intrinſic merit; but the greateſt merit, when unaccompanied by them, may be born but too commonly to live unſeen, die unknown, and always to be deprived of a great portion of its earthly reward. The Graces are nothing void of merit; and it loſes much of its value and eſtimation unadorned by them: They mutually aid and ſet off each other. For it is the manner of doing and ſaying things that, in the eyes of men, conſtitutes much of the

merit of our words and actions, as they must be pleased, at the same time they are instructed by the one, and benefited by the other: That manner that is to ingratiate, must be the gift of nature, born with us, nursed with us in the cradle, improved by education, travelling, perfected in the commerce of the world, and thus given, so trained, is what is to qualify us to frequent the temple, offer incense at the altar of the Graces. It shows itself in whatever we do, say or think, in moving, standing or sitting, even in silence itself: In silence there may be a grace or beauty discovered, as much as a sublimity in Ajax's in the shades. The beauty of taste cannot be defined more than the beauty of person; they both alike consist in that, altogether without a name. The mental and personal qualifications conspire in the formation of this ideal composition, this mystical assemblage of charms, that seems possessed of the magic of Venus's girdle, without its lascivious allurements.

The effect produced by it is a surprise; but a surprise almost imperceptible, or little striking at first, but progressively increasing at once to a degree of ravishment and astonishment, from its native ingenuousness. That surprise is the result of what is said or done in a natural or easy manner, not studied or affected, what seems to be accidentally

found, not earneſtly ſought after. The moſt exact ſymmetry of features, purity of complexion, proportion of ſhape, in conformity to the admired model of the *Venus de Medicis*, without the aid of the accompliſhments of the mind and heart, without that happy expreſſion of them, that diſcovers itſelf in the look and manners, modeſtly and negligently without art or affectation, are all inſipid, pall upon the eye, ſoon fade and diſappear.

In contemplation of which truth, the female, no leſs than the male part of the creation, ſhould be taught to dedicate more of that time they employ in the adorning of the perſon, to the culture of the heart, the improvement of the mind and manner: More of their hours, that are ſo unprofitably waſted in the theatres, and other places of public reſort, might be better allotted to Attic ſpeculations, ſought after in Attic evening entertainments. It is thus, another intercourſe will prevail between the ſexes, than has hitherto been known; other endearments unite them, each ſhedding influence on, and deriving mutual luſtre from the other; the men beſtowing due portions of their ſtrength of mind, their conſtancy and firmneſs on the women, and they in return, thoſe fine touches, and ſoft ſhadowings, on the more manly character, that is to new-model, and poliſh it for the commerce of the world. In

this way, the roughneſs of the one ſex, the ſoftneſs and delicacy of the other, indulged to exceſs as they now too much are, conſequently blemiſhes, and all ſeveral deformities, modified, moulded, blended and interchanged, will become in their different degrees, beauties and accompliſhments, contribute each in their proportions, to the completion of the dignity of the human character.

The ſexes ſo formed would look on each other with other eyes, than now they do, would entertain for each other, another and very different love, one that would have, for its object, an entire union of the moral perfections, and perſonal graces, in the room of one, that has its deſires fixed in, and engroſſed by the laſt, or the allurements of fortune, too generally unſupported by, or but faintly ſo, by the firſt. Their addreſs might be more attended to than their dreſs; but as not a little too is due to the externals, to thoſe outward decencies, the great and leading principle, that might beſt regulate the whole œconomy, and arrangement of dreſs, is the *ſimplex munditiis*, ſimplicity joined with an elegance, being in this, as in every thing elſe where taſte prevails, the height of refinement.

Friendship would be a principal ingredient in ſuch an attraction, a friendſhip almoſt yet unknown,

and almoſt an idol of worſhip. Intrigue, gallantry, diſſipation, from the public breakfaſtings, up through the inſipid ſcenes of card aſſemblies, to the midnight revels of the maſquerade, would then yield to purer refinements, and other delicacies. If the exiſtence of ſtates, their proſperity depend on the exertions of men, ſo does that of the families, that compoſe thoſe ſtates, in great meaſure, on the virtue and conduct of women, and what is more, much, if not all, of our happineſs and domeſtic peace.

Queen Elisabeth, than whom no monarch, that has graced the throne, ever better governed theſe realms, was deeply verſed in Greek and Roman literature; tranſlated into Latin, ſome tragedies of Sophocles, orations of Demoſthenes, compoſed Greek Epigrams. That virtuous character, ſo nearly allied to the Crown, Lady Jane Grey, was wholly occupied in learned purſuits; not to mention the long train of female writers, by whoſe productions of genius, the republic of letters is ſo much ornamented.

No literary production has more advanced the cultivation of the fine arts, than the Analyſis of Beauty; the waving line of beauty it ſo happily diſcloſes, the winding, ſerpentine line of grace, the

gently ſwelling contours, thoſe fine ſhadowings, the undulating, flowing, gradual variations, due mixture of light and ſhade, natural colouring, refined ſimplicity, faithful imitation of nature, it inculcates in all the works of taſte, all tend irreſiſtibly to aſcertain its ſtandard. Our acquiſition of, and application to the admired models of the Etruſcan antiquities, have alſo contributed to the ſuperior taſte with which the fine arts are cultivated in Britain. Its architecture, in the monuments it ſo frequently exhibits, of the ſublime and beautiful, the grand and magnificent, ſurpaſſes that of modern times, throughout the nations of Europe. What a ſtriking ſcene does London diſplay at once in its bridges, and its hundred towers, ſome ſuch noble ſpecimens of the art, and in the midſt St Paul's, that maſterpiece, towering above the reſt. At the entrance of it, the firſt port in the univerſe is diſtinguiſhed by a ſtructure, the firſt alſo, and without a parallel, for its long extended double colonades, ſtyle of architecture, correſpondence, and coincidence of parts, and effect as a whole. Its Gothic piles, whether in their ruinous or entire ſtate, are venerable remains of antiquity, that ſtrike the beholder with a mixture of awe and delight. The Gothic arch muſt, in all ages, give pleaſant ſenſations, from its foundation in nature, an avenue of trees, with their branches trimmed, preſenting its model. But the

fillagree ornaments, with which our buildings of later date, are ſo crowded, are dangerous innovations, and tend to the corruption of the elegance ſo long diſplayed in our architecture.

Not leſs diſtinguiſhed than the architecture, is the gardening of this iſland, in its natural landſcapes. The heavy formal Dutch taſte, ſo well ridiculed in Pope's couplet,

Grove nods to grove, each alley has its brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.

with all its profuſion of geometrical figures, groteſque fantaſtic appearances, has long ſince been here exploded, and yielded to other embelliſhments of rural reſidences; ſuch as are diſplayed in uplands, crowned with hanging woods, the formation of lawns, uneven and broken ſurfaces levelled throughout extended plains; the continuance, without break or interruption by the rude hand of art, in forced line or row, of finely varied, gradual, undulating ſlopes, ſo as not to interrupt the eye, in its free range and progreſs over the extenſive ſcenery, which eagerly graſps at variety and infinity, in the objects of its ſearch; all incloſures modeſtly retiring from the ſight, and art no where appearing, but to aſſiſt nature in her operations. It is ſuch ſcenery, ſuch flowing, animated landſcapes, that burſt on the tranſported view; with what variety of rock and

water, hill and dale, flocks and herds, may confpire to enliven and complete the enchantment.

An uniformity, a common fenfe of a ftandard of tafte, founded in nature, prevails among men, wifely adapted to their frame and conftitution, to which to appeal in the cultivation of the fine arts, without which in vain their flourifhing ftate would be looked for. As indifputably as there is a ftandard of morals is there one of tafte; both alike eftablifhed on invariable principles derived from the fame fource.

CRITICAL DISSERTATION.

THE etymology of poetry has its derivation from the Greek word ποιέω, its province being the creative powers of the imagination, working under the control of a correct judgment, as is finely illustrated by Shakespeare, in his Midsummer Night's Dream, act 5th.

The poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

Amid the infinite revolutions of letters, the various changes the arts and sciences have in all ages, and in all countries, been subjected to, it is curious to observe how criticism has stood its ground for full two thousand years. At least, it will not

be denied, that the foundation of this art was laid as far back as Ariſtotle's time; and if the labour of ſucceeding ages claims the merit of rearing the ſuperſtructure, it is ſuch a one only as will be found to amount to little more than an explanation, and enlargement of the excellent precepts then laid down.

This is at once a proof of either the infallibility of ſucceſs attending the ſtudy, the penetrating acuteneſs of the critic, or the weak endeavours of ſucceeding writers in the art. The two former reaſons are to be adopted in preference to the latter.

The certainty of criticiſm, already much anticipated in the introduction, is to be inferred, from the abſolute and neceſſary foundation it has in nature. In all our reaſonings there muſt be given an ultimate point, beyond which the ſubtilty and refinement of metaphyſics cannot carry us, without plunging into an unfathomable depth of myſtery; our fruitleſs endeavours to plumb which, muſt ever expoſe the narrow ſphere of our bounded conceptions. In vain ſhall we attempt, by any induſtry of ours, to ſcan that immenſurable chain, which, in an unbroken ſeries of links, reaches from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. A chain which Homer fixing at the foot of the throne of Jupiter,

extends to earth, with a ſublimity equal to what he has diſplayed in his inimitable picture of Diſcord.

The adoption of ſceptical doubts in our ſpeculations, may very readily lead us to tranſgreſs the limits of our confined line, the very foundation of ſcience may be ſapped by them, the moſt valuable ornaments of cultivated humanity wholly cancelled and deſtroyed. When we have placed then the ſtandard of taſte in the immutable nature of things; when we have traced it up to this ſource, by a due attention to our moſt admired models, and the never failing analogy, that takes place between them and our moſt eſtabliſhed principles, we have arrived at that ultimate point, beyond which it is impoſſible for metaphyſical refinement to carry our reſearches, without encountering endleſs doubts and perplexities.

It is on the footing of a ſtandard of taſte alone, that the total coincidence between Homer's poetry and Ariſtotle's rules is ſatisfactorily to be accounted for. Homer imitated nature; and Ariſtotle derived his rules at ſecond hand, from the ſame ſource, through the medium of the Iliad. That a genius ſhould have ariſen in the dark ages of fable, at once to invent and perfect the Epos, is the moſt

ſingular phenomenon perhaps the annals of literature can boaſt of.

The ſame fate by no means attended the other branches of poetry. It was by ſlow degrees the drama made advances to perfection, when we reflect that the firſt idea of tragedy was ſuggeſted by the midnight tumultuary revels of ſatyrs celebrating the rites of Bacchus. It was afterwards new modelled in the cart of Theſpis; but his eſſays towards its improvement were rude, his efforts weak. Æſchylus went farther, and conſiderably improved the internal frame and conſtitution of tragedy, in the eſſential points of dialogue and chorus; alſo the outward form, in giving it a regular repreſentation on the ſtage. The addition of a third *perſona dramatis* by Sophocles, for the purpoſe of carrying on the dialogue with the greater life and ſpirit, not to mention the joint efforts of an Euripides, did not fully complete the dignity of the buſkined muſe. Comedy, too, has undergone various revolutions, ſince the time of the earlieſt comedians we have any mention made of, a ſet of men expelled the great cities, and leading a wandering life through the villages of Peloponneſus, κατα κωμας, whence the etymology. In the origin of tragedy is to be traced that of Lyric poetry: The rude ſongs of the Bacchanals were ſtyled Dithyrambic.

And ſo of every other ſpecies of poetry. Beſides, Ariſtotle affirms, that in the Iliad is to be traced the origin of the drama itſelf.

No one circumſtance is to be conſidered more favourable to the cultivation of criticiſm, than the union of theſe great geniuſes in its very dawning, in its moſt infant ſtate. They mutually derive luſtre from each other, and preſerve an invariable harmony. In ſuch a manner, that it will admit of conſiderable doubt, whether modern times would have ſeen in its full force that juſtneſs of compoſition ſo ſtrongly marked throughout the Iliad, did it not ſtand revealed in ſuch indelible characters in the great critics poetics; or that the critic's invention would have enabled him to trace his precepts up to their ſource, in any other manner than through the channel of that ſublime poem.

This conſideration leads to the ſecond point in view, the conſummate judgment of the Grecian critic. His uſual logical preciſion he ſeems to have moſt happily transferred into his art of poetry. A ſtrong preſumption in favour of this is, that ſubſequent writers have taken nothing from, and added very little to the treatiſe in view. A more faithful copy, one book cannot be of another, than Horace's art of poetry is of the Greek; at leaſt, it

is as much ſo, as a book written in verſe can be of another in proſe; and if it is more in vogue than the original, it is perhaps for that very reaſon; Lucretius was well aware that his philoſophy, when diſplayed in the more powerful allurements of poetry, would the more readily engage the attention of Memmiades. Another reaſon may be, its being written in a language more generally underſtood. Among the moderns, a French critic, Boſſu, owes his merit entirely to a thorough comprehenſion of the Greek rules; his explanations of them are only what diviſions run upon a word are in muſic. Hurd's reputation reſts on the ſame foundation. It follows from hence, that the advances made by ſucceeding writers, towards the completion of the ſyſtem of criticiſm, are far from being proportioned to the amazing ſtrides we have ſeen made in its infancy, which is the third poſition ſet out with; and that, not ſo much from the want of genius in later times, as from the ſubject's having been ſo early ſo much engroſſed.

Having premiſed this, it ſhall be endeavoured, in the remainder of this eſſay, to bring under review ſome of the leading beauties of the Ariſtotelian criticiſm, in ſupport of the ideas entertained of it, which, with ſome miſcellaneous reflections re-

ſulting from the art, contain the whole of its ſubject.

How deciſive is Ariſtotle, where he aſcertains the provinces of hiſtorical and poetic truth. The poet, he argues, deſcribes things, not merely as they are, but ſuch as they may be, agreeable to the laws of probability, or poſſibility. The difference between a poet and hiſtorian does not ariſe, ſolely from the one's writing in verſe, and the other in proſe; for it were poſſible to reduce the writings of Herodotus to metre, and ſtill they might ſtrictly and properly be called hiſtorical: But there is this eſſential difference between a poet and hiſtorian; the hiſtorian ſtates things in the preciſe order they have happened, the poet repreſents them, ſuch as they may be, or may beſt be. Poetry is converſant about generals, hiſtory about particulars. By an analogy of reaſoning, he is led to point out the characteriſtics that diſtinguiſh Sophocles and Euripides: Sophocles drew ſuch characters as men ought to be; Euripides ſuch as they actually were. The ſame difference lies between Plato and Xenophon's ideas of a republic: In the one we find men repreſented, ſuch as they might very poſſibly and very probably be; in the other ſuch as they might beſt be.

Atque ita mentitur, ſic veris falſa remiſcet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne diſcrepet imum.

The two ſources of the Scamander, as deſcribed in the Iliad, one hot the other cold, near each other; if they had no real exiſtence, might very poſſibly or very probably have had one; if a fiction in it, it is no more than what is a reality, at Buxton, in Derbyſhire, where there are two ſprings, ranked among the wonders of the Peak, one hot, one cold, ſeparated from each other but by few feet in their ebullition from the ground, and by means of a pump brought into contact. This inſtance evinces the beauty of that leading rule in poetry, which teaches that, when it departs from truth, to roam uncontrolled in the enchanted regions of fancy, it is in them to incur no wild extravagance, to run into no exceſs, that is to offend againſt the laws of probability. It ſerves to illuſtrate what is, in the courſe of this inveſtigation, much inſiſted on, that all the operations of nature, the moſt ſilent, the moſt ſecret, thoſe that may be ſtiled the moſt wondrous, her myſteries, to him, her beſt interpreter, were revealed.

His rule for the length of a tragedy is far preferable ſurely to the Roman critic's, who ties down the poet to a certain determinate length of five acts,

> Neve minor neu ſit quinto productior actu
> Fabula.

A mere mechanical meaſure, not known on the Greek ſtage. Our great critic, more judicious, and no leſs fond, than the Roman, of alluſions to painting,

Ut pictura poeſis erit,

in this inſtance is particularly happy in applying a remark drawn from it: As beauty, he ſays, conſiſts in the due obſervance of the rules of proportion, in an exact ſymmetry of parts, it follows, that an exceſſively diminutive, or exceſſively large figure of an animal cannot appear beautiful; in the firſt inſtance, the eye is confounded in the contemplation of its object, the mind conſequently unable to diſtinguiſh between the ſeveral component parts, can form no juſt adequate idea of the whole. The ſame is the caſe, when the repreſentation is in the other extreme, the ſight is diſtracted, not being able to comprehend perhaps more than one part at once; when it comes to the contemplation of another, the laſt is forgotten, and ſo confuſion, irregularity, diſproportion is the reſult. Therefore, as in the repreſentation of an animal on canvas, reſpect is to be had to what the eye can comprehend with eaſe, ſo in the drama, as to the length of the play, the memory of the hearer is what is chiefly to be conſulted.

The unity of the fable is a branch of the Ariſtotlian criticiſm, that can never be ſufficiently at-

tended to: Its merit is confeffed on all hands, its importance is echoed by every writer. It is with a truly philofophic difcernment, that he difcovers that fingularly exquifite judgment of Homer, which did not fuffer him to attempt the reduction of fo long a war as the Trojan into one action. In that cafe he was aware, he muft have overturned all unity, from the multiplicity and variety of incidents contained in it. He felected for his poem only one tenth part of the war, and the reft he converts into epifodes, with which he beautifully deverfifies his work, and fhifts the fcene. Here is a mafterpiece of criticifm—it is decifive and important in all its confequences: It has been repeatedly re-echoed from Horace, down to the dramatic cenfor of the day.

Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo:
Semper ad eventum feftinat, et in medias res
Non fecus ac notas auditorem rapit.

The critic's veneration for Homer, did not carry him the length of preferring Epic poetry to tragedy, as no Epic poem can fo well preferve the unity as tragedy, fince it is evident, that the fubject of the former may be refolved into more than one fubject fit for the latter. And if, in Epic poetry, one fubject only fhould be adhered to, as in tragedy, it would

either prove ſo ſhort, as to appear altogether imperfect, or ſo long, as to be flat and inſipid. Again, if the poet ſhould blend variety of fables with his ſubject, he muſt neceſſarily deſtroy, in ſome meaſure, the unity, as even the great Homer has done, in both his Iliad and Odyſſey; which poems, however, are as perfect as any of the kind can be.

There is certainly no violation of the unity of the fable in the Paradiſe Loſt, as all the time employed in it, at leaſt as far as it lies within the ſphere of day, is, according to Mr Addiſon's computation, only ten days, and Newton's eleven. When it is ſaid within the ſphere of day, it is implied, that great part of the action lies without its ſphere, and conſequently, that though there is no offence againſt the unity of time, there may be againſt that of place. But the ſubject Milton choſe, neceſſarily carried him beyond the ſpheres of both time and place. Nor was there a happier ſubject left for him to chooſe than religion, ſince morals had been engroſſed by the inimitable father of poetry, and politics by his Roman rival. Religion remained only to cloſe the great ſcene of human actions: And Milton had a genius equal to the ſublimity of the ſubject; it was poſſeſſed of vigour to burſt through the flaming bounds of time and place, to ſoar to the bright regions of the empyrean, faſt by the throne

of God. Nor were the dark machinations of the lowest depth of hell beyond its reach: Unfathomable chaos, and eternal night were all within its vast conception. With what a fire and glow of imagination, with what thunder and elocution does he amass the powers of heaven, earth, hell, chaos, into his divine poem. In our following him through these bold and astonishing flights, there is no cold enervated criticism, that offers to display an encroachment on the unities of either time or place, can interrupt our enraptured career. So little offence is there against either, that it is regretted he did not ingraft the subject of the Paradise Regained on that of the Paradise Lost, by means of episodes, and that too on a more enlarged scale than he has made use of in that separate work. Episodes might have introduced into the Paradise Lost, the administration of our Saviour on earth, his miracles, sufferings, and death. Compared with that extensive view of the means of redemption, what a rigid adherence to the unities of time and place does the Paradise Regained exhibit in the temptation in the wilderness.

THE action of the Æneid is as widely extended, and encroaches as much on the unity of place, in proportion to the subject, as the Paradise Lost does. Europe, Asia, Africa, all the quarters of the then

known world, contribute to the ſcene of action. But what critic is there captious enough to impeach either of theſe great productions of genius on this or almoſt any other ground. Such is the ſublimity of Milton, ſuch his pathetic and tender ſcenes between Adam and Eve, ſuch his harmony of numbers, and choice of language: Such too is the majeſty of Virgil, together with theſe other qualities of the Engliſh poet. Which inſtances ſhew, that Ariſtotle's rule is to be underſtood with certain limitations, and that the extreme of ſervility, in adhering to it, is more diſguſting than the extreme of departure from it. Beſides, we have his own authority for ſaying, that if, in Epic poetry, as in tragedy, one ſubject only ſhould be adhered to, it would either prove ſo ſhort, as to appear altogether imperfect, or ſo long as to be flat and inſipid. He has diſcovered, that the action ſhould not only be one and entire, having a beginning, middle, and end; but it ſhould be great alſo; great as that of the Iliad, where the wrath of Achilles heaps diſaſters on the whole of the Grecian army; and where, on his return to battle, the Gods themſelves engage, all dividing with and againſt him. Nature, at the onſet, is convulſed; earth, heaven, ocean, the infernal regions are all ſhaken to their centre, and threatened with diſſolution. The Æneid is great, in laying the foundation of the Roman power,

that over-ran the universe: How much greater was that action, which conceived in hell, was executed on earth, and punished in heaven; which drew after it the loss of Paradise, nor in its consequence was confined to one time, one place, one man, or one nation, as in the other two poems, but included in it the whole human species, all ages, and all countries. Great was that act in the commission of which

> Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,
> Sighing thro' all her works gave signs of woe,
> That all was lost.

An act at which the elements revolted, by which the seasons were altered, for which the earth was moved.

If faults there are to be imputed to this, as surely there must be in all so great and long works, it is admirable in Mr Addison, terming them, with the spirit of a true and sublime critic, the spots in the sun. The poem, he means, is the sun in his full meridian blaze, the faults are the spots in it almost too small for sight, diminished and eclipsed as they are in the transcendent lustre of the beauties. His digressions, where he suspends the action to introduce himself complaining of his blindness, or speaking for other purposes, and his allegory of sin and death, if faults, are such as one would ra-

ther have interwoven with the work than ſeparated from it. Ariſtotle is as uſual, judicious in laying it down as a rule, that the poet ſhould never ſpeak in his own perſon. In general, the precaution is good. He ſhould certainly, as ſeldom as poſſible, but when he does, with ſuch graces and charms as Milton, the tranſgreſſion is not only pardonable, but highly commendable. It is by the ſtandard of Ariſtotle's rules, that Mr Addiſon eſtimates the merits of the ſublime and beautiful Paradiſe Loſt in the fourfold view of action, character, ſentiment and language, and weighs its excellencies in thoſe ſeveral reſpects with the Iliad and Æneid. The Engliſh poem is as much indebted to the Engliſh critic, for the very favourable reception it has met with in modern times, after having long lain neglected in the poet's own and after days, as the Iliad is to Ariſtotle for the diſcovery and illuſtration of its inimitable perfections.

To return to the critic ſpeaking of the effects of tragedy, they are pity and terror; he tells us, in order to purge the mind of thoſe affections, to refine, ſooth or reduce them to juſt meaſure, with a kind of delight raiſed by reading, or ſeeing the paſſions well imitated. A ſolution of this phenomenon has not been given by Ariſtotle, the firſt publiſher of it to the world: Subſequent writers have repeat-

edly aimed at it, with what degree of ſucceſs may be enquired into.

The learned and ingenious Mr Harris has thrown conſiderable light on this famous and much canvaſſed topic of the poetics, where, he obſerves, that Ariſtotle meant by the pity that the mind is to be purged of, in being familiariſed to the contemplation of tragic ſcenes, that ſenſeleſs and effeminate conſternation, which ſhews itſelf in ſhriekings and ſwoonings, and lays hold of weak minds, to the utter excluſion of every poſſibility of relief of the object of its diſtreſs; not that philanthropic, manly, and generous ſympathy which partakes of the real ſufferings of others, with an eager anxiety to have the power of relieving them, and without ſo exceſſive an indulgence in it, as to deprive them of the ability, ſhould fortune furniſh the opportunity; and which meets the feigned ſufferings of our fellow creatures to indulge at leaſt in a barren compaſſion. He illuſtrates the fact too, eſtabliſhed by the father of critics, by analogy drawn from the apathy of military men and ſurgeons, and what real diſaſters operated on them, the fictions of tragedy produce in the audience if ſufficiently repeated, as was the caſe with the Athenian audiences.

Hume derives the ſatisfaction to the audience from the conſciouſneſs of the fiction, and the beauty of the compoſition; from the beauty of the compoſition, as it addreſſes itſelf to our taſte; from the fiction, as it awakens our feelings by its reſemblance to the reality. In ſupport of this theory, the author does not ſcruple to affirm, that the pleaſure we derive from a good tragedy, diminiſhes in proportion to our conviction of the reality. Experience ſeems at leaſt to intimate, that the more we enter into the ſpirit of the compoſition, the more we loſe ſight of the fiction; but this doctrine will not ſuffer us to deduce as a neceſſary conſequence, that the nearer we approach in our ideas to the reality, the greater the ſhare of pleaſure we reap. And yet it is that very reality we ſo eagerly graſp at in a good tragedian: His action, elocution, manner, expreſſion, all conſpire with the beauties of the compoſition, to work us up to a belief of the truth; they crowd upon us with ſuch an irreſiſtible force of animation, as to ſubdue our underſtandings, enſnare our paſſions, and hurry us along in the tumult of our ſympathetic feelings. A bad actor, on the other hand, ſerves in every inſtance to convince us of the fiction; his aukward geſtures, grimaces, jarring notes, are all glaring contraſts to the language and ſentiments put into his mouth, and muſt ever give a check to the imagination, when inſen-

ſibly leading us into the flattering deluſion. Beſides, how are we to account, in the tone of this author's reaſoning, for the univerſal paſſion planted in human nature, of viewing ſcenes of real wretchedneſs. Men of genius in exalted ſtations of life flock with the vulgar to the moſt common of all miſerable ſpectacles, to that laſt ſtage of human excruciation, public executions. The dreadful conflict of armies deciding the fate of empires, the raging billows of the ocean convulſed to its centre, with all the train of ſuffering fortitude, inſeparable from the blood-ſtained ſcenes of war and tempeſt, are but ſublime images raiſed in the mind of the Spectator, removed from the calamities, the objects of ſilent wonder and inward ſatisfaction.

Suave, mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius ſpectare laborem :
Non quia vexari quemquam eſt jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipſe malis careas, quia cernere ſuave eſt.

The Epicurean's ſelfiſh ſyſtem will not afford a ſolution of the difficulty. Neither is Fontenelle's argument concluſive, where he ſays, that the mind abhorring a ſtate of liſtleſs inactivity has ſatisfaction in the contemplation of tragical ſcenes, from the intereſt it takes in them. They baniſh that languor ſo irkſome to it, ſo deſtructive of our nobleſt faculties, ſo repugnant to our very

frame and conſtitution. It ſeems in vain that we ſhall endeavour to trace the kind of pleaſure derived from fellow ſuffering, whether real or imaginary, to any other ſource than that of fellow feeling. And this is returning to the Stagirite's own ſolution, of what is termed his paradox. He has looſed that Gordian knot, which his ſucceſſors have been ſo keenly bent on cutting. The language of ſentiment, the ſentiments themſelves, the expreſſions of our paſſions, which are the beauties of the compoſition, and the action, all which Hume ſo much inſiſts on, as the predominant ingredients in the effect produced by tragical repreſentations, muſt neceſſarily act in ſubordination to the paſſions themſelves, from whence they are derived. And thus his propoſition is to be inverted, and the Ariſtotelian theory remains unimpeached.

Whether it extends to ſcenes of actual miſery is to be conſidered. To take the two inſtances of Lucretius: If we reap pleaſure from the dangers of the tempeſtuous ſea, to which our fellow creatures are expoſed, contraſted with our own calm, ſecure retreat on ſhore, it certainly muſt be mixed with a proportion of pity and terror: In the midſt of the *ſuave, ſurget amari aliquid*. Our pity, our ſympathy, is raiſed in wiſhing to be able to relieve their diſtreſſes, in hoping they will be relieved, if not by us,

ſtill by ſome providential interference: Our terror is awakened, leſt all our hopes and wiſhes ſhould prove fruitleſs. If ever the ſelfiſh ſyſtem, with propriety, enters into the effect produced by ſuch a ſcene, it is, when tempered by that wiſh of proving from our own ſafety, the means of it to others, or at leaſt, when accompanied with the hope of our being witneſſes to their eſcape from the imminent dangers, threatening them by ſome other ſeaſonable interpoſition of fortune. It is, in either of theſe events, that the mind is purged of thoſe affections, and that pleaſure is the reſult of the whole; but if neither event happens, and wretched man is ſacrificed to the rage of the elements, then, as all that remains, are thoſe paſſions to be tempered, and reduced to their juſt meaſure, in an acquieſcence in the decrees of Providence, ſo as to produce in us that ſecret but awful ſatisfaction of having acted up to ſo great a moral leſſon. If at the ſame time the ſublime ſcenery of a tempeſt convulſing the ocean to its centre, fills the mind with grand and magnificent images, they muſt act in ſubordination to theſe more prevalent paſſions. If, again, the retired contemplation of the conflict of armies conveys to us an inward ſatisfaction, it is not without a certain alloy of pity and terror—pity for the affliction that the blind ambition of Princes heaps on our fellow creatures, and terror—from the diſappear-

ance of all hope of the alleviation of them, or that their ſituation may be brought home to ourſelves. Still the mind is in ſome degree purged of thoſe affections by the wiſh and hope of victory's ſiding with juſtice, and the due puniſhment of the injurious and oppreſſive aggreſſors. It is in this view only, that the Epicurean's ſelfiſh ſyſtem is here as above with any reaſon applicable, and not from the bare contraſt of ſituations. The pleaſures of the imagination too, the roar of cannon, the glittering of armour, the ſound of martial inſtruments, the diſplay of courage and magnanimity, may all act in ſubſerviency to the ſocial paſſions, and contribute in their ſeveral proportions to the dreadfully pleaſing effect. For if the ſublime conſiſts in a mitigated terror, the ſecurity the ſpectator of ſuch ſcenes feels in that view, alſo is a ſource of pleaſure to the imagination.

The concluſion to be drawn from the foregoing obſervations, is, that the Epicurean ſelfiſh ſyſtem does not account for this principle in our nature; neither do Hume or Fontenelle's theories; and that the only ſatisfactory ſolution of it is to be met with in Ariſtotle himſelf, in his pity or ſympathy; that chain, that in ſo eminent a degree connects the human ſpecies, more powerfully even than the ties of blood itſelf, and all the train of ſocial paſſions

that form its ſeveral links. The inference is alike applicable to ſcenes of real and feigned diſtreſs. When modern writers endeavour to prove at great length, that the cauſe of the pleaſant effect produced by the indulgence of pity, is to be reſolved into ſympathy, it is in other words ſaying, that pity is the cauſe of that kind of delight ariſing from the exerciſe of pity. Which mode of reaſoning, is no other than a plain begging of the queſtion, and offers no other diſcovery than what has been made upwards of two thouſand years ago. Ariſtotle, perhaps, conſidered his idea concerning the effect of tragical repreſentations, as one of thoſe incontrovertible truths, that always become the obſcurer the greater the labour is beſtowed on the illuſtration of them. He, therefore, barely ſtated the propoſition, truſting for the conviction it would carry along with it to the feelings of his readers. And ſurely the feelings of mankind are the beſt teſt of its truth, the only criterion by which its merit is to be eſtimated. It is ſtrange then, it ſhould have occaſioned ſuch a world of controverſy in the ſolution of its principle.

The vent ſuch ſcenes afford to the indulgence of grief, for our own misfortunes, may be a powerful ingredient in the pleaſure derived from the contemplation of them. As no one is exempted from

his ſhare of misfortunes, every opportunity that offers itſelf of reflecting on them with tenderneſs, muſt afford its peculiar degree of ſatisfaction. If ſo, no better opportunities can occur than what are preſented by ſuch ſcenes of real and feigned diſtreſs. We then naturally contraſt our own ſituation with that of the ſufferers; and if they bear no proportion, ſtill the degree of compariſon, each ſtands in related to the other, cannot fail to engage our moſt anxious attention, and warmly intereſt us in the event. Hence the incomparable beauty of that line in the Iliad, the moſt admirable in the eſtimation of critics, that that immortal poem throughout exhibits, if any one line, out of ſuch numberleſs incomparably fine ones, cán be ſelected in preference to the reſt, which alone would have immortaliſed Homer,

Πατροκλον προφασιν, σων δ' αυτων κηδεα εκαστη.

(As that in Macbeth would have done Shakeſpear,

What man dares, I dare; he that dares more, is none.)

Where the captive nymphs are repreſented weeping in appearance for the loſs of Patroclus; but in reality for their own misfortunes, ſuch a faithful tranſcript of nature is every line of that inimitable work.

Other adventitious circumſtances are, no doubt, to be weighed in the ſcale, ſuch as the novelty theſe ſcenes of diſtreſs have to recommend them to our attention. For common life wears nothing of the tragical gloom; the dreadful carnage of war falls under the cool obſervation of a few only—whatever is violent as a tempeſt, cannot be laſting or frequent. Plutarch ſays, in his life of Marius, that in terrible things, novelty adminiſters much to the imagination, and exhibits to it, things that have no exiſtence in reality; and, on the other hand, that familiarity cauſes to diſappear in things naturally the moſt terrible, the greateſt part of that vain horror, which our fear creates. Add to this the conſiderable portion of gloom that falls to the bulk of mankind. There may be exceptions made in favour of particular individuals, and of particular nations; but it is believed, many or moſt men will be found to prefer tragedy to comedy, to reap more ſecret ſatisfaction in viewing Seneca in the bath, Daniel in the lion's den, than a painting deſcriptive of a dance of Fauns and Satyrs, though executed by an equally maſterly hand. Il Penſeroſo of Milton will gain more admirers than his Allegro, both alike maſterpieces of the kind: The melting voice, the ſoft and plaintive ſtyle in muſic, have more votaries than the more lively and ſpirited compoſitions. It is on the

ſoft bloom of beauty that the heart is fixed in pre-ference to the brilliancy of young deſires:

Lally o'er th' animated canvas ſtole
The ſleepy eye that ſpeaks the melting ſoul.

We admire at a diſtance the ſprightlineſs of wit; but it is not there we would wiſh to be connected by the cloſer ties of friendſhip and affection. The decorations of the ſtage, the participation of the audience in our ſufferings, may all in their ſeveral proportions contribute to the pleaſing effect, and co-operate as ſubordinate cauſes; but pity is the prevalent, the eſſential cauſe; it is that noble and generous paſſion, the indulgence of which muſt ever advance the dignity of human nature.

The diſcuſſion of this ſubject leads naturally to the contemplation of the pleaſures ariſing from the indulgence of melancholy, for the loſs of a friend or relation: For the pleaſure accompanying the mind in this ſituation is as indiſputable, as that derived from its tone and diſpoſition above attended to, as the experience of mankind can ſufficiently teſtify. Our grief is excited by the loſs we ſuſtain, but our mind is to be purged of this affection, as above it was of pity and terror, and on this occaſion, the paſſion of ſorrow, as above thoſe of pity and terror, is to be tempered and reduced to juſt meaſure, with a kind of delight,

occaſioned by reflecting on the virtues of the perſon, whoſe loſs we lament, joined with a due ſubmiſſion to the diſpenſations of Providence. So nearly allied are pleaſure and pain, ſo natural is the tranſition from the one to the other: So admirably is our frame and conſtitution adapted to the moſt oppoſite extremes; nor is ever pleaſure ſweeter than after pain, nor oftener is it ready to come to our relief, than in the extreme of its oppoſite. Homer, with his uſual ſagacity and inſight into nature, has finely conceived the allegory of Good and Evil, diſtributed promiſcuouſly through the affairs of life, in the two caſks he has placed at the foot of the throne of Jupiter. The line above quoted from Homer too, may have its place here, with the obſervations applicable to it. The dead alſo ſhare in our pity, although ſympathy, properly ſpeaking, is directed to objects of diſtreſs, that are ſenſible of their condition. In the ſtrict acceptation of the word, then the dead are excluded from our ſympathy. Still the change they undergo from all the comforts of ſocial life, to a ſtate of total annihilation, and its miſerable conſequences, incident to what remains of the decayed frame, muſt excite in the breaſts of friends and relations, emotions of the tendereſt compaſſion. We not only ourſelves ſympathize with the dead, but, in the height of our diſtreſs, amid our moſt diſconſolate

hours, we imagine, or are willing to imagine, that all nature partakes with us in the ſympathy. We then, in the language of the Poets of antiquity, invoke the Naiads, Dryads, and Oreads, all the Genii of the rocks, woods, fountains, and rivers to teſtify our ſorrow, and as ſome alleviation, to ſhare in the burden of it. On the whole, the ſympathetic man, or man of feeling, that mutually partakes of the joys of the good, and diſtreſſes of the bad fortune, that befal his fellow creatures, is the man raiſed to imbibe generous and noble ſentiments, proportioning his actions to them, to cheriſh and promote the ſocial virtues, to form an important link in that chain, that in ſo eminent a degree connects the ſpecies and its ſeveral component parts in one common intereſt.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

Let us hear what Euripides ſays in one of the choruſes of his Ικετιδες on the pleaſure of melancholy.

> Ἄπληστος ἅ δε με ἐξάγει χάρις γόων
> Πολύπονος ὥς ἐξ ἀλιβάτου πέτρας
> Ὑγρά ῥέουσα, σταγών,
> Ἄπαυστος ἀεὶ γόων. Ικετ. 79

To the ſame ſource is to be traced the natural expreſſions of τεταρπωμεσθα γοοιο, και ιμερος γοοιο, we meet with in Homer; and the joy of grief, the mournful joy of Oſſian: So nearly did they think

the two allied, and the tranſition from the one to, the other ſo natural and imperceptible.

The ſubjects beſt calculated to produce theſe effects, he proceeds to ſhew, are not the ſufferings of an innocent perſon, the good fortune of the guilty, or the puniſhment of the abandoned criminal; but ſuch as lie in a due medium between theſe extremes, the misfortunes of thoſe not altogether innocent, but culpable for ſuffering themſelves to be betrayed, by the influence of unreſtrained paſſion, into the common involuntary infirmities incident to human nature. He further urges, that the powerful excitement of the feelings depends on ſcenes of deep diſtreſs, violent adverſity, wounds, and even death in view of the ſpectators.

Horace, it has been ſeen, has rejected this rule, where he ſays,

Nec pueros coràm populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic incredulus odi.

But the practice of both ſtages, in this reſpect, was generally oppoſite to the rules preſcribed to them by their reſpective Critics: Seneca's was in conformity to the Greek model, and that of the tragic poets of Greece to Horace's precept, with ſome

exceptions, ſuch as in Sophocles the Death of Ajax.

Why, in the days of Corneille, the exceſſive delicacy of the French theatre excluded ſuch ſcenes, in oppoſition to the precept of Greece, the example of Rome, is not ſo evident: Till accounted for, we may ſafely conclude, in reliance on ſuch authorities, and the nature of the thing, that in this, as in every other reſpect, the Engliſh Drama completely triumphs over the French. Aware of this, Voltaire in his Zair and other plays, is a late exception to his country's practice, and convert to ours.

The extenſive dominion of compaſſion over human nature is forcibly evinced in the hiſtory of Alexander the tyrant of Pheres, whoſe cruelty was ſuch, as, without remorſe, daily to ſacrifice to his blood-thirſty appetite, numbers of his innocent ſubjects: yet he was ſo moved at the repreſentation in tragedy of the deep diſtreſſes of Hecuba and Andromache, as to burſt into tears. Here is a glaring contraſt between the feelings of the ſame man, as a ſpectator of a tragedy, and his paſſions as actor in ſo many. In the oppoſition of the two, and their excluſive empire over him, lies the explication of the myſtery, and apparent incon-

ſiſtency. In the tragedies he acted, his feelings were ſubdued in the predominance of his barbarous paſſions; in that he was a ſpectator of, the fiction was ſo well wrought by the poet, as to impreſs him with a temporary conviction of the reality: He remained a while loſt to, abſtracted from himſelf, as Milton expreſſes it, ſtupidly good; his paſſions were lulled aſleep, in the interval of ſuſpenſion of their operation, his feelings, that had long lain dormant, awoke in their turn to perform the functions of humanity, if the expreſſion may be allowed, they were taken by ſurpriſe; though ſore effaced, ſtains in her works, they were too deeply rooted by nature to be altogether eraſed.

The rules for the unities of time and place are admirably calculated for the Greek drama, for which alone they were intended, to the conſtruction of which they were indiſpenſibly requiſite. In it the uninterrupted appearance of the chorus, during the whole repreſentation, was of itſelf deciſive of them. But with us, who have no ſuch conſtitution of drama, the want of judgment and taſte in modern critics is moſt conſpicuous, who, transferring theſe rules from the Grecian, and engrafting them on the modern drama, admit in the one no greater latitude than in the other. Nothing but the neceſſity mentioned, could palliate the rigid adherence

to the unities impoſed on the ancient drama. The fetters of thoſe of time and place, were ſo ſubverſive in many inſtances of the pleaſing dream, the flattering deluſion of reality aimed at in theatrical repreſentations, as to have ſubjected thoſe of Greece to the greateſt improbabilities, and moſt glaring inconſiſtencies, productive of the effect to awaken the audience to a ſenſe of the fiction, and the chief ſources of the imperfections they laboured under.

This unnatural reſtraint the bold genius of Euripides ſometimes broke through, and ſuſpended for intervals the continuity of the action, as in his Iphigenia in Tauris, ſcene firſt, Alceſtes, end of act third, as the only means of obviating theſe conſequences flowing from it. The ſole unity then, that is for the faithful obſervance of the moderns, in common with the ancient models, is that of the Fable, in its three conſtituent parts, a beginning, middle, and end, all intimately connected and interwoven, having an invariable relation to, and dependence on each other. The ſuſpenſion of the action at the intervals of the acts, frees us from the ſlavery of the other unities, which choice ſhould never ſubject us to. But during the continuance of each act, they ſhould be as anxiouſly preſerved as, during the whole performance, they were by the Greeks, to prevent this liberty aſſerted to our

ſtage, from running into licentiouſneſs, from incurring the ſame inconſiſtencies, that their ſtrict adherence to the three unities throughout the piece, neceſſarily ſubjected them to. To make the tranſition from one act to another eaſy, gradual and imperceptible, ſo as not to interrupt the mind in the even tenor of its movements, effacing the impreſſions it has received, breaking upon the continued tone of the emotions raiſed, feelings awakened, the muſic ought invariably to co-operate in aiding the deluſion, by a ſtrict conformity to the nature of the repreſentation.

It is in Shakeſpeare, and ſuch of our dramatic writers, as like him, have moſt faithfully obeyed the dictates of nature, that we find paſſion correſponding with character, ſentiment with paſſion, and language with ſentiment. He penetrated the moſt retired receſſes of the human heart, unravelled all its labyrinths, traced its moſt ſecret ſprings and movements. He was ſo entirely poſſeſſed with the character he repreſented, his ſoul was ſo tranſfuſed into it, his feelings were worked up to ſuch a pitch, as, at the time, to loſe ſight of himſelf, and aſſume it imperceptibly; he was an imitator of the paſſions and affections he drew. Corneille and his followers were not in the ſame manner for the time the characters they painted, no imitators, but bare-

ly defcribers, or no other than mere fpectators of them. Hence it is, that their drama has degenerated into fuch fulfome declamation, cold enervated defcriptive details, as with its never-failing uniformity of like endings, monotony of rhyme, is altogether infupportable. Nothing is fo conducive to the energy and fublimity of language as inverfion; and in no fpecies of poetry is it fo much confined as in the couplet, if it ought not rather to be faid to be altogether excluded from it. One main fource of the fublimity of Milton's ftyle is inverfion. It is more adapted to the Epic than the Drama, therefore Shakefpeare has little of it. He is not, as the generality of poets, reduced to either of the alternatives, *aut prodeffe volunt aut delectare poetæ*, his drama confifts of the happieft union of both. Added to the delight of his poetry is the inftruction his characters afford, in their faithful imitation of human nature, fo highly conducive to the knowledge of ourfelves. They, in that light, will ftand the teft of the ftricteft philofophical analyfis, and refolved into their principles of action, are materials for a moral inftitution, as a late ingenious publication has evinced. He hath mixed the *utile* with the *dulce*, therefore *omne tulit punctum*.

The great mafter fays that the happy ending of a tragedy is complimentary of the audience, and

not eſſential to its genuine form and conſtruction; and ſo far from being eſſential, that the reverſe, an unhappy ending, partakes of its eſſence, and conſtitutes one of its chief characteriſtics. If, in oppoſition to this authority, a happy ending were to be contended for, it is only the comparatively happy that is to be underſtood; ſome portion of alleviation at leaſt, ſome ſhare of mitigation of the conflict of paſſions, of the tumultuous agitation of mind that the pathos of tragedy is attended with. As in Macbeth and Richard III. where virtue, bravery and conſtancy are, after many ſtruggles and hardſhips, at laſt triumphant over murder, tyranny and uſurpation; and where vice is not, in a gradation of cruelty to the end, ſuperior to every effort of injured innocence, reſorted to for its ſuppreſſion. Even with reſpect to Lear, it is conceived, it ends better with Tate's alterations, than with the cruel, unprovoked murder of Cordelia in the original, with the ſwoln heart and ſympathies of Lear, that end not but with his diſſolution. We are inclined to think, that, if other excellencies are equal, the audience will always riſe better pleaſed from the final triumph of perſecuted virtue: certain it is, that the reverſe of this rule, the final triumph of vice on the ruins of injured innocence, can never recommend a tragedy as unexceptionable; and for this reaſon, if Shakeſpeare, ſo unjuſtly and ſo unexpect-

gedy sacrifices Cordelia, it is not unaccompanied with the fall of her two moſt unnatural ſiſters. The fall of the two barbarous daughters are preparatory expiations to that of the aged injured father. There is at leaſt this alleviation, this portion of mitigation in the extreme bitterneſs of Shakeſpeare's pathos, independent of the alterations. For the ſame reaſon, in Othello, if the innocent injured Deſdemona is ſacrificed to the falſe jealouſies of the Moor, it is not without the detection of the villainous intrigues of Iago that fomented it, not without his final puniſhment, if ſuch a poor atonement could in any ſhape compenſate ſuch unparalleled cruelties, as he had committed. The violent agitation of mind the pathos of tragedy excites ſhould be appeaſed, the conflict of paſſions we are hurried along with calmed, and the convulſions occaſioned by pity and terror alternately riſing, and ſeizing our diſtracted frame, are to be ſoothed into a pleaſing melancholy reflection on the whole of the tranſaction. But where a very deep and moving tragedy has nothing of that gloom in which it is wrapped diſſipated towards the cloſe; or where it is one continued ſeries of barbarous actions, riſing one above another in a gradation of cruelty to the end, then terror, horror, and all the more violent emotions become the predominant paſſions, to the utter excluſion of pleaſure.

We are apt to forget how our tender feelings and finer emotions revolted at the cruel indignities offered by Achilles to the dead body of Hector, when we view the hero departing from his natural ferocity, and granting the petition of the venerable Priam, lying proſtrate at his feet. The decent interment of the body in its native land, bedewed with the tears of friends and relations, was a happy concluſion to the Iliad, compared with the unrelenting cruelty ſhewn in dragging it round the tomb of Patroclus. In the ſame manner, in Milton, much of the tragic pathos is alleviated and diſſipated towards the cloſe, in the proſpect the angel Michael affords of the redemption; and the Paradiſe Loſt does not end without an anticipation of the Paradiſe Regained. As our terror is awakened in the fear of God, this immortal poem inculcates, as our pity is raiſed in our ſympathiſing with fallen men, ſo are theſe paſſions ſoothed, and refined by the conſolation reaped in Adam's viſion from the promiſed Meſſiah.

Nor leſs careful is the admirable Milton to obſerve this moral leſſon in the concluſion of his Samſon Agoniſtes, where Manoah, and the chorus, ſuffer the paſſions, with which their frames were ſo variouſly and ſo diſtractedly agitated, to ſubſide in an acquieſcence in the diſpenſations of divine

Providence. What a noble inftance have we too in the fame piece of the peripateia, or fudden change of fortune, in the rays of hope that break in upon the aged father, but a little previous to the cataftrophe, from the flattering delufion of his fon's ranfom. How finely do the fcenes between Samfon, the Chorus, and Manoah, work on our paffions in the beginning of the work; and how do thofe intermediate fcenes between Samfon, Delila and Harapha, confpire to the thickening of the plot, and preparations of our fineft feelings for the beauties already mentioned in the winding up of the great cataftrophe. What fublime truths does the Chorus unfold; and how do they rife in their fublimity to the end, up to the laft femi-chorus, that has the noble allufion to the Phœnix. How perfect then and entire, is this incomparable work, in its beginning, middle, and end! how complete in its unity of time and place! how wonderfully great in its action! And if it has all thefe excellent qualities, what a ftandard and perfect model is it of tragical compofition. There is a criticifm, I am aware, in the Rambler, calculated to give a very different view of the Samfon Agonistes from what is here fo curforily offered. It is founded on a fuppofed breach of one of the requifites of the unity of fable, a middle. There are, to be fure, expreffions in the Samfon, unjuftifiable on any

grounds of criticiſm; but as we cannot but agree with Horace and Longinus

Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis,.

So neither on that ground is the favourable impreſſion to be forfeited received from it.

Before diſmiſſing this tragedy, it may be obſerved, how much more pathetic and ſublime Samſon's exclamation is on his blindneſs, than that of the Oedipus Tyrannus of Sophocles,

Ἰώ σκοτȣ νεφος ἐμόν
Ἀπότροπον ἐπιπλομενον,
Ἄφατον ἀδάμαστόν τε
Και δυσάριστόν ὄιμοι,
Ὄιμοι μάλ᾽ αὖθις. οἷον εἰσεδυ μ᾽ ἅμα
Κεντρών τε τών δ᾽ οιστρημα, καὶ μνημη κακῶν.

Oed. Tyr. 1336.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipſe
Without all hope of day!
O firſt created beam; and thou great Word
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The ſun to me is dark
And ſilent as the moon,
When ſhe deſerts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave. *Sam. Ag.* 80.

We have here too the conciſeneſs in the great Fiat which Longinus admires as ſo eſſential to its ſublimity, and which is wanting in the parallel paſſages of the Paradiſe Loſt, B. 7. 243. Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night, Shakeſpeare's 2d Henry VI. Act 1. Sc. 8.

WITH what ſublimity are amaſſed in theſe lines, the four grand privations of nature, darkneſs, ſilence, ſolitude, vacuity! If then Milton, in his Paradiſe Loſt, is our ſtandard for epic poetry, if for tragic, in his Samſon, if in his Lycidas, Allegro, Penſeroſo, and parts of his Comus, he is our model for rhyme; and if, in his proſe works, (although Hume and other modern writers may not allow it,) he has ſhewn himſelf our completeſt maſter of ſtyle, he, with all juſtice and propriety, may be ſaid to have reached Lord Verulam's vantage ground of learning. For it is to his conſummate learning, (which was greater, it is believed, than any modern ever poſſeſſed,) to his thorough knowledge, and happy imitation of the ancients, in conjunction with the moſt fertile genius, he is indebted for his tranſcendent perfections in the various branches of literature. Nor are thoſe, his perfections, whether in proſe or verſe, confined to his own language; in the dead languages, from the ſpecimens he hath left of both kinds, he has

not only ſurpaſſed all the moderns, but rivalled many of the ancients themſelves. His Latin proſe is Ciceronian, his Latin elegies may juſtly vie with the moſt highly finiſhed models of Ovid and Tibullus, his hexameters are truly Virgilian. If theſe, his Latin heroics, are in any reſpect deficient, it is, in that they are not altogether like his Engliſh heroics, have not the ſame finely varied breaks and pauſes. In the former, generally with very little, or no variation, the pauſe is at the end of the line, not as in his own harmonious Paradiſe Loſt, nor as in this melodious ſimile of Virgil, "Melodious as the bird it is addreſſed to." See this ſimile alluded to in Taſſo, Canto 12. Stanza 90.

Qualis populea mœrens Philomela ſub umbra
Amiſſos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Implumes nido obſervans detraxit: at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque ſedens miſerabile carmen
Integrat, et mœſtis latè loca queſtibus implet.

At the ſame time, his imagery in them is fine, and his language has the height of poetic colouring; and conſidering the age he compoſed them at, (not more than ſeventeen, many of them,) they muſt excite our admiration, inſtead of appearing in any degree exceptionable. Only impartiality requires, that, as it had been ſaid, that at the different ages under twenty, he had compoſed ele-

gies, that equalled, if not ſurpaſſed the moſt perfect ſpecimens of the ſame kind of writing we have in Tibullus or Ovid; at the ſame time, it ſhould be confeſſed, that if, at the ſame ages, he had written hexameters, in no reſpect ſhort of the perfection of the Mantuan meaſures, that were a tribute of praiſe paid to him, greater than would have been due to the Mantuan Bard himſelf, ſituated under ſimilar circumſtances only, independent of the diſadvantages of a dead anguage. For the leaſt important poems of Virgil, have more judgment and taſte, than ſuch tender years, as Milton's were, at the time we are ſpeaking of, are in any degree adequate to. Therefore, as we have no productions of theſe two great geniuſes of the ſame kind, and compoſed at the ſame age, their comparative merits in this place, ſeem ſcarcely to admit of eſtimation. Only thus far it may be ſaid, that had Virgil compoſed ſimilar poems to thoſe of Milton's here ſpoken of, and at an age ſimilar to his, together with the advantage derived from compoſitions in his native language, he perhaps would have done no more than equalled the ſucceſs of our Engliſh Bard, though labouring under the diſadvantage of compoſing in a language not his own, and a dead language. Under all theſe diſadvantages of age and others, it may be queſtioned, whether he has not given us a Latin paſtoral, that,

with its beautiful repetitions and other graces, may be compared with moſt of the Roman paſtorals, for its correctneſs, purity of language, and refined ſimplicity. For the variety of breaks and pauſes, is not what diſtinguiſhes the Bucolics, ſo much as the Georgics and Æneids. While under twenty years of age he compoſed his Latin, together with ſome Greek and Italian poetry. So that the entire knowledge of the Greek and Latin, and of all the finer living languages; and, in a word, the whole circle of arts and ſciences, as appears from his poetry, oratory, hiſtory, politics, philoſophy, logic, lay within the reach of his moſt unbounded comprehenſion. We cannot then, but with the utmoſt cheerfulneſs, ſubſcribe to Dryden's eulogium on him:

Three poets, in three diſtant ages born,
Greece, Italy and England did adorn,
The firſt in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſs'd,
The next in majeſty, in both the laſt;
The force of nature could no farther go,
To make a third, ſhe join'd the former two.

If any thing more might be urged in his praiſe after ſuch admirable lines, which there ſeems ſcarcely room for, it would be the application to himſelf of his lines in the laſt ſemichorus of the Samſon Agoniſtes:

But he, though blind of ſight,
Deſpis'd and thought extinguiſh'd quite
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd
From under aſhes into ſudden flame,
Like that ſelf-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods imboſt,
That no ſecond knows nor third,
And lay erewhile a holocauſt,
From out her aſhy womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflouriſhes, then vigorous moſt
When moſt inactive deem'd,
And though her body die, her fame ſurvives
A ſecular bird ages of lives.

Since, in this ſublime compariſon, he alluded to Samſon's feat of ſtrength in his blindneſs, that rendered his death more remarkable than his life, and exceeded in its effects, all his former miraculous achievements; it ſeems in the ſame manner applicable to his own wonderful mental exertions, in the midſt of his blindneſs and other bodily infirmities. The alluſion to fire, ſeems directly adapted to the unquenchable fire of his own imagination, if it is not liker that Promethean fire, or the fire of heaven, its thunder-bolts, than any other fire. And the laſt part of the ſimile, appears ſo emblematical of the long neglect his Paradiſe Loſt lay under, till by its intrinſic merit recommended to Mr Addiſon's pa-

tronage and protection, who soon made it known to the world, and in publishing it, was the means of its reviving, reflourishing, to be memorable through ages. So that, from the concurrence of all these circumstances, one would be almost induced to imagine, that he had his own situation, and that of his works in view, at the time he so feelingly and incomparably describes Samson's. Nor is he ever greater, than when describing the effects of blindness, as is shewn in these two passages, quoted from his Samson, to which a third might be added, that inimitable digression in the Paradise Lost, descriptive of his own situation,—a situation he so sensibly felt himself, he with his genius, could not fail to be peculiarly pathetic in the picture he gave of it to others.

Hail holy light, offspring of heav'n first-born,
Or of th' eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate,
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters, dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.

Thee I reviſit now with bolder wing,
Eſcap'd the ſtygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obſcure ſojourn, while in my flight
Thro' utter, and thro' middle darkneſs borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre,
I ſung of chaos and eternal night.
Taught by the heav'nly Muſe to venture down
The dark deſcent, and up to re-aſcend,
Though hard and rare: Thee I reviſit ſafe,
And feel thy ſov'ran vital lamp; but thou
Reviſiteſt not theſe eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn,
So thick a drop ſerene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander, where the Muſes haunt
Clear ſpring, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: nor ſometimes forget,
Thoſe other two equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tireſias and Phineus, prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year

Seaſons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair
Preſented with an univerſal blank
Of nature's works to me expung'd and raſed,
And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out.
So much the rather thou, celeſtial light,
Shine inward, and the mind thro' all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all miſt from thence,
Purge and diſperſe, that I may ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to mortal ſight.

What a ſource of pleaſure it is to ſee the ſame images in poetry ſo happily ſtrike the different great Geniuſes, that have lived in different and in diſtant ages. In Oſſian's addreſs to the ſun, at the concluſion of his Carthon, we find ſome of the ſame beautiful ideas, that ſo enchant in Milton's addreſs to light, at the opening of his 3d Book of Paradiſe Loſt, and in that to the Sun in the beginning of the 4th Book. The ſimilarity of the imagery ſtrikes the more forcibly from the ſimilarity of fate in the two Compoſers both blind, and both complaining of their blindneſs in the ſame fine tone of

thought. The paſſage is throughout ſo admirable as to deſerve tranſcribing.

" O Thou that rolleſt above, round as the ſhield
" of my Fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun!
" thy everlaſting light? Thou comeſt forth, in thy
" awful beauty; the ſtars hide themſelves in the
" ſky; the Moon, cold and pale, ſinks in the
" Weſtern wave. But thou thyſelf moveſt alone:
" who can be a companion of thy courſe! The
" oaks of the mountain fall: The mountains them-
" ſelves decay with years; the ocean ſhrinks and
" grows again: The Moon herſelf is loſt in hea-
" ven; but Thou art for ever the ſame; rejoicing
" in the brightneſs of thy courſe. When the
" world is dark with tempeſts; when thunder rolls
" and lightning flies; thou lookeſt in thy beauty,
" from the clouds, and laugheſt at the ſtorm. But
" to Oſſian thou lookeſt in vain; for he beholds
" thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair
" flows on the Eaſtern clouds, or thou trembleſt
" at the gates of the Weſt. But thou art perhaps
" like me, for a ſeaſon, thy years will have an end.
" Thou ſhalt ſleep in thy clouds, careleſs of the
" voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun! in
" the ſtrength of thy youth! Age is dark and un-
" lovely; it is like the glimmering light of the
" morn, when it ſhines through broken clouds, and

"the miſt is on the hills; the blaſt of the north is on "the plain, the traveller ſhrinks in the midſt of "his journey."

But Milton, with all his great qualities, is not all perfect: Nor is perfection the lot of humanity. If his taſte had been proportioned to his genius and learning, in his poetry he would have avoided the ill-timed diſplay of his ſcholaſtic divinity, the falſe wit and falſe philoſophy of the age he lived in, with which he ſometimes clogs the moſt enraptured ſcenes in the Paradiſe Loſt, and Samſon Agoniſtes: Nor would his proſe have been infected with ſo much of the puritanical virulence, with which he treats his antagoniſts. But theſe were the infections of thoſe remote times, which he was not ſo ſingularly fortunate as to eſcape; they were the infatuated fanatic manners that prevailed, which his peculiar advantages did not exempt him from.

To what is ſaid of his method of writing controverſy may be ſubjoined the following paſſage from his life: It is there urged as an apology for his want of temper. But ſome allowance muſt be made for the cuſtoms and manners of the time. Controverſy as well as war was rougher and more barbarous in thoſe days than it is in theſe. And it is to be conſidered too, that his adverſaries firſt

began the attack; they loaded him with much more perſonal abuſe, only they had not the advantage of ſo much wit to ſeaſon it. If he had engaged with more candid and ingenuous diſputants, he would have preferred civility and fair argument to wit and ſatyr: "To do ſo was my choice, and "to have done thus was my chance," as he expreſſes himſelf in the end of one of his controverſial pieces.

The Stagirite has ſaid, that from every perfect Epic and Dramatic poem, there is to be deduced a moral. Thus the moral of the Iliad is the dreadful effect produced by the indulgence of anger, left without the control of reaſon, and diſunion among leaders embarked in the ſame cauſe. That of the Paradiſe Loſt is obedience to the will of God; nor in his dramatic pieces, his Samſon, and Comus, has Milton failed in the due obſervance of this eſſential rule. The moral tendency of the Odyſſey, Æneid, and Gieruſalemme Liberata, ſeems to be the ſame, that virtuous men are protected by Heaven, and their undertakings, after ſurmounting all obſtacles, finally crowned with ſucceſs.

In all works of diſtinguiſhed merit, there is ſometimes an unfortunate inequality. It is only in thoſe that bear the ſtamp of mediocrity, that the imagination ſoars neither too high, nor grovels too

low. That ſublimity of Milton, which ſo often enlightens the whole poetic hemiſphere, ſinks ſometimes into the bombaſt, puerile conceits, ill timed emotions, and all the train of its moſt oppoſite extremes. What a contraſt is there between the Paradiſe Loſt and Paradiſe Regained! That ſublimity of Homer, which Longinus obſerves, ſtands meaſured in his picture of diſcord reaching the ſky, or which could not find room in the world for another ſuch leap, as the horſes of Juno took, is ſometimes buried in ſlumber. Shakeſpeare is not without ſuffering that eye, which in a fine phrenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, to be cloſed in obſcurity. The inequality of the ſubject that occurs in a work of that length an Epic poem is, may account in ſome meaſure for the inequality of the compoſition.

Fas opere in longo interdum ſomnum obrepere.

The admirable Longinus compares the Iliad to the Sun in his meridian glory, and the Odyſſey to the milder ſerenity of the ſetting Sun. Here the poetry keeps pace with the ſubject. In the ſame manner the temptation in the wilderneſs is not calculated to convey that fire to the poet's imagination, that the battle of the Angels does. But this is not all. We find a cold enervated play of words creeping into the ſublimer imagery of the

Iliad. We find the dignity of the Epos, when hurl-ing the thunderbolts of incenſed Heaven againſt the heads of its revolted ſons, degenerating into the quainteſt puerilities. Here a flagrant error in com-poſition meets us,—an offence againſt the moſt eſta-bliſhed rules of good writing. How then are we to be reconciled to this inconſiſtency ? The ſubject remaining the ſame, the ſpirit of compoſition alto-gether varies ?

Nor is Shakeſpeare always equal: His inſight into nature was proportioned to the exceſs of his enthuſiaſm ; his breach of the Ariſtotelian rules, his inattention to the unities of time and place, are pardonable offences, when compenſated by ſuch tranſcendent beauties, as he every where abounds in. He was often under the neceſſity of ſacrificing his finer feelings, in compliance with the humour of the times. This neceſſity betrayed him into the abſurdity of derogating from the ſeverity of tra-gedy in his comic interludes, a tranſition altogether abrupt and ſudden, and highly offenſive to the man of taſte and feeling. A tragedy that has not been

witches in it ſupplied the place of the comic inter-ludes ; but the ſcenes of the witches were not like them digreſſions, and like them, altogether foreign to the main action, but like the chorus of the an-

cient tragedy, exhibited their *perſonæ dramatis*, parts of the whole. They are the machinery of the work, and a finer machinery, the ingenuity of man could not have invented. They are creatures of the great Bard's unbounded imagination, nor are they monſtrous and extravagant creatures, but ſuch as carry with them the air of truth and probability, from the credit given them in the legendary tales and romances of the rude ages, their agency is ſuppoſed to have prevailed in. And, as poetry ever delights in theſe ſupernatural beings, in predictions and every ſpecies of the marvellous, they ſhed with their baneful influence, a dreadfully pleaſing gloom, and ſublime horror over the whole of the action. We are uneaſy at their leaving the ſtage, we are anxious for their return. We eagerly follow them into the ſecrets of their dark myſterious caves; we trace them, in the heat of imagination, in their magic circles round the caldron's gleam: Our attention is won by them, in exploring the womb of time, we are, with a ſecret ſatisfaction, inſenſibly led into their flattering deluſions: The merits of Macbeth ſtand or fall with the witches: fect model of tragedy; without them, it had been without ſome of its moſt ſhining beauties. All our great Geniuſes, both ancient and modern, have delighted in creating their different imaginary ſpiritual

forms: They require them often, for the purpofe of facilitating the play of their machinery; they rather choofe to feign the gods controlling human affairs, by means of thefe fubordinate agents, than taking an active part themfelves, and having an immediate intereft in them, agreeable to the rule:

Nec Deus interfit nifi dignus vindice nodus,
Acciderit.

But what a widely different picture does Taffo, with his Italian concetti, draw of the witches, from the immortal Shakefpeare, introducing them into an Epic poem, with their attendant gallants:

Qùi s'adunan le ftreghe, et il fuo vago,
Con ciafcuna di lor notturno viene: &c.
Gierufalemme Liberata, *Canto* 13. *Stanza* 4.

Shaftesbury objects to Milton, that he wants conceit and the fafhionable turn of modern wit. The Italian writers he muft have admired, who are fo addicted to them: They are, in the great Taffo, the chief blemifhes. But, the Attic refined fimplicity of the language of the Paradife Loft, is not the leaft of its ornaments.

Virgil's Sybil and Proteus, Milton's Comus, and allegorical perſonages of the Paradiſe Loſt, Taſſo's Armida, Spenſer's Acraſia, are all imitations of Homer's Calypſo, his Circe, and Sirens. Shakeſpeare, we have ſeen, is not without his, both in greater variety, and more original, than any poet has feigned them ſince Homer's days. The witches may be ſaid to be inventions of his own: His ghoſts too are conceived in the very ſpirit of the ancients, they are truly Homeric. Beſides theſe peculiar ornaments to his tragedy, his paſtoral drama, beyond any others, is enriched and ſingularly diſtinguiſhed by his train of fairies, elves and midnight ſpirits, all in the way he has uſed them, original alſo.

In the modern drama, all nature receives animation from the influence of theſe its Demons, Genii and Magicians, as in ancient poetry, it did from its Naiads, Oreads, Dryads and Hamadryads. Which is a circumſtance that recommends theſe imaginary beings with peculiar graces and advantages to the enlivened and enthuſiaſtic genius, as no figure in poetry is more familiar, none at the ſame time more paſſionate than the proſopopeia.

The majeſty of Virgil never deſcends to the falſe ſublime; his taſte is too exquiſite, he contented him-

ſelf with admiring, at an awful diſtance, his great original, conſcious that he and nature were one.

AUTHORS that have only arrived at a mediocrity in writing, ſtand on a very different footing from theſe. Their merit conſiſts greatly in their good taſte, which, if the force of genius does not elevate them to the regions of the ſublime, prevents their ſinking to a level with the vulgar. They are conveyed in a leſs preſumptuous car through the flowery fields of poetry,—their flights are leſs bold and daring.

THE comparative merits of a compoſition having the colouring in the eſſential parts highly finiſhed, and rather ſlur'd over in the leſs material, weighed with one void of either ſtriking beauties or glaring faults, has been repeatedly decided on, and admits of little doubt. Longinus and Horace, we have ſeen, here agree.

THE Engliſh Heroics, Shakeſpeare's Iambics, and the meaſured proſe of Oſſian, are the walks in poetry, that afford the greateſt range for the imagination, the greateſt variety, and richneſs of numbers, the fineſt harmony of periods. The variety in the pauſes and fine breaks, theſe meaſures admit of, are characteriſtics, that muſt, in all ages of good

taſte, diſtinguiſh them far beyond the laboured embelliſhments of rhyme. It is for theſe reaſons the ear is always ſatisfied, never tired with Milton's verſification: And for want of theſe advantages, the moſt beautiful rhyme of Dryden and Pope is always diſappointing and tiring the ear. It is cheated in not meeting with that fulneſs and roundneſs in the periods of rhyme; it is tired with the conſtant and uniform like endings; it has no variety in the pauſes, none of the fine breaks, that diſtinguiſh the Miltonic numbers. It is, on account of his preſerving theſe advantages of blank verſe in his rhyme, (as far as rhyme was capable of them, and he has ſhewn that it is to a very great degree,) that his little poems are as excellent in their kinds, as his Paradiſe Loſt is in the ſublime and beautiful. There is no judicious irregularity in rhyme can equal that of the Lycidas and parts of Comus, and conſequently no rhyme can approach nearer the perfection of Heroics, unleſs the fine irregularity of a Pindaric Ode is excepted. It is in a Pindaric Ode, after the divine Paradiſe Loſt, we are to look for the ſublimeſt imagery, and richeſt, moſt varied harmony of Engliſh verſification; and in Dryden's admirable ode on St Cecilia's day, we find all theſe qualities and perfections amaſſed. As a ſpecimen of the reſt, ſo nearly allied to it, one ſtanza muſt ſuffice, which cannot fail to raviſh the reader, and

evince the ſublime ſpirit, that breathes throughout the ode preſerved to the laſt.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain.
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him like a rattling peal of thunder.
  Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
  Has rais'd up his head :
  As awak'd from the dead,
  And amaz'd, he ſtares around.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
  See the furies ariſe :
  See the ſnakes that they rear,
  How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
  Behold a ghaſtly band,
  Each a torch in his hand,
Thoſe are Grecian ghoſts that in battle were ſlain,
    And unburied remain
    Inglorious on the plain :
  Give the vengeance due
  To the valiant crew

Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
  How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hoſtile gods.

The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

WHAT fire is here, and what an illuſtration of Longinus's viſion.

BESIDES the advantages already enumerated, attending thoſe inimitable little poems of Milton, there is that ſimplicity in them, which nothing but the height of refinement was capable of beſtowing. What a beautiful paſtoral ſimplicity, and what fine wild irregularity, both in the imagery and numbers, ſo characteriſtic of the grief that ſuggeſted them, does the Lycidas contain, and how equal to any of the Doric mood is the ſong to Echo in Comus,

Sweet Echo, ſweeteſt Nymph that liv'ſt unſeen
Within thy airy ſhell,
By ſlow Meanders margent green,
[illegible]
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her ſad ſong mourneth well;
Can'ſt thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likeſt thy Narciſſus are?

O if thou have
Hid them in ſome flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the ſphere,
So might'ſt thou be tranſlated to the ſkies,
And give reſounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorſeleſs deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the ſteep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the ſhaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva ſpreads her wizard ſtream:
Ay me! I fondly dream.
Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
What could the Muſe herſelf that Orpheus bore,
The Muſe herſelf for her enchanting ſon
Whom univerſal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary viſage down the ſtream was ſent,
Down the ſwift Hebrus to the Leſbian ſhore?

There is ſomething fuller and more delightful in this, than in either the Greek or Latin parallel paſſages.

Πα ποκ' ἀρ' ηθ' ὁτε Δαφνις εταχετο; πα ποκα νυμφαι;
Ι κατα Πηνειω καλα τεμπεα; η κατα Πινδω;

Ου γαρ δη ποταμοιο μεγαν ῥοον ειχετ' Αναπω,
Ουδ' Αιτνας σκοπιαν, ουδ' Ακιδος ἱερον ὑδωρ.

Theo. Idyl. i. 66.

Quæ nemora, aut qui vos ſaltus habuere puellæ,
Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?
Nam neque Parnaſſi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.

Virg. Ecl. x. 9.

Where have ye been, ye ſouthern winds, when the ſons of my love were deceived? But ye have been ſporting on plains, and purſuing the thiſtle's beard. O that ye had been ruſtling on the ſails of Nathos, till the hills of Etha roſe! till they roſe in their clouds, and ſaw their coming chiefs!

Opening of Darthula.

In the Allegro and Penſeroſo, where muſic and the nightingale are the ſubjects, there is a degree of animation beyond any thing that the circle of rhyme exhibits.

And ever againſt eating cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verſe,
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce

In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice thro' mazes running,
Untwiſting all the chains that tie
The hidden ſoul of harmony:
That Orpheus ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumbers on a bed
Of heap'd Elyſian flow'rs, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite ſet free
His half regain'd Eurydice. *Allegro* 135.

But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe Muſeus from his bower,
Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus ſing
Such notes as warbl'd to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did ſeek.
Penſeroſo 103.

There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd quire below,
In ſervice high, and anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs, thro' mine ear
Diſſolve me into ecſtaſies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes. *Id.* 161.

Sweet bird, that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee chauntreſs oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-ſong;
And miſſing thee I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth ſhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon. *Id.* 61.

Oft on a plat of riſing ground
I hear the far-off curfew ſound,
Over ſome wide water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar. *Id.* 73.

It is to be regretted, that the ſublimity of Milton's genius has not given us another ſuch complete ſtandard of a Pindaric ode as Dryden's is.

Our great Epic maſter imitated the ancient models, nor was ever a modern poſſeſſed of more of their learning; Dryden and Pope, on the other hand, the French. Shakeſpeare, indebted to neither, in their ſtead made nature his archetype; boldly advanced up to the fountain-head, whence he explored and downwards traced her multiplied and various rills. He and nature are one, or he is himſelf that nature he drew. Milton, aware of this, very often and moſt

happily imitates his Shakeſpeare, conſcious that in doing ſo, he borrowed from nature herſelf, in the ſame manner as the Iliad ſerved as the medium for him and Virgil, to draw many of their choiceſt ideas from the ſame inexhauſtible ſource. If the Epic maſter is the greateſt ornament of cultivated humanity, the Dramatic is, in the words of the Epic, Fancy's ſweeteſt child, warbling his native wood-notes wild. Milton is a deciſive proof that the ancient learning is abſolutely neceſſary to the formation of a truly great and ſublime genius. The force of naked genius, the bold and genuine efforts of nature, unaſſiſted by art, could certainly have gone no further than in Shakeſpeare they have gone. He is the moſt ſtriking inſtance to convince us, what amazing advances genius, without art, may make to the ſtandard of perfection; but there can be no example found to eſtabliſh the converſe of the propoſition: For it is in vain that we look in Milton for an evidence of it, as he, in addition to his unrivalled learning, was poſſeſſed of a genius perhaps not inferior to Shakeſpeare's own, ſo far from that, it is in him it is ſhewn, how

'Omne tulit punctum ingenio qui miſcuit artem.'

And from the great effects produced in him by the happy union of both, it is much to be regretted, that Shakeſpeare, to his unbounded genius, had not joined the learning of Milton. In Ben

Johnſon is the *ſtudium ſine divite vena*, the bad taſte he writes in, is owing to his want of a genius proportioned to his great erudition, which failure has betrayed him into endleſs abſurdities, and expoſed him to the cenſure and ridicule of criticiſm. Of the couplet alluded to, the firſt line is as inapplicable to Milton as the laſt is to Shakeſpeare.

Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite vena,
Nec rude quid poſſit video ingenium.

Copies of great and ſublime originals may often equal, ſometimes excel their prototypes. But, as in copies of copies, every remove from the original muſt weaken the intrinſic merit of the ſervile and degenerated borrowers, ſo muſt ever the total declenſion of polite literature take place, where ſuch an artificial ſyſtem is adopted, and the great maſter, the great original of all lies overlooked and neglected, and an invariable adherence to his imitators is reſorted to as a ſubſidiary expedient. No other was the fate of the Roman poetry in the degenerate ſucceſſors of Virgil. They diſregarded his immortal model in the firſt inſtance, and were contented, at an humble and awful diſtance, to borrow at ſecond-hand from the Iliad, through the interpoſition of the Æneid; in conſequence of which unworthy depravation of taſte, few or none of all the ſervile train have caught a ſingle ſpark

of the fire of the Greek original. Such, too, muſt be the fate of Engliſh poetry, if the Engliſh poets tread in the footſteps of the poets of Rome, ſubſequent to the Auguſtan age.

> Ergo exemplaria Græca.
> Nocturna verſate manu, verſate diurna.

The criticiſm in our language that breathes moſt the ſpirit of the ancients, is what is to be found in the Origin and Progreſs of Language. It is there evinced beyond a doubt, that the ancients are our maſters in the whole circle of arts and ſciences, are our moſt admired models in fine writing, whether proſe or verſe: That the moſt perfect amongſt them are the Greek authors:

> Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
> Muſa loqui:

That the moſt exceptionable ſtyle in proſe among the Latins, is what was taught in the ſchools of declamation at Rome: That Tacitus, Seneca, Salluſt, and Cicero's orations are the works moſt vitiated by it. And it is that corrupt taſte in writing that has deſcended to moſt of the moderns, the French more particularly. It is among the writers of that nation chiefly (great as their merit is in other reſpects) that we find that ſhort ſtyle, that ſo conſtantly and ſo uniformly interrupts the reader in his progreſs; ſo invariably cheats the ear with

that dull ſimilarity in the cloſes of the ſentences, that ſeem like ſo many echoes to each other, and form ſo glaring a contraſt to the full rounded periods of the Greek orator. Short ſentences, judiciouſly interſperſed among ſuch full and harmonious ones as his, finely diverſify the ſtyle, and contribute to the pleaſure ariſing from the whole of a compoſition. After the ancients, we have in our language the greateſt maſters of ſtyle, and not much inferior to their great originals. There have been Miltons and Clarendons. As a ſpecimen of the latter's ſtyle, take this paſſage, with which the 11th book of his hiſtory concludes.

'So ended the year 1648; a year of reproach 'and infamy above all years which had paſſed be'fore it; a year of the higheſt diſſimulation and 'hypocriſy, of the deepeſt villainy and moſt bloody 'treaſons that any nation was ever curſed with, or 'under; a year in which the memory of all the 'tranſactions ought to be raſed out of all records, 'leſt, by the ſucceſs of it, Atheiſm, infidelity and 'rebellion ſhould be propagated in the world: A 'year of which we may ſay, as the hiſtorian ſaid of 'the time of Domitian, "Sicut vetus ætas vidit "quid ultimum in libertate eſſet, ita nos quid in "ſervitute;" or as the ſame writer ſays of a time 'not altogether ſo wicked, is "habitus animorum

"fuit ut peſſimum facinus auderent pauci, plures "vellent, omnes paterentur."

See alſo for the further proofs and illuſtration of the finely rounded periods of this writer at the beginning of his life, "General ſtate of Europe."

It is obſerved above, that ſome modern authors, do not allow the excellence of Milton's ſtyle; the reaſon of it is, its being formed on other models than what their own is, on the models of the ancients, inſtead of the French, as theirs are. But there, it is conceived, lies its ſingular merit. The following ſentence in his Prelatical Epiſcopacy is remarkable, not only in itſelf, but for its parallels in his Paradiſe Loſt, and in antiquity: "With leſs fervency was ſtudied what St Paul or St John had written, than was liſtened to one that could ſay, here he taught, here he ſtood, this was his ſtature, and thus he went habited; and O happy this houſe that harboured him, and that cold ſtone whereon he reſted, this village wherein he wrought ſuch a miracle, and that pavement bedewed with the warm effuſion of his laſt blood, that ſprouted up into eternal roſes, to crown his martyrdom!"

Like to this is his poetry in Adam's lamentation for the loſs of Paradiſe. Book xi. l. 320.

On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood viſible; among theſe pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd.

Thus Pliny, in his Panegyric on Trajan 15, Veniet ergo tempus quo poſteri viſere, viſendum tradere minoribus ſuis geſtient, quis ſudores tuos hauſerit campus, quæ refectiones tuas arbores, quæ ſomnum ſaxa pretexerint, quod denique tectum magnus hoſpes impleveris.

In the ſame ſtrain Cicero ſpeaks in his treatiſe De Finibus. Book V. p. 246. Veniet enim mihi Platonis in mentem, quem accepimus primum hic diſputare ſolitum: cujus etiam illi hortuli propinqui non memoriam ſolum mihi afferunt, ſed ipſum videntur in conſpectu meo hic ponere. Hic Speuſippus, hic Xenocrates, hic ejus auditor Polemo; cujus ipſa illa ſeſſio fuit quam videmus. Tanta vis admonitionis ineſt in locis; ut non ſine cauſa ex his memoriæ ducta ſit diſciplina.

Though Cicero's ears were of ſo ſingular a conſtruction, *ita avidæ et capaces*, as he himſelf ſays, as not always to be altogether ſatisfied with the fulneſs and roundneſs of the periods of Demoſthenes,

yet if any harmony ſhort of the muſic of the ſpheres could have filled them, it muſt have been the fine ſwelling cadences, and, if the expreſſion may be allowed, the fully cloſed diapaſons of that admirable effort of human invention, Satan's addreſs to the Sun, in the 4th Book of Paradiſe Loſt. The happy illuſtrations ſo often repeated in it of Longinus's interrogation, are but the leaſt of its perfections. In it there is more poetry and oratory united, than is to be met with in the whole compaſs of the Iliad, Odyſſey, Æneid, or any modern Epic poem whatſoever. It is more ſublime, more paſſionate, more argumentative, more harmonious in its periods. And here may be obſerved the very peculiar merit of the ſpeeches throughout the Paradiſe Loſt, greatly ſuperior to thoſe of the Æneid, and not more than equalled by thoſe of the Iliad.

Bolingbroke, Shafteſbury, Swift, Addiſon, are all in their ſeveral ways great maſters of ſtyle. Bolingbroke's bold metaphorical ſtyle is remarkable: It may ſometimes incur grammatical inaccuracies, but with what exceptions of that kind may be imputed to it, it cannot fail highly to pleaſe and fill the ear of the reader of taſte. Addiſon is chaſte and correct; Swift nervous, free of tropes and figures, abounding in harmonious periods; Shafteſbury, glowing, animated, elegant, and

fluently copious. A good ſpecimen of his admirable ſtyle may be found in his remarks on criticiſm in the advice to an author. He there contends for ridicule as the teſt of the perfection of that art, among the ſeveral others he treats of in his refined vein of wit and humour, and agreeably to his hypotheſis is led to give the preference to Hudibras, and the Rehearſal to any ſpecimens we have in that walk.

Interdùm amoto quæramus ſeria ludo.

In Didactic poetry there are three poems that in a peculiar manner claim attention, the Georgics of Virgil, Lucretius's; and amongſt the moderns, Armſtrong's Art of Preſerving Health. The ſtyle of Lucretius is thought to be more adapted to that ſpecies of writing than that of either of the other two. It is ſo becauſe it is more plain, leſs adorned; in other words more proſaic; for, except the openings of his books which are highly animated, his ſtyle in general is low, and, ſtrictly ſpeaking, didactic. Still the Georgics ſeem more delightful, with all their deviations from the rules applicable to this kind of poetry. Had any doubts remained, they muſt have been removed on the peruſal of Mr Harris's admirable criticiſm on that poem contained in his poſthumous work, the Philological Inquiries.

A VERY different criticiſm on theſe beautiful Epiſodes, grounded on their want of connection with the main deſign, or each other, meets us in the Elements, ch. I. and ch. 18. ſect. 4. at the end.

THE deſcription of the prodigies, that accompanied the death of Cæſar, if they do not immediately riſe out of the ſubject, yet form a fine contraſt to what does; the deſcription of the happineſs of a country life, and as ſuch neither out of their place, nor out of order, introduce a fine variety into the ſcenery. Of the ſame nature is the obſervation on the fable of Ariſtæus, cloſing the 4th Book. Any defect it labours under, in point of connection, is at the ſame time confeſſed to be amply compenſated in the melody of its enchanting numbers. This confeſſion, of itſelf, juſtifies its inſertion, eſpecially, when in aid of it, the reflection occurs, that the connection is, in this inſtance, ſtronger than in the preceding, as the reſtoration of nature is more directly contraſted with its decay, repreſented in the cloſe of the preceding book. If the connection between the parts of the Epiſode is not ſo ſtrong, they are enough ſo for one founded in fable, with the intervention of machinery. A happy fiction in it, is the introduction of Proteus, emblematical of the πρωτη ὑλη, or firſt matter,

before its reception of form, to effect the reſtoration of decayed nature.

Armstrong's poem breathes the ſpirit of the Georgics; and, for that reaſon, will be the more acceptable to the generality of readers. It beſides is the happieſt imitation of the Miltonic numbers, that has appeared in our language. It is only inferior to them.

In paſtorals, Fontenelle prefers the Idylliums of Theocritus to the Bucolics of Virgil; becauſe he thinks the Roman paſtorals have not the ſimplicity of the Greek. But a more refined ſimplicity and more of chaſtity they certainly have, without the ruſticity and obſcene manners of the Idylliums. The ſame diſtinction lies between theſe two ſpecies of paſtoral writing, as between Sophocles and Euripides, Plato and Xenophon's ideas of a republic above obſerved In Theocritus, the ruſtic manners are painted, ſuch as they are, in the extreme; in Virgil, ſuch as they might beſt be; and in the ſame manner in Pope's paſtorals. It is ſtrange that Corneille ſhould have preferred Lucan's Pharſalia to Virgil's Æneid, owing to any diſtinction of this kind.

In all the three ſiſter arts, there are ſimilar qualities incident to each; painting has its light and ſhade, muſic its concord and diſcord, poetry its perſpicuity and obſcurity. Such is the obſcurity, Burke advances, is ſo productive of the ſublime, and ſo remarkably inſtanced in the incantations of Macbeth's witches, "A deed without a name:" And ſuch is the clouded majeſty of Pindar, and the ſublime myſterious horror thrown over many of the ancient choruſes. But the light in the one art, the concord in the other, the perſpicuity in the third, muſt, beyond all compariſon, be ever the predominant properties, whilſt the other ſubſervient qualities muſt not only be uſed with a very ſparing, but with a very maſterly hand; and then it is, that this obſcurity becomes the claro-obſcuro of the Italians, or rather the darkneſs viſible of Milton, or his dark with exceſſive bright; or, as he ſays of light itſelf, ſphered in a radiant cloud.

The author of the Sublime and Beautiful, examines the grounds of the received opinion, that poetry is, in all its branches, ſtrictly and properly ſo called, an imitative art, with a view of juſtifying himſelf, in not wholly and implicitly ſubſcribing to it. We may obſerve, he argues, "that poetry, in its moſt general ſenſe, cannot, with

ſtrict propriety, be called an art of imitation. It is, indeed, ſo far an imitation, as it deſcribes, the manners and paſſions of men, which their words can expreſs, where animi motus effert interprete linguâ. There it is ſtrictly an imitation; and all merely dramatic poetry is of this ſort. But deſcriptive poetry, operates chiefly by ſubſtitution, by the means of ſounds, which by cuſtom have the effect of realities. Nothing is an imitation, further than as it reſembles ſome other thing; and words undoubtedly have no ſort of reſemblance to the ideas for which they ſtand. This reaſoning impeaches the general rule no farther than as it makes one exception from it in favour of deſcriptive poetry." It is conceived, without ſubſcribing to the authority of this great critic, that poetry is, in all its branches, imitative: For whatever may be ſaid of the reſemblance of words to ideas, words muſt certainly be deemed the ſigns, the images, the very pictures that ſo faithfully, and in ſo lively a manner, repreſent the ideas.

The principles that that ingenious critic goes on, that the ſublime ariſes from a tenſion of the nerves beyond their natural tone, and the beautiful from the ſame exceſſive relaxation of the nerves, may be ſtrictly juſt and philoſophical. But it is a doubt whether he has not confounded the limits of the

two, in having extended the ſublime to the ſenſes of taſting and ſmelling; he has not to that of touch, and yet the electrical ſhock, it would appear is a more powerful ſource of the ſublime than either of the above two. If a line is to be drawn, the ſublime ſhould be confined to the ſenſes of hearing and ſeeing on the one hand, and the beautiful, to thoſe of taſting, ſmelling, and feeling on the other.

Mr Harris, on the three ſiſter arts, adopts Ariſtotle's hypotheſis, that muſic is an imitation together with the other two, and is wholly engroſſed in deciding on the degrees of imitation incident to each. But Dr Beattie, in his remarks on muſic, chap. 6. maintains that muſic is not an imitative art, and that imitation, ſo far from being eſſential to this art, is at moſt but adventitious, and, if judiciouſly uſed, ornamental of it, ſo the learned world is divided, ancient and moderns in oppoſition.

Horace, in deſcribing the end of poetry, is not explicit enough,

Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare poetæ.

He does not decide between pleaſure and inſtruction, which of the two is the main end of the art, but treats of them disjunctively, on the ſuppoſition, that either of them is conducive to it, without the other, which is a poſition not agreeable to taſte,

and the feelings of mankind : For if theſe are conſulted in eſtimating the chief deſign of poetry, it will be found, that a merely moral inſtructive poem, deficient in the powerful allurements, and pleaſing ornaments of the art, will not produce the effect, nor be entitled to the appellation of good poetry : But the converſe will hold, and a poem that delights, though it does not inſtruct, may attain the end of fine poetical compoſition. Both united, exhibit the moſt perfect models in the art. So that if Horace had ſpoken of pleaſure and inſtruction, conjunctively inſtead of disjunctively; the true end, and main deſign, would then have been duly aſcertained. Both are eſſential to the higher ſpecies of the art, the Epic and Tragic; in the inferior walks, pleaſure may be the ſole object aimed at, and even in theſe nobler fields of the imagination it predominates, inſtruction acting only in ſubordination to it, and this ſolution of the point is what he gives, where he recommends the mixture of the utile and the dulce, and other celebrated paſſages of the art of poetry.

* * * *

These reflections, as they began from Homer, so to him must they return, his works are a theme so inexhaustible, that the more they are canvassed, the more they will be admired, every repetition in the reading, leading to a discovery of new beauties. It is impossible to figure the hero of a poem of more importance than Achilles is represented in the Iliad. It begins and ends with him, and if he does not act in the intermediate parts, it is to shew his consequence, since his continuance to act, would but too soon hasten the action of the poem to a conclusion, and by being so rendered too familiar to our eyes, he would consequently be lessened in our admiration. At the same time, that his acting is thus artfully suspended, we every where feel his absence, every thing conspires to inform us of it, his name, and former exploits are constantly introduced. Nothing could be so admirably contrived for his aggrandisement, as his quarrel with Agamemnon, and its consequences, though, at first sight, to all appearances, tending much to his dishonour. If he is dishonoured in having Briseis taken from him, What are Agamemnon's first sensations after the action? They are exhortations to the leaders of the army to abandon the enterprize against Troy, and return to Greece; and these exhortations, which, if feigned at first, are ever after unfeigned, are repeated after

every check and diſaſter he meets with; ſo unaccuſtomed was he to them till Achilles's retiring from battle. When he fails in that reſource, how readily does he cloſe with the propoſal of a formal embaſſy to the hero, in which Briſeis is not only offered to be reſtored, but with her gifts in the greateſt profuſion. On the other hand, we ſee Jupiter eſpouſing his cauſe, at the inſtigation of his mother Thetis, and favouring the Trojans, to make the Greeks feel his loſs. That their fate might not too rapidly preponderate in the ſcale, the action is dexterouſly ſuſpended in the two ſingle combats between Menelaus and Paris, Hector and Ajax; in the night enterprize, of Diomed and Ulyſſes, the beautiful epiſode of Hector and Andromache; and in Hector's abſence, in the interview between Glaucus and Diomed, in the love ſcene between Jupiter and Juno on mount Ida, and the various interpoſitions of the auxiliary gods: Which ſeveral ſuſpenſions of the main action, are at the ſame time introductory of a fine variety in the detail of carnage. The embaſſy too has this double advantage to ſuſpend the action, and vary the ſcene. The inexorable, relentleſs, implacable character of the hero, leads him with diſdain to reject the offers made by the ambaſſadors in the king's name. The conſequence is the rapid declenſion of the Greek affairs, to the beginning of the burning of the ſhips.

This was a circumstance, that might well induce Achilles, consistently with his rejection of the offers contained in the embassy, to abate something of his anger, and send at least his friend Patroclus clad in his armour, with his Myrmidons, to drive the Trojans from the ships. In this desperate extremity then of the Greek affairs, at the pressing instigation of his friend, he relents so far, as to suffer him in his armour, at the head of his troops, to save the ships. How at once are all the leading features of his character, in their native and genuine colours, on this occasion portrayed and delineated! The jealousy of his own honour, his unconquerable resentment against Agamemnon, the workings of nature in favour of his friend and associates in war, all contrasted and counteracting each other, in the violent conflict for the predominancy, all conspiring to convulse and agitate his frame, to a degree that exhibits a picture, the most admirably drawn, and completely astonishing. His last injunction to Patroclus, in the indulgence of his request, is to save the ships and no more, lest, by their destruction, the return of the Grecians to their native country, might be altogether cut off. For the performance of this service, he is to have Briseis restored, with all the promised gifts. This done, he strictly enjoins him to retreat to his tents, lest, in the too eager pursuit of his advantages to Troy walls, he should both wound the honour of Achilles, and en-

danger his own perſonal ſafety. He concludes his injunctions with a prayer to the gods, that all the Trojans, and with them all the Greeks, may be deſtroyed, that the ſacking of Troy might be reſerved for him and Patroclus. In the beginning of his addreſs, he is intereſted in the fate of the ſhips, as on them depended the return of the Grecians to their country: He is intereſted too in their ſafety, with a view to his own conſequence: But before the concluſion of it, the gratification of his anger ſtill predominates, and effaces theſe conſiderations, in his dreadful imprecations heaped indiſcriminately on Greeks and Trojans: Theſe again in their turn diſappear, to make way for his firſt ſenſations, when he beholds the flame ſeizing on the ſhip. It is then he is drawn ſtriking his thighs, and haſtening Patroclus to the repulſion of the enemy; and that no time might be loſt, he himſelf draws up, and exhorts his troops, while his friend is putting on his armour. Thus, after libations offered up to the gods, for the ſucceſs of the enterprize, and Patroclus's ſafe return, he is left at the entrance of his tent, to view with eagerneſs the conflict: A conflict, wrought up with ſuch circumſtances of horror, havock, and devaſtation, as were ſufficient to have exhauſted no ordinary genius, and left it unequal to the taſk, of exhibiting a ſcene, in which the hero was to appear in the field of battle, that was to riſe in our conceptions, with every additional

terror, heightened with tenfold rage, grandeur, and magnificence. The loſs of his friend, in the performance of the ſervice, is a further inducement for him to depart altogether from the gratification of his anger, in order to revenge his death.

How are our expectations raiſed, when his very appearance, without armour, and his voice being heard thrice ſhouting on the trench, are the means of the dead body of Patroclus being reſcued from the attacks on it of the Trojans. They, on the other hand, aſtoniſhed and diſmayed at his appearance, before any refreſhment of food is taken, ſtanding hold a council, in which Polydamus adviſes the immediate retreat within the walls, with diſſuaſions from waiting his approach on the plain, on return of day. Which ſage counſel is over-ruled by the ſuperior influence, and fatal temerity of Hector, fatal to himſelf and numberleſs Trojans, and only productive of a ſhort delay in the proſecution of his brother's advice, by the unhappy ſurvivers. Before the recovery of the body, Hector had ſtript it of the armour. Vulcan is employed by Thetis to make a new ſuit of armour. and the deſcription of the ſhield is as fine a paſſage as is in the Iliad, exhibiting a fine contraſt of the arts of peace to the carnage of war. But, when in this immortal armour, he goes to battle, with what ſolemnity and ſublimity

is he uſhered to the field, the gods all joining in the conflict. Jupiter thunders,—Neptune ſhakes the earth and mountain tops.—Ida to its centre ſhook,—the City of Troy and Grecian ſhips trembled.—Pluto heard and was diſmayed, and in diſmay leapt from his throne, and ſhouted, leſt Neptune ſhould rend the earth above him, and reveal to gods and men, his dreary, diſmal regions. Such were the ſhocks and convulſions of nature, when gods met in battle for the aggrandiſement of the hero, in the deciſion of the action of the poem.

With what haſty ſtrides then does he purſue the object of his revenge, and accompliſh it in the death of Hector. His reſolution to await Achilles without the walls, and engage him in ſingle combat, after all the reſt of the Trojans are ſhut up within them, formed when the hero is at a diſtance, fails him on his nearer approach; nor is he prevailed on to reſume it, till after having fled thrice round Troy walls, he is betrayed by Minerva, in the ſhape of Deiphobus, into the falſe hopes of aſſiſtance from that his friend. The leading circumſtances in this combat Virgil has adopted in his, between Æneas and Turnus; ſo admirably are they calculated to fill the mind with the magnificence of the hero.

No ſooner does he appear in battle, but the attention is wholly engroſſed in his achievements; in

his ſuperior luſtre, all the other leaders are totally eclipſed: The very name of Diomed is not to be met with more, the ſecond to Achilles, and in his abſence, the chief ſupport of the Greeks, the invader of their hoſtile gods. Agamemnon himſelf is no where afterwards ſeen, except in appeaſing Achilles, with the reſtoration of Briſeis, and a profuſion of conciliatory gifts. He appears then ſolely with a view to the hero's magnificence. He is the only perſon whoſe importance is felt, as well after as before the death of Hector, both in the inſtitution of the funeral games, in honour of Patroclus, the deciſions of the prizes in the conteſts, the redemption of the body of Hector, the granting the twelve days truce, for the performance of the funeral obſequies due to it.

Thus beginning, middle, and end, all are connected, and correſpond with each other, Primo, ne medium medio ne diſcrepit imum.—All turns and hinges on the anger of Achilles, the ſubject propoſed in the opening. What a regular chain of cauſes and effects is here diſplayed. Conſiſtently with this reaſoning that contained in ch. 23d, Elements of Criticiſm cannot be ſubſcribed to.

Homer's conduct in removing the hero from the action for a time, in order to raiſe his importance,

from the loſs ſuſtained in his abſence, and the re-doubled luſtre he ſhines with on his return, is adopted by Taſſo in his Jeruſalem Delivered. He has alſo copied Homer, in the cauſe, that leads to his diſappearance, his refuſal to ſubmit to the deciſion of Godfrey, in conſequence of his having killed Gernando. We ſee the heroes of both poems inflamed againſt their leaders, and to ſuch a degree, that both are about to draw their ſwords on them, till they are reſtrained, the Grecian hero, by the interpoſition of Minerva, figurative of prudence, the Chriſtian, at the inſtance of Tancred and the other chiefs. The anger of both, thus checked, and averted from the completion of its firſt object, gratifies itſelf in voluntary retirement.

In the firſt council that is held in the Jeruſalem Delivered, for the purpoſe of electing Godfrey general of the Cruſades, it is not Rinaldo that ſummons it, as Achilles does that in the Iliad, nor is it Rinaldo that takes the lead in it, as Achilles does in his ; nor does he once appear, nor is his voice once heard in it. Taſſo's inattention to the dignity and importance of his hero every where meets us. If his exceſſive youth is urged in defence of his inattention to his conſequence, on the other hand it may be ſaid, why is he drawn ſo very young, as not to be mature in council, as well as

great in the field. The copy has loſt much of the ſpirit of the original. The Italian appears in the copy, and the Italian ideas of gallantry. Taſſo diſpoſes of his hero as a gallant to Armida, he has not even left his witches without their gallants. The looking-glaſs, or what anſwers the purpoſe, a poliſhed ſhield is employed in the reclaiming of Rinaldo. Nor, after he does again appear in battle, is the attention wholly engroſſed in his feats of valour, as it is ſolely directed to Achilles in the Iliad, after his return, but in the Jeruſalem Delivered, it is much divided among the other combatants. The ſingle combat of Tancred and Argante comprehends a conſiderable part of the action of the poem, after that event takes place. After Rinaldo's releaſe from the enchantments of Armida, and return to the ſiege, we ſtill find him devoted to her charms: His laſt efforts are directed towards the appeaſing her, and with his ſucceſs in theſe endeavours the ſcene cloſes on him. He ends as he begins, the lover, his uniformity of character is faithfully adhered to, agreeable to the rule

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, et ſibi conſtet.

It is the anger of Achilles, that all turns and hinges on in the Iliad. It is the love of Rinaldo,

that interests us in the fate of the hero of the Jerusalem Delivered. It is not Rinaldo that puts the last hand to its deliverance from the infidels, that is reserved for Godfrey. If then neither in the beginning nor end of the poem, he bears a conspicuous part, so neither in the intermediate parts do the consequences of his absence appear to be so deeply felt, nor does the mention of it so frequently occur. Were it not for his first feat of valour, after his escape from the snares of Armida, the breaking through the enchantments that guarded the wood, from whence the Christians were to be supplied with materials for their battering engines employed in the siege, and that after the unsuccessful attempts of so many of the Christian warriors, Tancred not excepted, were it not for that single action, we see very little in what he further does, that renders it of much consequence to the Christian cause, whether he remained at last as at first in the arms of Armida. Thus does the hero of the Jerusalem Delivered sink in importance to the hero of the Iliad. The Italian, as well as every other Epic poem of eminence, whether ancient or modern, are all framed on the model of that great original.

The conduct of it, and its copy, in the disposal of the hero, has been enquired into, and some lead-

ing defects in the copy pointed out. With what advantage then, and peculiar satisfaction, do we come to the observance of a parallel masterly conduct, in another admirable original Ossian, in his Fingal and Temora. In the beginning of the action of Fingal, the hero does not appear; and in the intermediate stages, after he does appear, he is removed by the poet, that his return may be the more important and decisive. It is curious to observe the resemblance between the fictitious situation in poetry of Fingal during the combat, and the real one in history of Edward III. at Cressy, both the Sires being described standing on a hill adjoining to the scene of action, from whence they viewed, reflected in their sons, their valorous deeds. In Temora the hero's appearance is in the same manner late and decisive. For out of the three successive engagements it describes, it is not till the last of them that Fingal in person assumes the command, slays the Irish king in single combat, restores the lawful heir to the throne. The same conduct is seen in the Æneid and Paradise Lost. Æneas's appearance in the battle is late and effectual: And in the three days fight of the Angels, each successive day rises in a gradation of grandeur and sublimity, to that last and dreadfully awful one, when the Messiah goes forth, clothed in the terror of his thunder, and lightning of his red right hand.

The characters of the heroes of the Iliad and Fingal, differ widely in the contrast exhibited of them over their fallen enemies. Fingal, B. 5. in the fulness of humanity, readily grants the request of his antagonist Orla, before they engage, relative to the treatment of his body, and disposal of his arms, if he should fall in fight. More than that, he buries him beside his son Ryno, and with his son lets him share in his lamentations. This is the picture of a feeling and generous enemy, that carries no resentment beyond the grave. But Achilles, with the most barbarous disdain, rejects Hector's last request, and in the most flagrant contempt of it, insults, with that unparallelled and unrelenting cruelty, over the dead body, in dragging it at his chariot-wheels round the tomb of Patroclus. Nor after these repeated barbarities offered to it, does he consent to its delivery for interment, till after the intercession of the gods, and a heavy ransom. If, as a palliative of Achilles's treatment of the dead body of Hector, is urged the loss of his friend Patroclus; Fingal met with a heavier loss in that of his son. If again it is said, that Orla was not the means of Fingal's son's death, as Hector was of Patroclus's, how, by the same mode of reasoning, will be justified the sacrifice of the twelve Trojan youths at the funeral rites of Patroclus; for they were no ways instrumental in his death. It is evi-

dent then that the hero of the Iliad, in the gratification of his cruel and implacable revenge, made no diſtinction between thoſe of his enemies, whoſe hands were and were not imbrued in the blood of his friend. It is equally clear, that the Fingalian hero, in his humane and generous deportment towards his enemies, ſought to make no diſtinction between thoſe that were inſtrumental in, and innocent of the death of his ſon, and that neither of theſe circumſtances would have influenced his conduct to Orla or Swaran.

The contraſt of manners is ſtill more glaring, if the two heroes treatment of their rival enemies is compared. We have ſeen what Achilles's is of Hector, it remains to conſider Fingal's of Swaran. After defeating him in ſingle combat, and taking him priſoner, he partakes with him the feaſt of ſhells, and there is aſſiduouſly and conſtantly employed in cheering his drooping ſpirits, by ſuggeſting, healing and comfortable reflections, aided by the charms of the poetry and muſic of his bards in their ſongs of peace. This is another parallel to a paſſage in the Engliſh hiſtory, in the fruits reaped by that delight and ornament of human nature, Edward the Black Prince, from the glorious day of Poictiers. In conſideration of their connection, and of his being brother to Agandecca, with whom

he was in love in his youth, he releafes him without ranfom, and permits him to return with the remains of his army to Lochlin or Scandinavia; nor before his departure, will he accept of the offer he makes him of his fhips. To friends and foes Fingal's behaviour is equally brave, generous and humane. The laft action of Fingal, that is recorded in the Epic poem of his name, is difplayed in his warm fympathy with his friend Cuthullin after his defeat, in the revival of his broken fpirits, as he fat melancholy and fad in the cave of Tura. Nor does Connan efcape his cenfure, for the infult he offers to his fallen ftate. Fingal's character appears to advantage, in the cheerfulnefs with which he efpoufes the quarrels of Ireland, with a view to the relief of the oppreffed, and the dethroning of ufurpers, the fubjects of Temora and Fingal. Greatly fuperior as Fingal is reprefented to all the human perfons oppofed to him, how does he rife in importance, when engaged in conflict with, and triumphing over the fpirit of Loda the Scandinavian god in Carricthura. His wounding him is like Diomed's wounding Mars and Venus.

Such is the picture Offian gives of the manners that prevailed in the times he wrote. Widely different is Homer's. Achilles and Fingal's characters meet in no one point, but their heroic va-

lour. Nor do we meet with a ſingle inſtance of quarter being given to a vanquiſhed enemy throughout the Iliad: None certainly after the commencement of the action. Some inſtances are related to have happened in the earlier part of the war, but thoſe too were for heavy ranſoms. In the Epiſode of Glaucus and Diomed, there is to be traced a reſemblance between the manners of the Grecian heroes and the Caledonian, but it is the only faint trace that is to be found in Homer. We have ſeen then the repreſentation he gives of manners in time of war; and in the Odyſſey is to be ſeen what he draws them in time of peace, where piracy is extolled as a laudable and prevalent employment. Theſe leading traits in the characters of the heroes of the two poems, afford a ſtriking picture of the prevailing manners of the different æras they each allude to. Whether it is that the two poets repreſented their characters ſuch as they were, and not ſuch as they might beſt be, or that one drew ſuch a one as actually was, and the other ſuch as might beſt be; to whichſoever of theſe cauſes it is owing, certain it is, the contraſt between the heroes of the different poems is moſt ſtriking. Oſſian never fails to temper the bravery of his with humanity, and the fine feelings of the ſocial paſſions; Homer always ſtains the courage of his with fierce barbarity, not to mention a relentleſs cruelty. The

The ſingular circumſtance attending this difference of manners, is, that the more favourable change is affixed to the earlier ſtate of ſociety; and that the more advanced ſtate appears proportionally the more removed from civilization, and the more ſunk in barbariſm. For Oſſian certainly deſcribes men as living in the firſt and moſt rude ſtate of ſociety, the hunting ſtate; and Homer as inconteſtibly places them in the next advanced ſtage, the paſtoral. This ſeems rather at firſt ſight a paradox or phenomenon, till on inveſtigation, a ſatisfactory reaſon may be aſſigned for it, which, in the ſequel, will be touched on.

It remains ſtill to take a more comprehenſive view of the various celebrated Epic poems, that have ſhed ſuch luſtre on the annals of literature, to trace ſome of the leading reſemblances between them, and mark ſome of their diſtinguiſhing qualities. There is one, the production of the ſame great maſter with the Iliad here canvaſſed, that has not been touched on, in the courſe of theſe reflections. Another of later origin, and founded on the model of both theſe great productions, has, in the ſame manner, been hitherto paſſed over in ſilence. A compariſon of thoſe of antiquity with each other, or with the modern may not ſeem foreign to the deſign of this enquiry. The action of an Epic poem,

should be one entire great action. The unity of the fable is most uniformly preserved throughout the whole of them. In this essential point, they all, both the ancient and modern, necessarily agree, though they differ in the modes devised for the preservation of that unity. If the subject of them were confined to the space of time, the action is comprehended in, many, or all of them, would be found very defective, and stript of much of that variety and profusion of ornament, that so eminently enhances their merit. The action of the Iliad, though opening only six weeks, according to some critics, and others forty-seven days, before its conclusion, has artfully interwoven in it many of the previous events of the war, not in any regular continued narration, but incidentally and occasionally introduced. In the same manner, the action of the Odyssey, though opening no longer time before its conclusion, than that of the Iliad, contains the sacking of Troy, many of the incidents of a ten years voyage subsequent to it, and those not as the previous events of the war of Troy, are inserted in the Iliad, but in continued details, and related at length, the burning of Troy by the poet Demodocus, and the adventures of the voyage by Ulysses, at the Court of the Phæacians. The Æneid, by way of retrospect, gives the transactions of seven years, though itself confined to the space of a year, or

little more, and, in the ſame manner as in the Odyſſey, by uninterrupted harangue, with this only difference, that Æneas is the ſole relater, as well of the taking of Troy, as his ſubſequent navigation and hiſtory. The circumſtances leading to the two narrations are very ſimilar, the one is before the King of the Phæacians, the other before the Queen of Carthage, to both of whoſe courts, the different heroes have been driven, ſhipwrecked in a ſtorm. We have not only this retroſpective view of things in the Æneid, previous to the commencement of the action, in which it ſo exactly correſponds with the Iliad and Odyſſey, as almoſt in every other leading part of its conduct, (the firſt ſix books being founded on the Odyſſey, the laſt ſix on the Iliad) but we have alſo a proſpect of ſome of the memorable events of the Roman hiſtory, in the deſcription of Æneas's ſhield, long ſubſequent to the cloſe of the poem. This method too is derived from the practice of Homer, who tranſiently touches on events poſterior to the duration of the action. The action of the Paradiſe Loſt is confined to ſo much ſtill ſhorter a period, than any of the fore-mentioned, eleven days only, that it required all the addreſs of its incomparable author to lengthen its artificial duration, in the introduction of both the previous and ſubſequent events, and both at great length in the way of detail and continued narration, as Virgil has

done. It is thus, by blending both methods ſo happily, we have related by Raphael, the rebellion of the fallen angels, and the works of creation, previous to the fall of man, and a repreſentation in the angels viſion, of what is to happen to the race of Adam, in conſequence of his fall. The Jeruſalem Delivered, is, in this reſpect, in the ſame uniform tenor.

Ossian has no ſmall variety of character; they are not all uniformly humane and generous, in the ſtyle of fidus Achates, and fidus Orontes, but he mixes the good and bad, introduces various degrees of each, and makes uſe of great diverſity of ſhades in the colouring. In this reſpect, no poet, in any age or country, has rivalled Homer.

Milton's ſubject gave him very little latitude in the choice and diverſity of his characters; but of that latitude afforded him, it muſt be confeſſed he has availed himſelf to the utmoſt. There is great variety in his devils, they have each allotted them their peculiar ſhades of vice. He had recourſe to allegorical beings to ſupply the defect of real. His allegory of Sin and Death, is both admirably conceived and well ſupported throughout; it moſt happily, and moſt conſiſtently makes a part of the whole, and is highly conducive to the completion of

the main action. It is reputed a fault in the representation given of Adam, that he ſhews too much refinement, too much knowledge in the conference he has with his Creator. But if a poetical conception of characters is ever allowable, if to draw men, not merely as they are, but ſuch as they might beſt be, is not only a licence given to poets, but ſuch an indulgence, as philoſophers have availed themſelves of, as Plato in his Republic, and Sir Thomas More in his Utopia. If this is a point agreed on on all hands, where is the latitude more admiſſible, than in ſuch a ſituation as Adam is then deſcribed in? So placed, he may reaſonably be allowed even to excel himſelf; his conceptions, in ſuch circumſtances, may well be ſuppoſed to move in another, than their proper ſphere. Every faculty there ſtrained to the utmoſt pitch, in ſupport of the lofty argument propoſed, or as the poet himſelf expreſſes it, ſtrained to the height in that celeſtial colloquy ſublime, may be ſuppoſed to catch ſome rays of that divine effulgence with which they were ſurrounded, without exceeding the bounds of probability: Some portion of that tranſcendent irradiation might have been reflected from the object it ſo powerfully ſhone upon. As Moſes returned from the mount, with his face ſo irradiated, as to dazzle the eyes of the Iſraelites, unable to look on it till covered with a veil; as St John's face was in the Revelations, like the

ſun himſelf in his meridian tower; as St Stephen's was at his trial like an angel's.

Tasso's Pagan heroes have all the bad qualities of Homer's, with many additions, and without any of their good: His Chriſtian heroes have all the perfections of Oſſian's, with what further improvements Chriſtianity beſtowed. The contraſt between the two is ſtrongly marked in the ſingle combat of Raymond and Argante, Canto 7. Taſſo's poetry, in general, is exceedingly fine, both in the ſublime and beautiful ſcenes.

It is in ſentiment, that the great difference lies between the Epic poems of this iſland, and thoſe of Grecian and Roman antiquity, and that the former ſo juſtly claim ſuch a pre-eminence over the latter. For the heroes of the Iliad breathe nothing but a ſtern and barbarous ferocity; which blemiſh Virgil, notwithſtanding the refinement of the Auguſtan age, has been as ſucceſsful in copying, as any of the beauties of that great original. But the Gallic bard repreſents his characters, with the exception of ſome bad ones, as full of every generous and humane principle, actuated by the nobleſt and moſt diſintereſted ſentiments, ſpeaking the language of a cultured heart, cultivated humanity. Between the mutual friends and allies of the Iliad,

is betrayed a want of feeling and ungenerous treatment, an invective and abuſe, that is no where to be traced in the language of the contending Fingalian heroes. Let us contraſt the following ſentiment in the Lathmore, p. 342, with the night-adventure in the Iliad, of Diomed and Ulyſſes into the Trojan camp, with the ſentiment of Virgil,

Dolus an virtus quis in hoſte requirat?

and with the numberleſs inſtances of the ſurpriſing of camps in ancient and modern warfare.

"Shall the ſon of Fingal ruſh on the ſleeping foe? Fingal did not thus receive his fame, nor dwells renown on the gray hairs of Morni for actions like theſe."

Milton's ſentiments ſeem always adapted to the ſituation his characters are repreſented in. The ſentiments of Adam and Eve vary, as the circumſtances vary they are placed in; they correſpond equally with their ſtate of innocence, and with their ſtate after the fall. Nor is there a ſentiment expreſſed in the heavenly choirs, or infernal councils, that are not moſt ſuitable to their place. In the ſame way, his language varies as his ſubject varies. In the two firſt books, and the ſixth, he is ſublime to a degree of aſtoniſhment. In his deſcriptions of Paradiſe, he is beautiful to

ravifhment, far eclipfing, in elegance and luxuriance, the paintings of Alcinous's gardens, Calypfo and Acrafia's bowers, or Armida's fcenes of enchantment. In the fcenes between Adam and Eve, in their ftate of innocence, he is foft and tender; after their fall, tragic and pathetic. In the detail of the works of creation, he is fublime, copious, animated and flowing, wherever his fubject admits of it. If, at any time, in the decrees of the Almighty, or the hiftorical part of the poem, after the fall, he is profaic, it is not to be imputed to the failure of his vein of poetry, but to his fubject not admitting that high colouring. In all his various degrees of ftyle, his harmony of numbers has not been equalled by any of his imitators.

Those unacquainted with the native language of Offian, are ill qualified to judge of its beauties; but if the tranflation may be relied on as genuine, (and of its authenticity, there is the cleareft demonftration,) all that can be done, is to eftimate its perfections by that criterion. It is bold and figurative, as the language of all rude nations is. Their conceptions are few, and thofe they mark ftrongly; nor for the few they have, are there the proper figns; to fupply the defect of which, they have recourfe to figure and circumlocution. In his tender and pathetic fcenes, in which he is ex-

celled by none, if equalled by any, his language is that of nature, the language of the heart. In his nervous figurative ſtyle, he reſembles that of Homer, as both drew from nature; and as that is the ſtyle ſhe dictates in the more infant ſtages of ſociety. The meaſured proſe that Oſſian uſes, as the vehicle of his language, is next to the Engliſh Heroics, in the copiouſneſs, variety and harmony of its periods and cadences.

The perfection of character, and generoſity of ſentiment, which, in ſo eminent a degree, diſtinguiſh the Celtic Bard, however unaccountable on a ſlight inſpection, on a more narrow view, meet with a probable and reaſonable ſolution. It is the ſolution given in the diſſertation on Oſſian's poems, and adopted in the critical diſſertation on the ſame, the influence of the Bards on the national character. High was the eſtimation in which this race of men were held by all the Celtic tribes; by none in higher than by thoſe of Caledonia. After th ſuppreſſion of the Druids, long the philoſopher and prieſts of this people, the veneration for th Bards, a part of the ſame order, continued unimpaired. Cæſar, who takes no ſeparate notice (the Bards, mentions Britain as the great ſemina for the propagation of the Druidical inſtitutio The extinction of ſo flouriſhing an order in t

northern parts of the Iſland, was owing, we are told, to their ambitious views in aiming at the continuance of the election of the chief magiſtrate, which they greatly influenced, in oppoſition to the intereſts of the race of Fingal, which contended for its being hereditary in that houſe. The conteſt, carried on with violence for ſome time, between the two rival powers, ended, at laſt, in the downfal of the Druids, which left the line of Fingal, the hereditary heads of the people. It is after this unſucceſsful ſtruggle for power, we find them in their circles of ſtones, in their dark and ſequeſtered groves, retired from the world; and it is owing to this, their oppoſition to the Fingalian race, that they are not once mentioned throughout the poems of Oſſian. On their ruin, roſe the reputation of the Bards. Theſe were the conſtant attendants on the leaders of the people; in war, the ſpectators and panegyriſts of their victories; in peace their companions in the feaſts of ſhells. The wars ended with the Bards ſongs of peace. In theſe ſongs, and in their inſpired choruſes at the feaſt of ſhells, what heroic ardor muſt they have infuſed into the breaſts of the youthful warriors, by celebrating the deeds of their renowned anceſtors: With what emulation muſt they have fired the deſcendants, on thoſe ſolemn occaſions, to rival thoſe that went before

them in the paths of fame. Their exhortations could not fail to prove the ſame incentives to the martial youth, that the Olympic games did to thoſe of Greece. Each ſucceſſive race of Bards, through a long ſeries of ages, improving on the examples and traditions of the preceding, aided by the philoſophy and religion of the Druids, at the ſame time that they gradually brought their poetry the nearer to perfection, ſo proportionably muſt they have ripened in their conceptions of true heroiſm, founded in generous and humane principles. Having once acquired, even the faint idea of ſuch a character from the lights alluded to, they would gradually and ſucceſſively improve on it, and, by the conſtant ſuggeſtion of it, through its ſeveral ſtages of improvement, to the minds of their hearers, would imprint it, at laſt, ſo ſtrongly on them, as imperceptibly, in the courſe of generations, to convert into reality, what was at firſt imaginary. Hence that generoſity and candour of ſentiment, that true heroiſm, tempered with the feelings of humanity, that breathes through the whole of the Celtic compoſitions, that have eſcaped the ravages of time. Oſſian had peculiar advantages, beſides thoſe mentioned in common with the other Bards, in addreſſing himſelf to the paſſions, in ſpeaking the language of the heart,

——— Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primum ipſi tibi.

There is no writer we are acquainted with, that can be ſuppoſed to have more ſtrongly felt what he wrote, than one who deſcribed battles in which he himſelf fought, *et quorum pars magna fuit*; in which he was the companion of his father's victories, his father the hero of his poems. What ſubject for rapture! What incitement to animation! What a ſituation for a ſon to be placed in, firſt to be endowed with ſuch a genius, and then to have ſuch a father, whoſe actions were worthy to be ſo tranſmitted to poſterity! What a ſituation for a father to be placed in, firſt to be the author of ſuch illuſtrious deeds, and then to have a ſon that could ſo perpetuate their fame in his immortal lines!

Such a picture of human excellence, exhibited by this country, in an age ſo remote, is only rivalled in another by its ſiſter kingdom, diſplayed in more recent days, in the ſcenes laid between Edward III. and Edward the Black Prince; as if nature, partial to this iſland, in the production of ſuch characters, and, to borrow an alluſion from Pindar, applying it from the phyſical to the moral world, as if, in the formation of them, worn out and exhauſted, ſhe ſtood in need of lying fallow for ages, over-

run with weeds and all manner of ſpurious growths. But what a long interval of time ſeparates the two, What a chaſm and long dark night in hiſtory!

THESE ſingular advantages tended greatly to counter-balance the chief defect the poems of Oſſian labour under, the total want of religion, which proves ſuch a conſiderable aid to all the other Epic poems we know of, ancient or modern. This deficiency was occaſioned by his being placed in an æra ſubſequent to the abolition of Druidiſm, and prior to the introduction of Chriſtianity, at leaſt to its full eſtabliſhment, if we except the faint gleams of it that appeared in the miſſions of the Culdees from the Roman provinces among the Caledonians, who, from the little credit they obtained with them, retired into the groves formerly occupied by the Druids. The word Culdees imports ſequeſtered perſons. He is, in conſequence of this defect, much confined in his machinery, which altogether conſiſts of ghoſts and ſpirits.

NOR was this excellence of the Bards, and this veneration for them confined to the Caledonians, but diffuſed itſelf over the whole of the Celtic nations. Cæſar teſtifies the high eſtimation in which the Druids were held in Gaul, as lawgivers, prieſts, and philoſophers, engroſſing the whole of the civil

and religious power; and though he makes no ſeparate mention of the Bards, he muſt have meant to include them under the general deſcription of Druids, as part of the ſame order, and living with them in ſocieties and colleges, after the Pythagorean manner.

The Welſh, among the few lateſt remains of this people, that formerly were ſpread over the whole of weſtern Europe, have ſhewn to what a pitch the national character was influenced by the Bards, in the long and violent ſtruggles they had for the liberty and independence of their country, both againſt the Roman arms, and the conſtant and repeated attacks of their powerful neighbours the Engliſh. The Romans did not effect the entire conqueſt of South Britain, till they had extirpated the Druids from amid their moſt hidden groves and receſſes, in their laſt retreat, the Mona of Tacitus, now the Iſle of Angleſey. The deſcription given by that hiſtorian of the ſtand made by the Britons in that iſland, under the auſpices of the Druids, exhibits a moſt ſtriking picture. This order of men, not ſatisfied with firing their countrymen with a firm zeal for their liberty and independence, by precept only, but added to that, inſpired them with their example. They are drawn in white robes, with diſhevelled hair, and torches

in their hands, going through the ranks, with their ſhouts animating the natives to repel the invaders of their rights and liberties. The barbarous policy of the Romans was adopted by Edward I. in his final conqueſt of Wales; nor did he conſider it as fully and completely effected, or his chains ſufficiently rivetted, till he had ſacrificed the unhappy Bards to his mercileſs fury.

It is among the Caledonians then, or the Celtic of the hills, as the etymology of the word bears, that the moſt genuine remains of their original is now to be traced, as freeſt from the mixture of ſtrangers, as never having ſubmitted to either the Roman or Engliſh yokes. And moſt valuable muſt thoſe authentic remains be, as it is only from the ſongs of the Bards, preſerved by tradition, that the hiſtory of ſuch remote antiquity, as they relate to, can, with any degree of certainty, be traced. The Mileſian fables lead into endleſs and inextricable labyrinths: The legendary tales are wrapt in miſt and obſcurity. The only monuments of rude antiquity that can be depended on, in making reſearches into diſtant periods, and inveſtigating the hiſtory and manners of a people in the infancy of ſociety, are their poems.

Other nations, both ancient and modern, were not without their Bards. The Teutonic or Gothic tribes had their Scalders: But from any ſpecimens of the Runic ſongs that remain, they breathe an air of barbariſm and ferocity, ſuitable to the genius of the people they were addreſſed to. Therefore, whatever eſtimation the Scalders were held in, or whatever influence we may ſuppoſe they had on the national character, poems of ſuch a deſcription, ſo far from tending to ſoften the manners, muſt have rather contributed to keep awake that rude and rough ſpirit, which has made Gothic barbariſm to paſs into a proverb.

The Trobadors, or ſtrolling Bards of Provence, occaſioned a ſingular change in the manners of Europe, in exciting the ſpirit of Knight-errantry, the remains of which is to be traced this day in modern gallantry, and the point of honour.

What effect the Αοιδοι, or ſtrolling Bards of Greece, had on the manners of that people, cannot ſo eaſily, at this diſtance of time, be aſcertained. Some effect perhaps they would have; but, from their unſettled wandering life, and the probable inferiority of their poetry, it would not have been an advantageous one. Our Druids and Bards, formed into regular ſocieties and colleges, acquainted with

the Pythagorean philofophy, could bear no refemblance to thofe ftrolling Bards; the comparifon no more holds between the two claffes of men, than between the Grecian drama itinerant in the rude cart of Thefpis, and ftationary in the Athenian Theatre, with its dignity fully completed, in the bufkined mufe of Sophocles and Euripides. Without this powerful influence of the Bards operating on the national character of the Caledonians, the early period of fociety, in which they appear at the æra of Offian, joined with the feverity of their climate, could not have failed to have funk them in a barbarifm proportionably great to the degree of refinement, comparatively fpeaking (reference being had to their early ftate) that they now appear in. A cold climate, without the foft allurements of poetry or mufic to counteract its influence, muft contribute greatly to the natural ferocity of a rude uncivilized people. This is inftanced in the reprefentation given by Polybius of the Cynetheans, a people inhabiting the higher parts of Arcadia, and ftrangers to the propenfity that prevailed throughout the country to mufic. The want of which amongft them, joined with the feverity of their climate, and barrennefs of their foil, produced an aufterity and roughnefs of manners, that formed a glaring contraft to thofe of the other Arcadians, who enjoyed

the double advantage of both climate and harmony to ſoften them.

THE cold ridiculous ſcepticiſm entertained about the authenticity of Oſſian's poems, ſcarcely merited ſuch ſerious and complete refutations as it has received. Wharton, in his hiſtory of Engliſh poetry, ſlightly touches on the antiquity of theſe genuine remains of Celtic ſong, and urges one ſtriking proof of it, the total abſence from them of giants, dragons, magicians, and all the train of Arabian imagery. As the Greeks were accuſtomed to repeat the poems of Homer, the natives of the Highlands of Scotland long were, and are ſtill in particular diſtricts, thoſe of Oſſian; and the Venetian Gondoliers to this day thoſe of Taſſo and Arioſto.

THERE is an hiſtorical fact, that in a remarkable degree corroborates the truth of their authenticity. In the middle of the ninth century, there was a great emigration from Scotland, and its iſles, to Iceland. There the emigrants lived in a republican ſtate for four centuries, at the expiration of which time they became ſubject to the Daniſh yoke. They long retained their original dreſs, and ſtill there is a reſemblance to be traced between the laws of the two countries, particularly the poor laws, the language, manners and cuſtoms: And,

what is applicable to the point in view, is the cuſtom ſtill prevalent among them, of the fathers of the family reciting ſongs in praiſe of the heroic deeds of his anceſtors, of the remoteſt antiquity, to the houſehold circles, while induſtriouſly employed at work, all tranſmitted through a long ſeries of generations by oral tradition. Why critics ſhould be ſo induſtrious, in violation of ſuch a train of evidence, to impeach a fact that tends only to the advancement of the dignity of human nature; why, in combating it, they ſhould endeavour to cancel ſuch an ornament of mankind, is myſterious, and reflects no luſtre on modern literature. The bias ſhould be reverſed, and in caſe of probable grounds of doubt, an honeſt zeal ſhould be diſplayed in the vindication of the antiquity, and genuine authenticity of theſe poems, and induſtry to ſet it in a clear light.

SIMILAR to this captious vein of criticiſm is that levelled at the origin of the Scottiſh muſic. It is inconceivable how the vulgar error ſhould have any length of time maintained itſelf, that Rizio was either the inventor or improver of it. In vain will national prejudice be urged in exploding ſo groundleſs a tale, when it ſtands impeached by ſo unqueſtionable an Italian authority as Taſſoni's, in his Penſieri Diverſi, Lib. 10. where he ſays, that the

melody of Scottiſh muſic, diſtinguiſhed from that of all other nations, ſerved as a model for the improvement of the Italian. His words are, "Noi ancora "poſſiamo connumerar, tra noſtri, Jacopo 1mo Re "di Scozia, che non pur coſe ſacre compoſe in "canto, ma trova da ſe ſteſſo, una nuova muſica, "lamentevole é meſta, differente da tutte l'altre. "Nel che poi e ſtato imitato da Carlo Geſualdo "Principe di Venoſa, che in queſta noſtra eta ha "illuſtrato anch'egli la muſica con nuovi mirabili "inventioni." The Venuſium here ſpoken of was the cradle of Horace. Till then, harmony, that fine invention of the moderns, prevailed in the muſic of that and the other nations of Europe, to the entire excluſion of melody. So illuſtrious a rank, ſo early eſtabliſhed, does Scotland hold in the annals of poetry and muſic.

Homer, born in a dark age, ſunk in a ſtate of barbariſm, with the advantage of no models in the Epic going before him, with a force of genius altogether irreſiſtible, penetrated through the gloom, diſpelled the darkneſs, and with no other guide than intuition, boldly advanced up to the fountain-head of nature. Oſſian is another inſtance of the ſame extraordinary effort of genius blazing forth in a rude ſtate of ſociety. Theſe two inſtances are ſufficient to ſhew that poetry, in its riſe and pro-

grefs, is not governed by the fame principles that regulate the other arts. By them the higheft fpecies of it, the Epic, has at once been invented and perfected.

It is early, in rude times generally, that fublime Epic and Dramatic geniufes appear. The middle ages of civilization are diftinguifhed for philofophical difcoveries and refearches in the abftract fciences. Criticifm, philological enquiries, tafte in the fine arts, are referved for the laft ftage of refinement in fociety, and but by fhort intervals precede the total declenfion of literature. This is the general tenor of the hiftory of the rife and progrefs of the arts and fciences in all ages and countries, but which is not without its exceptions.

The language of all rude and favage nations is paffionate, fentimental, figurative, abounding in tropes, a meafured profe, flowing more from a ftrongly agitated imagination, than a cultivated underftanding: It fprings all animated from the paffions, and to the paffions is addreffed; it flows from the heart, and in its lively reprefentation of images to the imagination, may be termed painting, as the Egyptian hieroglyphics were a fpecies of that art in writing.

Sir Isaac Newton, in his Chronology, tells us the Greek antiquities are full of poetical fictions, because the Greeks wrote nothing in prose before the conquest of Asia by Cyrus. Then Pherecydes Scyrius, and Cadmus Milesius introduced writing in prose. Plutarch relates, that the philosophers of old delivered their opinions in verse, as Orpheus, Hesiod, Permenides, Xenophanes, Empedocles, Thales, but afterwards left off the use of verses; and that Aristarchus, Timocharis, Hipparchus did not make astronomy the more contemptible by describing it in prose, after Euxodus, Hesiod, Thales had written of it in verse. Solon wrote in verse; and all the seven wise men were addicted to poetry, as Anaximenes affirmed. Till those days the Greeks wrote only in verse.

The affairs of the rude Celtic states were not of that complicated nature, to require great exertions of the mental powers, for their œconomy and arrangement. The chace at home, and wars abroad were their occupations. In both of which pursuits the chiefs were attended by their Bards, who, in the assemblies of the people, and at the solemn festivals, by the magic of the harp and song, breathed an heroic ardor, roused a martial spirit in the breasts of their youthful and animated hearers; who thus had constantly represented before their

eyes the image of their anceſtors, and the fame of their deeds indelibly imprinted on their memories. Such national inſtitutions, at the ſame time that they ſpread through the body of the people an enthuſiaſm reſembling poetic rapture, could not fail to raiſe a ſpirit of emulation, productive of the greateſt exertions of genius among the Bards themſelves. It is in ſuch ſocieties the imagination has its free unlimited range; the images it is ſtored with are fewer than in more civilized ſtates, but they are alſo more forcibly impreſſed, and more warmly expreſſed. Their images and ſimiles are often repeated, and, when not literally repeated, are introduced with ſmall variations; and in the moſt varied, the ſame train of ideas is to be traced.

A NATION, where ſo many are profeſſed Bards, when all the people are actuated by a ſimilar enthuſiaſtic ardor, ſuſceptible of a like glow of imagination, and the images are expreſſed in a fervent bold figurative language, ſuch as the Oriental ſtyle is remarkable for, where luxury has never made its inroads to prey on the conſtitution, and enervate the body, damp the wings of genius, ſuch a nation is the moſt favourable for the riſe of an Homer and Oſſian. Nor are ſuch geniuſes confined to thoſe early periods of ſociety only, as more advanced æras have had their Miltons and Virgils. But

whether these later Bards would have enriched literature with the same admirable productions, but for the admired model they had to guide and excite them, may well be questioned. So complete poems, so entirely conformable to the rules and standard of the Epic, could not have been looked for from their pens, had they not trode in the footsteps of the father of poetry. They were with him born poets, and without his aid, by the mere light of nature, would have shone forth the ornaments of the Muses annals: But in a different manner from what they now do, when, with the full enjoyment of it, they have his additional guidance and direction. That there is a standard of taste, all nature seems to cry aloud with him her disciple and best interpreter: With her, and with her train, the Muses and the Graces, he moves, nor ever from their choirs his voice disjoins.

What widely different periods of society did the four great Epic poets visit! The hunting, pastoral states, the state of agriculture in its different stages. These heaven-born geniuses are in their rise as little influenced by the laws that regulate subordinate artists in their rise and progress, as in their flights they are unbounded and uncontrolled. The Roman poet lived in that age when all the arts and sciences were carried to their utmost pitch of per-

fection. In the Auguftan age, is to be fixed that ultimate point, which limited the advancement of human affairs over the face of the whole globe. From that period commenced their decline, not by the fame flow degrees their progrefs was meafured, but by large and rapid ftrides under that tyrannical, and with but few exceptions, monftrous race of emperors. To confine ourfelves to their tafte and amufements alone, inftead of the encouragement of the arts and fciences, the protection of genius, we fee them wholly engaged in the Circus, not merely fpectators of the fight of the gladiators, but fharers in it, entering the lifts with flaves, competitors with them for the prize, and empty plaudit of the gazing multitude. The Campus Martius, with its warlike exercifes, in which were trained the virtuous Romans, was now wholly deferted for the Circus, and its barbarous fcenery: And in the change, what an abandoned, corrupt degeneracy of manners, proftitution of dignity, depravity of tafte, and utter extinction of morals and religion. In the better days of Greece and Rome, at the Olympic games, and in the Campus Martius, it was a generous emulation to contend, a glory to conquer. But the fcene was now changed, and fortune, as if fporting with all the fchemes of human grandeur, had fo completely reverfed the order of things, as to record it to fucceeding times, that

the world was conquered to ſatiate and glut the debaſed deſires and appetites of its moſt profligate maſters.

There were no remains, no traces of genuine taſte and literature left by theſe ſcourges of the univerſe, for the barbarous nations, in their irruptions, to complete the deſolation of. Had there been any, they muſt have ſhared in the general wreck, and been conſigned to oblivion, during the univerſal darkneſs of the middle ages, in which is to be placed the ultimate point of depreſſion, which men and their works were ſunk to.

From thence, on the revival of letters, they gradually roſe again to a correſponding point of elevation with that in the Auguſtan age, which is to be placed in the age of Lewis the XIV. of France, not from that nation being the leading one in the exaltation of human nature, but from the length of its monarch's reign, which comprehended ſeveral ſucceſſive reigns in the neighbouring ſtates; of courſe, was the moſt proper to give a name to an epoch in the hiſtory of modern European civilization. For the nation that bore the pre-eminence far above it and all the reſt, in the cultivation of humanity, was its neighbouring rival. It in that æra produced writers, not only ſufficient to eclipſe

the Gallic liſt, but the collected ornaments of the Auguſtan age itſelf. In the walks of poetry and philoſophy, its Miltons and Newtons bear down all competition: And when to them, we add Dryden, Pope, Swift, Butler, Bolingbroke, Shafteſbury, Locke, Addiſon, Hutcheſon, Cudworth, Boyle, Clarendon, Burnet, D. of Buckingham, Cowley, with many more authors of eminence, as Harrington, Sydney, Waller, and others too long to mention; the concluſion is, that the age of Lewis the XIV. is, in modern Europe, the parallel of the Auguſtan age of antiquity; and that England is, in the one, the parallel of Rome in the other, with this difference, that Rome reached the pinnacle of her literary fame, and completed the grandeur of her empire at the ſame time; Britain had a conſiderable time paſſed her zenith of literary glory, before the great extenſion of her empire, as at the cloſe of the war 1756, in the four quarters of the world. It was ſoon after the completion of our religious liberties, that this long line of literary ornaments firſt began to ſhine on our iſles; it was with the progreſs of our civil, during the periods of the commonwealth and revolution, that they continued to flouriſh, in confirmation of Longinus's remark, and agreeable to another obſervation drawn from the hiſtory of Athens and other ancient republics; it was during a conſtant ſucceſſion of the moſt obſti-

nate and bloody wars at home and abroad, by ſea and land.

As the ſciences have now been ſo long on the decline, and as their progreſs has been ſo conſtant and uniform from the eaſt to the weſt, it is reaſonable to conclude, that, continuing the ſame direction, they will viſit the new world, and in the new empires, there forming under the auſpices of liberty, that, in the old world, proved ſo favourable to their cultivation, view a new order of things ariſe.

It is in free ſtates eloquence flouriſhes, there the genius is formed, that, by oratorical powers, influences and leads popular aſſemblies, controls the paſſions in its pathetic addreſſes to them, ſubdues the underſtanding. The teſtimony of Longinus, in ſupport of this truth, is confirmed by the experience of ages, the uniform tenor of the hiſtory of the ancient republics. But it is in the decline of ſtates, that we ſee it treated of as an art, reduced to ſyſtem, ſubjected to rules. Philological enquiries then engage the attention; to the orators trained up in the ſchool of freedom, ſucceed a numerous race of critics, rhetoricians and grammarians, on the change to an abſolute government. It is things thoſe orators, that are the diſciples of liberty, have their ideas converſant about. The conſtitution of

their country, is the ſphere of action they are engaged in.

In deſpotic governments, the ſprings of all great actions, manly, ſtrenuous exertions, generous efforts of genius, are very much weakened, if not altogether damped and depreſſed. There words, not things, become the objects of ſpeculation, partly from the natural bent and inclination of the enervated people, grown paſſive and inactive, partly from the bias and direction given them by government, to prevent and check the growth of enterprize, and dangerous ſpirit of innovation. Thus it was, that Cardinal Richelieu, after having completed the overthrow of his country's liberties, erected the academy for the improvement of the French language, and fixing its ſtandard. But the Parliament then joined with the voice of the nation, in decrying the meaſure, and lamented, that the liberty of the conſtitution and their language, ſhould ſhare one and the ſame fate. Their later writers have viewed it in no other light, and warmly contend for the freedom of ſpeech, and latitude in the influence on it, of Horace's *uſus et norma loquendi.* Nor is this liberty to be condemned for the licentiouſneſs it is ſubjected to; as there is no arguing againſt the uſe of any thing, from the abuſe of it; and as no advantage in life, is unattended with its diſad-

vantages. To this, among other cauſes, is to be aſcribed the poverty of this tongue, that in all the walks of poetry, the dramatic even not excepted, muſt be propped up with the falſe tinſel, and jingle of rhyme.

A LIVING tongue muſt ever be free and uncontrouled, conſequently fluctuating and changeable: It is too delicate to endure the chains of legiſlation. It was not ſo, the dead languages, the Greek and Latin, arrived at their purity and perfection; nor was it, by the impoſition of ſuch ſhackles, that their poetry and eloquence ſo flouriſhed.

WHETHER, by parity of reaſon, as we had not loſt the freedom of our conſtitution, we preſerved the freedom of our language, when a ſimilar attempt to Richelieu's was made on it, and miſcarried, in Queen Anne's reign, nor was ever afterwards renewed, nor ever will, it is truſted, ſhall not be here inſiſted on. The great variety of languages the Engliſh is compoſed of, makes it the richeſt of the modern, and the only one in which the ancient models in heroics have been followed with ſucceſs. The genius of a Milton or Shakeſpeare would ill have brooked ſuch reſtraints, who invented not only many new words, but alſo modes of expreſſion, in the adoption of the Greek inflexi-

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ons. We have freed our language equally, from ſuch chains, and thoſe of rhyme in the leading walks of poetry, the Epic and Dramatic; and where we retain it, it is the rhyme of liberty, it is of Britiſh growth, ſuch as abounds in the looſe deſultory dithyrambic, the irregular Pindaric ode. The formal Engliſh couplet is an exception. There muſt be freedom in the manner of expreſſing our thoughts; freedom in the communication to the public of th[e] thoughts themſelves; freedom both in how and what we are to ſay. The liberty of our language and the preſs are both eſſential requiſites to our political and ſcientific greatneſs.

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We had occaſion, in the courſe of theſe reflections, to touch curſorily on the drama of Shakeſpeare, with a particular view to his Macbeth, which is conceived, not only to be his maſterpiece, but the firſt production, in point of eminence, that the Engliſh ſtage has to boaſt of. But the merits of our Bard, at the ſame time that they are tranſcendent in this, and other ſelect pieces, are ſo diffuſive throughout his works, as to require a more cloſe and ſeparate inveſtigation. Not by the ſtandard of the Ariſtotelian criticiſm, not by the unities of time and place, is it that we are to eſtimate his great emi-

nence; for theſe he has commonly acted in direct violation of: But it is by the ſtandard of nature; it is up to that ſource we are to trace his unparalelled beauties; it is thence ſo copiouſly and ſpontaneouſly they flow. He is in that reſpect our Engliſh Homer. Macbeth is inſtanced as a leading, full, and continued ſtream, in which, in a conſtant ſucceſſion, and without interruption, the beauties are found ſo abundantly to flow. Others of the ſame nature might be added, as his Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Richard III., the beauties of all which are ſo great, ſo conſtant, and almoſt uniform, have been ſo repeatedly canvaſſed by critics of every claſs and denomination, and, without any elaborate elucidation, are of themſelves ſo obvious to every capacity, as being ſo natural, that to dwell on them here, would be to offer nothing new, to ſtrike out no unbeaten track. We can only admire, with the multitude, the inimitable picture drawn in Lear, of the dreadful effects of filial ingratitude, on an aged father, driven by it, firſt to deſpair, from deſpair to madneſs, from madneſs to death. We can, with the many, out of the profuſion of beauties, with which Hamlet abounds, ſelect the ſoliloquy, the cloſet ſcene between him and his mother, as ſurpaſſing all the reſt. We may with all mankind agree, that never was picture of jealouſy more inimitably

drawn, more highly wrought up, than in Othello.

INDEPENDENT of this general characteriſtic of this fine tragedy, there is a ſcene in it, which, for pathos grounded on the moſt excellent natural ſimplicity, is not equalled perhaps in the circle of modern or ancient drama. It is in the end of the 4th act, where Deſdemona appears undreſſing, and preparing herſelf as a ſacrifice to the Moor's fatal jealouſy; at the ſame time, ſtrongly impreſſed with the remembrance of a ſong of willow, that ſhe had heard from her mother's maid Barbara, who died ſinging it for love of him who proved mad, and forſook her. Whether it is the reſemblance in the untimely, unmerited fate of the two unhappy ſingers, or the circumſtance of the ſong's not going that night from Deſdemona's mind, or the ſimilarity of the attitude, along with the other circumſtances that it was ſung in by the two unhappy ſufferers, as Deſdemona ſays,

I have much ado,
But to go hang my head all at one ſide,
And ſing it like poor Barbara:

Whether it is her conſciouſneſs of her innocence, and conſequent ignorance of her approaching fate, joined with the anticipation of it by the audience,

that leaves ſo powerful incentives to the emotions of ſympathy in their breaſts; or whether, together with the recollection of the ſong, it is the recollection of the early ſervices performed by Barbara to Deſdemona, which leave the moſt laſting impreſſion; which of all theſe circumſtances in particular, or whether rather all of them together, are not to be conſidered as the ſource of the ſtrong emotions of pity, with which we feel ourſelves impreſſed in the contemplation of this ſcene of deep diſtreſs, certain it is, there is a ſomething in it, the moſt ſtrikingly moving, that can well be conceived. And indeed it may be ſaid of this, as of the finer touches of nature in general, that they are the moſt difficult to be accounted for.

To follow out the alluſion of the fountain of nature, from whence, in ſuch profuſion, Shakeſpeare draws his images, and as, in the above mentioned plays, in ſuch a full and conſtant ſtream, ſo are there few or none of his genuine productions, in which they are not to be traced to the ſame ſource, if not in the ſame wide, uninterrupted channels, as above, ſtill always in rills more or leſs broken and diſſipated. It is ſaid, genuine productions, for Titus Andronicus, Timon of Athens, Troilus and Creſſida, ſeem ſcarcely to be of the number, and, as ſpurious, ought to be proſcribed. Of many of the other

pieces, whofe authenticity is not to be doubted, and whofe merits are not fo great, it may fafely be faid, that they are at leaft much adulterated by the inaccuracy and furreptitioufnefs of the play editions. But with all the demerits of fome plays, whether proceeding from himfelf, or the blunders and interpolations of his editors, if his merit was to be ftaked on the five before mentioned complete models of tragedy, they are enough to immortalize his name; he is in them without rival or competitor. In the circle of our other dramatic writers, there is not one whofe character is not eftablifhed, as a tragic author, by a fingle, or at moft, a double fpecimen of his genius. Otway's fame refts on his Venice Preferved and Orphan, both mafterly compofitions, both highly pathetic, that take the paffions as it were by ftorm. Rowe's bufkined Mufe derives her dignity from his Jane Shore and Fair Penitent. What merit Congreve may have in that walk, is to be attributed folely to his Mourning Bride, a very moderate performance. And fo of the whole clafs of the tragic writers, a fingle or a double fpecimen of their genius, is all that is left for us to admire. What a contraft does the dramatic genius of Shakefpeare afford! Out of upwards of thirty genuine compofitions of his, allowing for the profcription of fome, how many incomparable models are there, that admit of no rivalfhip, but bear away the prize incontrovertibly, from all that might adven-

turoufly enter the lifts of competition. The five tragedies already named, are undoubtedly of this defcription, to which may be added Julius Cæfar as a fixth, if it is allowed, that the finely wrought, highly animated fcenes between Brutus and Caffius, with its other great beauties, entitle it to this rank and pre-eminence. If in the clafs of his hiftorical plays, many are to be found yielding to thefe in merit, how fuperior ftill are moft, if not all of them, to the moft finifhed performances of the generality of our dramatic writers. His fuccefs too in paftoral comedy, beyond all competition, is at once convincing evidence of the great variety and extent of his genius, his unbounded infight into nature's movements, and the penetration into her moft fecret fprings and workings. In the other walks of comedy, his inferiority muft be confeffed, not but that there are beauties to be traced throughout them, though rarely interfperfed.

Having thus taken a general furvey of the perfections of our immortal Bard, a more particular inveftigation of the excellencies to be traced in his lefs admired models, may merit attention. Leaving thofe fix inimitable tragedies, then, to ftand on their own merits, let us take a more narrow infpection of the beauties of his hiftorical plays, in the order they ftand. King John fuffi-

ciently recommends itſelf to admiration, in the pathetic ſpeeches of Conſtance, and tender ſcene between Arthur and Hubert, to ſtand in need of no minute detail of its powers, in addreſſing itſelf to the paſſions. Let us now examine his Richard II. a piece ſeldom, or not at all introduced on the ſtage, whether owing to a predominancy of its demerits over its merits, remains to be conſidered. And if it is to be examined, it is not with that curious microſcopic eye, that anxiouſly labours to point out defects; but rather with the liberality of Horace, in conformity with that of Longinus.

The more unpleaſant taſk, therefore, of criticiſm, the pointing out defects, ſhall be waved, not only in the inveſtigation of this, but the following pieces, and the attention directed to an enumeration of their beauties. The firſt ſcene, act ſecond, has many fine natural touches: And act third, ſcene ſecond, abounds throughout, with incomparably good images, the ſpeeches in it, particularly of the King. In the next ſcene, the interview between the King and Bolingbroke is moſt paſſionately wrought up. In act third, ſcene ſixth, the King's ſpeech is full of pathos and tenderneſs. The fourth act cloſes with another very pathetic interview between the King and Bolingbroke: Still it yields in pathos to the ſucceeding parting

of him and his Queen, in the opening of the fifth act. This play, neglected as it is in the theatre, rifes in a gradation of fine imagery to the laſt, one well worked up ſcene ſucceeding another to the very cloſe. To the King and Queen's laſt and tender parting, ſucceeds the much admired and finely contraſted entries into London of the fallen and uſurping kings. We now have followed this wretched dethroned monarch to his laſt moments, a priſoner in Pomfret caſtle, there firſt engaged in a ſoliloquy, the genuine dictates and unaffected effuſions of nature; next, in the ſame language, derived from the ſame ſource, converſing with his groom, and ſilenced by the ruffian-hand of his murderer. This play, by means of comic interludes, derogates from the ſeverity of tragedy.

In the firſt part of Henry IV. we have the moſt happily conceived tragi-comedy, that is to be found in the whole compaſs of the modern drama: And if this ſpecies of writing is, in unſkilful hands, diſguſting, as modelled by the maſterly pen of our Bard, it is to the laſt degree pleaſing. The tragic ſcenes are not of ſo deep a caſt, as not, without jarring, to unite with the comic interludes; nor do the unbridled ſallies, and ambitious projects of the reſtleſs Hotſpur, claſh with the humours of Falſtaff; nor are the tranſitions from the one to

the other ſo abrupt, ſudden or violent, as to offend the man of taſte and feeling. We are equally pleaſed with young Harry, whether we follow him into the preſence-chamber at Windſor, act third, ſcene ſecond, attending to the pathetic admonitions of his father, with a view to the reclaiming him from the diſſolute follies of his youth; or whether, in the midſt of thoſe follies, we trace him the libertine, the riotous companion of Jack Falſtaff, at the Boar's head tavern, Eaſt Cheap; or whether, from thence, we, with raptures, follow him the young hero, in the march to Shrewſbury, bearing a conſpicuous part in that magnificent deſcription of Henry's army, in the beginning of act fourth, and thence onward to the well-fought field, there the conqueror of the gallant Hotſpur, the protector of his father's throne. In whichſoever of all theſe Proteus-ſhapes we view him, he appears equally welcome to the audience; he intereſts in all, nor ſhocks in any of them. What variety, profundity, verſatility of genius, does our author diſplay in the amaſſing and contraſting ſuch profuſion of the happieſt images in their ſeveral kinds, in the compaſs of one play. And if it were neceſſary to add another inſtance of this truth, to theſe already adduced, the aſtoniſhing contraſt might be mentioned between the magnificent deſcription of the King's army, and

the ridiculoufly humorous one of Falftaff's compa ny, the one clofe following the other. In the laft, Shakefpeare has painted his men much more ridiculoufly, than ever Terence's ragged regiment appeared on the ftage.

The fame reafoning that is applicable to the firft part of Henry IV. is, in general, *mutatis mutandis*, to be adapted to the fecond part, with this difference, that the tragic fcenes in the laft have much more of the pathos than thofe in the firft. To inftance the King's fine foliloquy on fleep, in the beginning of the third act; and, in the end of the fourth, the much and juftly celebrated interview between him and the Prince, full of the tendereft emotions: In proportion as the tragic fcenes in it rife in pathos, the comic fink in humour, though, at the fame time, highly humourous and ridiculous.

In the Fifth Harry, we have a play containing very great beauties, and very great faults. It is never acted, and has peculiarities that diftinguifh it from all his other pieces. Its breaches of the unities of time and place, are frequent and violent, in changing the fcene fo often from England to France. There is introduced a regular chorus at the end of every act, as regular as that

of the ancient tragedies. In none of his other compoſitions do we meet with this. In the Winter's Tale, and Romeo and Juliet, there is an irregular chorus, that but once appears. As the leading beauty of this play is to be ranked the inimitable chorus at the end of the third act, and a finer deſcriptive compoſition is not to be found in ancient or modern poetry: It is preparatory to the battle of Agincourt.

Now entertain conjectures of a time, *&c.*

How does the deſcription riſe on the imagination in all the animation of that Muſe of fire, that is invoked in the prologue, where, after drawing the happieſt contraſt between the two armies, with all the embelliſhments of poetic colouring, he comes to a particular repreſentation of the Engliſh hero.

——————— Who now beholds
The royal Captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, *&c.*

Here it will be allowed by critics of every denomination, that the Muſe of fire has been propitious to the invocation. The chorus at the end of the ſecond act, deſcriptive of the fleet, is little inferior to this, and all the reſt abound in ſingular beauties, not to mention that on their return to Eng-

land. Nor is the prologue alluded to, to be omitted in the enumeration of the beauties of the piece, ſince it is itſelf written with all that fire that he ſupplicates his Muſe to inſpire him with. Henry's ſoliloquy and prayer in the fourth act, ſcene firſt, immediately before the battle, are finely conceived. This play is in the ſtyle of the two preceding plays a tragi-comedy, but it does not equal them in the [illegible] the comic interludes. Though Falſtaff here makes his laſt appearance, yet it is not to indulge in that conſtant flowing vein of humour, that ſo ſtrikingly marks his character in the fourth Harrys. We perceive here, much of his former ſpirit evaporated in languor and old age, nor is the humour of his followers ſo well kept up, as to ſupply the deficiency of it in the principal. Nor yet is the want of it compenſated by any thing that the French ſcene conveys in the leſſon it affords the audience, nor by the inſipid ſcenes of broken Engliſh, that the Welſhmen haraſs us with.

In the courſe of theſe reflections, we have had occaſion often to obſerve our Bard's deviations from the rules laid down by the Stagirite, relative to the unities of place and time. If, in reſpect of theſe, he has availed himſelf of indulgences, which the ſeverity and ſtrictneſs of the Peripatetic did not allow him, ſo, on the other hand, he has impoſed re-

ſtrictions on himſelf, which neither poetic licence, nor Ariſtotle, required as eſſentials, but, the reverſe, have both concurred in exempting him from. When he compoſed his hiſtorical plays, he does not ſeem to have attended to the diſtinction, in the Grecian criticiſm, and in nature, between hiſtorical and poetic truth, for in theſe pieces he has *rigidly* adhered to the former: Nor in any of them is his adherence to it more remarkable, than in the three that comprehend the civil wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter; nor does it appear that that adherence to it is attended with any diſadvantage. The three parts of Henry VI. which now fall under obſervation, are all of them diſtinguiſhed in a manner peculiar to Shakeſpeare; we trace in them the ſame maſterly hand that drew *Macbeth*, Lear, and Othello: And, if in theſe laſt mentioned compoſitions, his Muſe has that fire, which the ſun has in his meridian tour, ſtill in the plays under review, it is the ſame ſun that ſhines, though with more oblique rays, and leſs fervent beams, it is in them the ſetting ſun low in the horizon. The firſt part is the moſt uniformly languid. In the ſecond part mother Jordan is certainly none of Macbeth's witches, nor is *her* cave that in which the *caldron* gleams. The ſecond ſcene of the third act has Shakeſpeare's animation: But with that it does not riſe much in importance above the firſt, and the

chief trace of pathos we there find, ſeems to be in the Maid of Orleans's addreſs to the Duke of Burgundy, reclaiming him from his alliance with the Engliſh againſt his native country. It is in act third, ſcene third, the unconquerable ſpirit of Margaret of Anjou, which breaks out in the opening of the third part, gives another tone to the drama, and breathes more of the tragic muſe. The third ſcene of the ſecond act abounds in fine ſtrokes of nature, and in an eminent degree the king's ſoliloquy. The wood-ſcene that the next act opens with, is in the ſame fine vein of poetry; the alluſion to the feather in the cloſe of it is highly ſtriking. Glouceſter's ſoliloquy in the following ſcene, exhibits the tyrant Richard III. in his native and genuine colours; it is conceived in all the ſpirit of our author. One is almoſt tempted to ſay, that Dryden had in view a line near the end of it, " And like a Sinon " take another Troy," when he wrote in his ſublime ode on St Cecilia's day.

" And like another Helen fir'd another Troy."

That pathetic expreſſion, which the Queen uſes after the murder of the Prince of Wales, act fifth, ſcene fourth, near the end,

" You have no children, butchers !"

Shakeſpeare has, in two of his other plays, Macbeath and King John, in the firſt, where Macduff exclaims, on hearing of the murder of his children by Macbeth,

"He has no children."

And, in the ſecond, where Conſtance ſays, in agony for the loſs of her ſon Arthur,

"He ſpeaks to me that ne'er had a ſon."

Nor can we too often meet with ſuch a fine touch of nature. How admirable are the dying words of the King, the father, addreſſed to his murderer, whoſe ſword ſtill ſtreamed with his ſon's blood! What can be finer than theſe lines!

"Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
"And yet brought forth leſs than a mother's hope."

The whole of the lines equally deſerve tranſcribing, and it is difficult, if poſſible, to ſelect two lines out of them finer than the reſt. Thus we have ſeen the third part of Henry VI. abounding in many and great beauties, and thoſe without any alloy of the comic vein, which is an advantage, that the two firſt parts have, (excepting a ſmall tincture in the ſecond,) if they do not riſe to the full and complete dignity of the buſkined Muſe.

What is moſt deſerving of attention in Henry VIII. is the famous ſoliloquy of Wolſey, near the

end of the third act, with his reflections on his fall, which is as finely metaphorical, as any thing that poetry offers. The scene that follows it between him and Cromwell is admirably drawn. Nor is that prophetic speech of Cranmer's at the end of the play, with the high encomiums it contains on Queen Elizabeth, and James VI. to be omitted in the enumeration of the ornaments of this piece. It is not altogether free from the mixture of the comic vein.

Coriolanus seldom, if ever, rises above mediocrity.

Dryden is indebted to Shakespeare's beautiful description of Cleopatra's sailing down the Cydnus, act 2d, scene 2d, for his no less celebrated one in his All for Love. The images are nearly the same in both; and if the copy has any advantage over the original, it lies in its smoother versification. The rest of the play does not correspond with the richness of this description.

In Cymbeline the unities are as little attended to, as in any of the plays, the scene lying sometimes in England, sometimes in Wales, and then in Italy. It is a compound too of tragic and comic

ſcenes. Where it begins to be intereſting is in the ſecond act, in Imogen's bed-chamber ſcene; and that that follows between Poſthumus and Jackimo is well wrought up. The ſucceeding ſoliloquy of Poſthumus, that cloſes the act, is animated, and for ſentiments, that import woman-hating, might vie with any in Euripides, who, from his poignant ſatire againſt the ſex, has been called the woman-hater. Nor does it yield, in that reſpect, to the effuſions of Adam's abhorrence of the ſex, that he gives vent to, in his firſt interview with Eve after the fall, Paradiſe Loſt, b. 10. l. 888, *&c.* The foreſt ſcenes in the fourth act are beautiful, particularly the ſecond, where the funeral obſequies are performed on the ſuppoſed dead Imogen. And as Milton may be ſuppoſed to have had in view the ſpeech above mentioned of Poſthumus, when he drew Adam ſo bitterly inveighing againſt the female ſex; ſo between this paſtoral ſcene and ſome of the images in his Lycidas, there may be traced a great reſemblance. The fifth act opens with the famous ſoliloquy of Poſthumus on the bloody handkerchief. The priſon ſcene, the third in this act, engages the attention, and intereſts us in the fate of Poſthumus, keeping the paſſions afloat preparatory to the winding up of the plot, the myſteries of which are as complicated, and as dexterouſly unra-

velled, as in any of all our author's plays; and if, in relation to the unities, this tragedy violates the Ariſtotelian rules, it is conformable to them in having much of the diſcovery, and ſudden change of fortune.

Romeo and Juliet is very deep in the tragic part of it, and as full of levity and ridicule in the comic, as ſupported by Mercutio and the Nurſe. The firſt interview between Romeo and Juliet in the garden ſcene, the ſecond in the ſecond act, is ſoft and tender, and ſucceeded by another good ſcene in the monaſtery. The ſecond garden ſcene, the laſt of the third act, what little of it is between the two lovers, before the intruſion of the Nurſe and Capulets, is exceedingly fine. The ſcene in the monaſtery, with which the fourth act opens, between Juliet and Friar Laurence, rouſes all the attention, keeps the paſſions awake, and anxious for the event. In the third ſcene, Juliet's ſoliloquy is admirably wrought, and productive of the ſame fine effects. The deſcription of the apothecary and his ſhop, with which the fifth act opens, is juſtly celebrated, and the reſt of the play, to the cloſe, is to the laſt degree tragic and intereſting.

Thus have been canvaſſed, with ſome degree of minuteneſs, ſuch of our immortal Bard's tragedies,

as have not reached that pitch of eminence and perfection his Macbeth, Hamlet, *&c.* ſtand at, nor yet ſink to the oppoſite extreme which Troilus and Creſſida, Titus Andronicus, Timon of Athens, are placed in; but which, if their beauties are not of the ſuperior caſt of the firſt, ſtill are ſuch, as of themſelves would render him the firſt dramatic writer that ever graced our ſtage; and which beauties, if they are counterbalanced by blemiſhes, the blemiſhes are not of that degenerat equality, that is found ſufficient to proſcribe the three laſt mentioned plays. The ornaments have been the more anxiouſly pointed out, that they may at intervals of relaxation be reſorted to, without the painful neceſſity of dwelling on the intermediate leſs engaging ſcenes. It remains to mark the ſituation of any celebrated paſſages in his comedies, with the ſame object in view, paſſing over in ſilence the paſtoral comedies, as were the remarkable tragedies, on account of the abundance of their excellencies throughout, and the juſt eſtimation they are held in as admired models. They are his Tempeſt, Midſummer Night's Dream, Merry Wives of Windſor, As you like it, and add the Merchant of Venice. Though the Merchant of Venice is claſſed among thoſe inimitable paſtoral dramas of our author, that throughout ſo entirely abound in beauties, as to enumerate them would but lead to an analyſis of them

from beginning to end, and though out of all, there is not a more complete model than this play, as it does not contain the alloy of a ſingle exceptionable paſſage; and beſides the fineneſs of its imagery, the ornaments it borrows from nature, its conduct is admirable in the diſcovery and change of fortune, and the dexterous unravelling of the plot. Not to mention Portia's famous ſpeech on the attributes of mercy; to wave all theſe topics which would afford a very ample diſplay of criticiſm, and to fix the attention on a ſingle paſſage deſcriptive of the nature and power of muſic, we ſhall find that there is more of the philoſophy of nature in it, more of genuine poetry, than would have fallen to the lot of any other genius than Shakeſpeare's, to draw in ſuch ſtriking colours. It immediately follows the delightful opening of the fifth act. As great diſputes have ariſen concerning our Bard's learning, without entering into a full diſcuſſion of the point, it is ſafe to conclude, that he was poſſeſſed of learning, to a certain degree at leaſt, if not to the full extent contended for by ſome of his advocates. His ſhare of it probably was very moderate, and acquired chiefly from tranſlations. Nor ſhall it be here inſiſted on, what degree of weight in the controverſy, the beginning of the paſſage here alluded to, may have; but certain it is, that whether acquainted with the Pythagorean philoſo-

phy or not, in conformity with it, he is there impreſſed with the belief of the muſic of the ſpheres, though with Cicero he agrees, that we in our preſent ſtate cannot hear it. The deſcription of this grand harmony of nature, diſplayed in the movements of the heavenly bodies, is followed by that fine natural reflection,

I'm never merry when I hear ſweet muſic.

The reflection on this effect of muſic is no leſs juſt, than is its ſolution, which follows, ſtrictly philoſophical and founded in nature; the reaſon is, our ſpirits are attentive; and this he inſtances in the brute creation, which by an eaſy tranſition leads him to the poetic fiction of Orpheus's powers of enchanting, and leading by muſic, not only animals, but things inanimate. Another proof at leaſt of a certain degree of learning he had attained to. The concluſion of the paſſage is remarkable. It is of the muſic of the heart ſurely he ſpeaks:

The man that hath no muſic in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems and ſpoils, *&c.*

The picture he here draws is not unlike that in another place obſerved, which Polybius gives of the Cynetheans, a people of Arcadia, and the only people in it ſtrangers to muſic; which ſingularity in their national character drew down upon them

the hatred, not only of the reſt of their country-men, but of the whole of Greece. For muſic, that is in other countries cultivated as an amuſement, was in Arcadia inculcated, as indiſpenſibly neceſſary for the wiſeſt political maxims, and engrafted as it were into the very conſtitution. The view in the inſtitution was, to ſoften the manners of a people, but too prone to aſperity, from the laborious employments of their life, and the coldneſs and ſeverity of their climate. Hence the choirs of the young of both ſexes, the ſongs and dances of the men and women in public aſſemblies, in honour of their gods and heroes. The only exceptions to theſe laudable inſtitutions throughout Arcadia, were the Cynetheans, who, from the particular barrenneſs of their ſoil, and extreme rigour of their climate, were of all the Arcadians the people that ſtood moſt in need of them. Polybius, b. 4. ch. 5. near the end. Plato admits muſic into his republic, if neither exceſſively indulged in, nor exceſſively refined, but keeping within the due bounds of ſimplicity and moderation. Lib. 3d.

In the two gentlemen of Verona, the genius of Shakeſpeare breaks out a little at the end of the third act, and in the beginning of the laſt ſcene of the play.

In the ſame manner, we have a faint gleam of it at the end of the third act, Meaſure for Meaſure, which is followed in the beginning of next act, by part of thoſe beautiful lines in his poems,

"Take, Oh take thoſe lips away," *&c.*

which with the celebrated poetry of the Shepherd to his Nymph, and the Nymph's Reply, contain ti whole merit of his poems; for rhyme certainly was not the talent of Shakeſpeare. A few of the lines in the Shepherd's Invitation are to be found in the beginning of third act of the Merry Wives of Windſor: "By ſhallow rivers to whoſe falls," *&c.*

In Much ado about Nothing, there ſeems to be little in the character of Benedict, that deſerves ſo frequently to have called on the exertions of Garrick, as it did.

In Love's Labours Loſt, we trace Shakeſpeare again at the end of the third act: But ſcarcely at all in the Taming of the Shrew.

In the end of the ſecond ſcene, act third, All's well that Ends well, there is a fine ſpeech.

Twelfth Night opens beautifully on the effects of muſic; there is expreſſion in the paſſage,

O it came o'er my ear like the ſweet ſouth,

That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odours.

The laſt image Milton has ſomewhere borrowed in his Paradiſe Loſt.

The Comedy of Errors opens with a good deſcriptive ſcene of a ſhipwreck. The laſt ſcene in the ſecond act has ſome good thoughts, as has the beginning of the ſecond ſcene of the third act.

The Winter's Tale has in it little of Shakeſpeare's fire.

* * * *

To bring under view the correſponding images of the writers, that have been canvaſſed in the courſe of the preceding enquiry, and after the manner of Longinus, Quintilian, to inſtance from them the various tropes and figures, may not appear foreign to its deſign.

The dedication to Alphonſo, that immediately follows the invocation to the Muſe in Taſſo, is ſingular in an Epic poem, and not warranted by Homer, Virgil, or Milton in theirs. Some of the books of Fingal are addreſſed to Malvina; but theſe addreſſes are more in the true vein of poetry, leſs

derogatory to the dignity of the Epic, nor in the ſame expreſs formal ſtyle of a dedication that Taſſo's is.

Ossian, like Milton, often ſpeaks of himſelf in Fingal, Temora, and his other poems; and though contrary to the Ariſtotelian rule, as drawn from Homer's practice, it is always like Milton to pleaſe.

Erminia's deſcribing to the Pagan king Aladin, from the walls of the city, the Chriſtian leaders, is a copy of Helen's to Priam of the Grecian, from the walls of Troy.

In canto 11th, ſtanza 29th, Taſſo, there is copied the proceſſion of the Trojan matrons, in the Iliad, to the Temple of Minerva, to ſupplicate that goddeſs's protection againſt Diomed. In the 12th canto, we have imitated the night enterpriſe of Diomed and Ulyſſes, in that of Clorinda and Argante; which Italian copy, like the Roman, is not crowned with the ſame ſucceſs that the original is: In the Æneid, both Nyſus and Euryalus fall; and if in the Jeruſalem the object of the enterpriſe is accompliſhed, the burning of the tower employed in the ſiege, it is not without the fall of Clorinda by the hands of Tancred. In ſtanza 90th of the ſame can-

to, there is imitated Virgil's beautiful ſimile of the Nightingale in the Georgics.

Compare the firſt ſcene in the laſt book of the Iliad with the couch ſcene in Richard III.

Compare the following expreſſions of two great poets, Paradiſe Loſt, B. ii. l. 712.

Their fatal hands,
No ſecond ſtroke intend.

That ſword is by his ſide which gives no ſecond wound—Fingal's ſword—Temora beginning. And this in Lycidas, l. 130.

But that two handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.

Carthon, p. 89. Shall I lift that ſpear, he ſaid, that never ſtrikes but once a foe?

These ſimiles of the ſame maſters in poetry may be brought together. Paradiſe Loſt, B. ii. l. 476.

Their riſing all at once was as the ſound
Of thunder heard remote.

Carric-thura, p. 61. his voice is like diſtant thunder.

Milton, in both the repreſentations he gives us of Satan in Paradiſe Loſt, B. i. l. 594. where he compares him to the ſun new riſen, or in eclipſe;

and in B. ii. l. 708. to a comet, had in view Taſſo's deſcription of Argantes, Cant. vii. ſtan. 52.

———— as when the ſun new riſen
Looks through the horizontal miſty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipſe, diſaſtrous twilight ſheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.

———— and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In the arctic ſkies, and from his horrid hair,
Shakes peſtilence and war.

Qual con le chiome ſanguinoſe horrende
Splender cometa ſuol per l'aria aduſta,
Che i regni muta, e i feri morbi adduce,
A i purpurei tiranni infauſta luce.

———— Crinemque timendi,
Sideris et terris mutantem regna Cometen.
Lucan.

———— Ille etiam cæcos inſtare tumultus
Sæpe monet, fraudemque, et operta tumeſcere bella.
Virg. Georg. i. 464.

Between both the Engliſh ſimiles and the Italian, is to be traced a reſemblance, without any ſervile plagiariſm; nor do they leſs claim the merit of invention, from any remote analogy obſervable between them. And if ever Milton here, or

in other places, copies, or borrows from another, it is only ſo to adopt, and ingraft the ideas borrowed into his own, as to give the whole the air of the moſt uniform originalneſs. The ſublimity of all the three compariſons is moſt ſtriking.

The ſhouting of Achilles from the trench in the 18th Iliad, l. 228. is like that of Fingal near the end of book 4th.

Τρὶς μεν ὑπερ ταφρȣ μεγαλ' ἰαχε διος Ἀχιλλευς
Τρὶς δ' ἐκυκήθησαν Τρωες, κλειτοι τ' ἐπίκȣροι.

Fingal at once roſe in his arms. Thrice he rear'd his dreadful voice. Cromla anſwer'd around. The ſons of the deſart ſtood ſtill.

Temora, B. vii. p. 146. Like a dropping rock in the deſart ſtood Cathmore in his tears, is a ſimile we often meet with in Homer Π *in initio*.

Δακρυα θερμα χέων ὡςε κρηνη μελανυδρος
Ἡτε κατ αιγιλιπος πετρης δνοφερον χεει ὑδωρ.

The effects of Clonar's fall, B. viii. Temora, on his belov'd Tlamin. "Tlamin ſhall weep in the hall, and ſtrike her heaving breaſts," is highly natural, and in the true ſpirit of Homer, a parallel in-

ſtance to which we find in E. l. 412. with many others.

At the end of Berrathon, is a ſimile that is often repeated in Homer. The people are like the waves of the ocean: Like the leaves of woody Morven, they paſs away in the ruſtling blaſt, and other leaves lift their green heads on high.

As Shakeſpeare was another great imitator of nature, the following quotation from his Othello, compared with one from Oſſian, in the critical diſſertation on his poems, ſhews a happy coincidence of thought in the two great originals, and cannot fail to make a ſtrong impreſſion on the heart.

Fingal, ſoon after the fall of his ſon Ryno, is calling all his ſons to the chace as uſual; "Call "Fillan and Ryno,—but he is not here,—My ſon "reſts on the bed of death."

If ſhe come in, ſhe'll ſure ſpeak to my wife—
My wife! My wife—What wife?—I have no wife—
Oh inſupportable! Oh heavy hour!

Oth. act. 5. ſc. 7.

The joy of grief, and ιμερος γοοιο correſponding images, that ſo frequently occur in Homer and Oſſian are founded in nature. That mixed ſenſation is moſt natural, ariſing from the recollection of the virtues

of the dead, joined with the loſs. The remembrance ſooths the tears, aſſuages the ſorrow, tempering it to the juſt meaſure, that is to produce that kind of delight, known only to melancholy. It is finely ſaid, and in the higheſt ſtrain of nature by her other great diſciple at the end of Othello's ſoliloquy, act fifth, ſcence ſixth.

———— This ſorrow's heav'nly.
It ſtrikes where it doth love.—

How flat is that line of Dante's in his deſcription of the infernal regions,

Voi ch'entraſte laſſate ogni ſperanza.

compared with Milton's,

——— Where hope ne'er comes,
That comes to all.—

And if our Bard had the Italian in view in it, how he has riſen above the original, or how he has made it his own, as he never fails to do as often as he deigns to imitate.

Let us now follow Longinus in his illuſtrations of the ſublime, and with him Quintilian, and the other ancient rhetoricians, in their inſtances of the various tropes and figures. To begin with that picture, which the critic conſiders, not more as a meaſure of diſcord, than of the ſublimity of Homer's genius; we have many contraſts to, though no exact parallels of it. Milton's Book iv.

l. 985. is not one, though in ſome degree ſimilar. Virgil's perſonification of Fame, is the Greek line tranſlated and inverted. In the Wiſdom of Solomon, ch. xviii. ver. 16. is an exact parallel, "and it reached the heaven, but it ſtood upon the earth," if the compariſon may be allowed.

THERE are two copies in Milton of the gigantic labours in Homer, Paradiſe Loſt, Book vi. l. 643. and Book ii. l. 359. See alſo Virgil's Georgics, Book i. l. 281.

THE flight of Juno's horſes, can only be equalled by Satan's through chaos, Paradiſe Loſt, Book ii. l. 927.

ADDISON has remarked the correſponding paſſages to thoſe in Homer's battle of the gods, from Milton's battle of the angels, B. vi. l. 209. 217. 831.

THE conciſe ſublimity of the Fiat we have in Milton,

Silence ye troubled waves, and thou deep peace.

His Fiat of Light, B. vii. l. 243. wants only the conciſeneſs of the original.

AJAX with great ſublimity prayed to fight by the light of the ſun; but the ſun and moon ſtood ſtill for Joſhua's battle.

WHAT fine inſtances of the viſion are in the dagger ſcene in Macbeth, and 6th ſtanza of Dryden's Ode on the Power of Muſic.

THE figure apoſtrophe is inſtanced in Macbeth, act 4th, ſcene laſt. King John, act 3d, ſcene laſt. All's well that End's well, act 3d, ſcene 2d. With this laſt is joined perſonification, and the ſubject perſonified is alſo apoſtrophized.

THE ſilence of Dido in the Shades, though a copy, not a parallel inſtance of the ſublimity of Ajax's, owing to the difference of the characters: The one the contempt of a warrior and competitor for the arms of Achilles, ſhewn to his ſucceſsful rival: The other that of an unfortunate woman, that died for love, with which ſhe treats the late object of her wiſhes.

AMPLIFICATION. Repetition. Hamlet, act 3d, ſcene laſt.

CLIMAX. Amplification. Repetition. Richard II. act 5th, ſcene laſt.

No happier anticlimax can be, than that of Horace:

Parturiunt montes, naſcetur ridiculus mus.

INTERROGATION is exemplified in the celebrated addreſs of Satan to the Sun, at the opening of the 4th Book of the Paradiſe Loſt.

THE Socratic reaſoning is one continued ſtrain of the Hyperbaton. It is inſtanced in Mark Antony's ſpeech over the dead body of Julius Cæſar.

AMPLIFICATION. Sir George Mackenzie, Actio Prima, Idea eloquentiæ forenſis hodiernæ. Si vir virum, *&c.*

METAPHORS. Wolſey's ſpeech, Henry VIII. act 3d, ſcene laſt.

SYMPLOCE. Otway's Orphan, act 3d, ſcene laſt. Dryden's All for Love, act 3d, ſcene laſt, at the end. Cicero's 4th Rhet. 20.

THE periphraſis, or circumlocution, is compared to the chromatic ſyſtem in muſic, running diviſions on a word.

THE hyperbole to a bow-ſtring over-ſtretched, by that means, ſuffering the oppoſite extreme of relaxation. It is uſed with ſublimity, and without that exceſſive tenſion, beyond its natural tone, in Dryden's Ode. "With raviſh'd ears, *&c.*"

Amplification, or Increment, is compared to the flowing of the ſea. *Ibid.* See the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of Demoſthenes, Cicero and Plato.

Aposiópesis. King Lear, act 2d, ſcene laſt.

The moſt happy ſtrain of irony runs through Beccaria's 15th ſection on Torture. In his Mathematical Problem, there is ſummed up the moſt conſummate picture of it.

Montesquieu combats ſlavery with the ſame ſpirit of raillery, Book xv. ch. 5.

It is by Spondees that the uphill motion of Syſiphus's ſtone is ſo happily imitated in the deſcription. It is by Dactyls, its ſwift deſcent down the hill, is ſo forcibly painted. Compare theſe paſſages, Paradiſe Loſt, Book xi. l. 320. and a ſimilar one in Milton's Prelatical Epiſcopacy, with Cicero De Finibus, Book v. p. 246. and Pliny's Panegyric 15.

Compare the following paſſages, Paradiſe Loſt, Book x. l. 888. *&c.* Euripides's Hippolytus, 616. Medea, 573. Cymbeline, end of act 2d, Poſthumus's ſoliloquy, and what Lyſander ſays, Midſummer's Night's Dream, act 1. Orlando Furioſo,

Canto xxvii. ftanza 120. Compare alfo Paradife Loft, Book xi. l. 829, and Iliad, xii. v. 24.

COMPARE with the ζεσάσης θαλάσσης of Herodotus, the flattening that fublime defcription in the Æneid of the eruption of Ætna with the word *eructat*, which Aulus Gellius, in his criticifm on this paffage, is filent on. The fame is ufed by Lucretius. And Milton has tranflated it, Paradife Loft, Book i. l. 671.

THOUGH the ancient critics do not treat of Alliteration, the ancient writers, both in profe and verfe, were not unacquainted with its beauties, when ufed fparingly and judicioufly. There are many inftances of it in Homer and Virgil, nor thofe accidental merely, but ftudied, as the following one of Terence, "Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum."

Δος πȣ ϛω ϗ την γην κινησω. What Archimedes had fo bold a conception of effecting, with what a fublimity do the Angels in Paradife Loft, Book x. l. 668. actually effect.

——— He bid his angels turn afcanfe
The poles of the earth, twice ten degrees and more
From the Sun's axle; they with labor puſh'd
Oblique the centric globe.

Befides the fublimity of the work, there is the additional fublimity in the command, and quick obedience to it, fuch as is inftanced in the works of creation.

A French writer is for allegorizing every thing in Homer; other critics allow fcarcely any thing in him to be allegory. Both thefe opinions feem to be erroneous extremes; a medium here, as in other things, is requifite. He is neither all allegory, nor is he without a confiderable proportion of it. Jupiter's two cafks are certainly allegorical, and finely conceived of the mixture of good and evil, that are inceffantly infufed in all human affairs. His golden chain alfo, fixed at the foot of his throne, and from thence reaching to the earth, appears to be allegorical; but of what is not fo evident. Milton, in one of his Academic Latin compofitions, fuppofes it to be emblematical of the Pythagorean doctrine of the mufic of the fpheres. There are thefe, and others that might be pointed out, in the Iliad; and in Odyff. 8. 302 there is a long continued vein of allegory difplayed in the loves of Mars and Venus. They are there difcovered by the Sun, or are brought to light. They are difcovered to Vulcan, and by him, on the difcovery, inclofed in a cage, and there expofed to

the derision of the gods. Vulcan, the god of fire, may be supposed emblematical of the fire of love, that first united, and then imprisoned them, as it were, in each others embraces, as represented in the cage. They are released from their snares by the interposition of Neptune. Water quenching flame, may import the satiety and disgust that arises from stolen embraces. Neptune interferes to release them, by reason of his cautionary obligation. And here we have the origin of sureties. Here is an instance, were others wanting, of that truth, that in Homer is to be traced the circle of the arts and sciences. Hesiod, somewhere too, bids us beware of cautionry. Neptune becomes bound, under a certain penalty, that Mars shall restore the dowry Vulcan brought to Venus, before he would release them from the cage; after which restitution, Vulcan and Venus were to be divorced. See notes on Odyssey.

SIMILES, metaphors and allegories, are all intimately connected. Similes keeping the two subjects distinct in the expression; metaphors in the sense only, and allegory being descriptive of the representative subject, leaves the mind to make the application to the represented.

The critic, in advancing that the exceſſive uſe of figures, is an abuſe of them, and that their beauty is moſt eminent, when they do not appear to be ſuch, illuſtrates this, by an alluſion to painting, comparing figures to ſhade, and the pathetic and ſublime to light.

OBSERVATIONS *on a* TEXT *of* SCRIPTURE.

JOSHUA x. 12.

Sun, ſtand thou ſtill upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.

THOUGH no paſſage in Scripture has given riſe to more doubt and perplexity, than that, in which is recorded this miracle, it ariſes from a miſconception, that the command was directed to the earth and its ſatellite, the moon, though, in compliance with the weakneſs of our ſenſes, ſaid to be to the ſun. Such a partial ſuſpenſion of the movements of the planetary ſyſtem, tends only to a diſturbance of the whole, and diminution of the ſublimity and grandeur of the miracle. But in not contradicting the text by any miſconception of ours of it, we at once remove all obſcurity from it, equally reconcile the miracle to the imperfect ſtate of human ſenſation, to the magnificence of the power that wrought it, and offer no violence to the planetary ſyſtem and its laws. We do this, in conceiving, as ſcripture informs us, that the ſun was made to ſtand ſtill on its own axis, the centre of the ſyſtem, and with it the earth, moon, and all the other planets.

In this complete ſuſpenſion of the movements of the works of creation, inſtead of the partial one generally underſtood, there is no diſorder introduced into them, only a ſuperſeding of order. Nor did that extent of the miracle require a greater power than the partial one, as he that created all, might either uncreate it, or ſuperſede its operations altogether. This way viewed, the paſſage is an infallible proof of the Newtonian philoſophy, if other proof is wanted, than what its immortal author has adduced: Nor is there room to view it in the light Malebranche has done, as ſubverſive of it, in his Recherche de la Verité, l. iv. c. 12.

It is remarkable, that the Chineſe hiſtory bears record, that, in the reign of one of their kings, named Foa, cotemporary with Joſhua, according to chronology, was the longeſt day ever known. Univ. Hiſt. The conformity between the correſponding paſſages in the Sacred and Profane Hiſtories, on this ſubject, is worthy of remark. The Sacred is expreſſed, "The Sun ſtood ſtill in the midſt "of Heaven, and haſtened not to go down about a "whole day, and there was no day like that, before "it or after it."

As with the author of Nature's ſufferings, all Nature ſympathized, ſuſpended in her laws and

functions, the ſun ſtood three hours eclipſed; ſo out of the order of things, both ſun and moon, for a whole day, ſtood ſtill, till the completion of his forerunner, Joſhua's victories, that led to the eſtabliſhment of the choſen people in the promiſed land.

PROBLEM.

THE variation in the movements of the different ranks of a column in marching being given, to find the reaſon of it: The ſolution ſeems to be as follows: The motion of no two individuals of the human ſpecies, however correſponding in ſize, figure, dimenſions and perfect ſymmetry of parts, can be adjuſted to uniform meaſure: There muſt be ſome diſcordance either perceptible or imperceptible. In collective bodies of men, this truth muſt be ſtill more incontrovertible. The ſmalleſt deviation then poſſible, in the movements of the ſecond rank from thoſe of the firſt, that can be conceived by the mind, though not perceived by the eye, multiplied through all the ſucceſſive ranks, the product will be, what is known to all experienced in military affairs, a race in the rear, while the front is at a moderate pace; the deeper the column, the greater conſequently will be the difference of the movements of the two extremes, as is demonſtrable on mathematical and arithmetical principles.

Remarkable Custom.

There is a ſpecies of ſuicide, peculiar to the Eaſt, moſt ſingular in its nature and duration, the practice of the Indian wives throwing themſelves on the funeral piles of their huſbands. It is a remarkable inſtance of the old adage, that cuſtom is a ſecond nature: But a cuſtom ſo extraordinary, a ſecond nature ſo violent, and repugnant to the dictates of that primary nature, that does nothing in vain, adds to the ſurpriſe occaſioned by its very long continuance. For, in general, whatever is ſo violent, and contrary to the eſtabliſhed laws and order of nature, is not laſting, by the ſame rule, that the ſmalleſt force conceivable, conſtantly oppoſed to a body of the greateſt ſize and force poſſible in motion, will, in the end, prevail over it, and bring it to a ſtate of reſt.

This practice is obſerved by Cicero, as prevalent in the ſame latitudes in his days, as in the preſent: And of ſtill more remote date, it is believed, it ſtands recorded in the writings of Alexander's time; in what more diſtant period than that it obtained, is not known. It may be conſidered as a phenomenon in the hiſtory of mankind.

P O E M S.

BRITANNIA.

UP roſe the God of Ocean—his Trident
Struck on the rock; the while he ſigh'd and look'd
On fam'd BRITANNIA's Iſles: ah! what portends,
He ſpake, this fatal eclipſe? ſay, wherefore
Redden'ſt thou, with bloody front, from behind
The moon, thou glorious luminary?
Why does thy twilight thus diſaſtrous ſhine
On impious nations, with the dread perplex'd
Of endleſs night; the while the monarch ſits
On his imperial throne, with omens dire

Appall'd, and in his doubtful breaſt revolves
Changes, and impending fall? fraught with what
Diſmal cataſtrophe, flames the comet
In the front of heav'n, with aſpect malign,
And beams of livid hue? why, to climates
Thus long eſtrang'd, returns it, its mazes
Having run, in orbs eccentric, round worlds
On worlds, burſting the flaming bounds of ſpace
And time? Say, ye dread miniſters of Heav'n,
Ye all-myſterious pow'rs, do you pity
BRITANNIA's Herculean labours,
Her ſtruggles in the ſtorms of war, her laurels
Torn while yet freſh blooming on her brow?
Do you BRITANNIA pity, that ere while
Unrivall'd in the fields of glory, ſhook
The thrones of princes, and ſway'd the ſceptre
Of the Ocean with mildeſt rule? yes, griev'd
For her doom, you hide your diminiſh'd heads,
And veil in ſableſt clouds your beams, bereav'd
Of their wonted luſtre.—Waſt thou reſerv'd,
Ah hapleſs Iſle! for ſtorms of fate like theſe,
When favour'd I rais'd thee to dominion,

So glorioufly tranfcendent ? crown'd thy fons
With laurel wreaths, with generous ardor
Fir'd their breafts, and bade emulation
Rife heroic to deeds of bold emprize
In th' annals of fame inroll'd? Was't that thou
Deferted, fhould'ft thus prove the envied prey,
Of furrounding rival foes, that in league
Combin'd confpire thy fall, and, Hydra-like,
Arife and multiply ? not more dreadful
Th' united bands that Venice faw defcend
From Cambray's fields; or Goth and Vandal Hordes
Borne thro' the wafte world 'mid the ravag'd fpoils
Of provinces, that fhook Rome's capitol.
Meanwhile with civil difcord, and the broils
Convuls'd of madding faction, that thunder'd
Thro' thy fenates.–Thames heard her voice, what time
She rag'd with burning fury mid his tow'rs,
And his loftieft piles level with the ground
Laid in wide wafte,—he heard, and figh'd, that with
His hundred floods he could not quench her rage.
Yet greater ills, devoted ifle, attend
Thy mournful fate, the vulture of fedition

Preys lurking in thy boſom; rebellion
Round environs thee; thy children torn from
The parent-boſom that fed and rear'd them
With nurſing hand to ſtrength, by rebellion
Torn, whoſe bloody, and deſtructive banners
Wave o'er the wide plains, teeming with thouſands
Of tributary ſtreams. What unnat'ral
Wounds! wounds giv'n by children to the parent
Breaſt! countrymen againſt countrymen arm'd,
Friends againſt friends, father againſt ſon, th' hand
Of brother ſtain'd with brother's blood! turn then
Your ſharp edg'd ſwords aſide, to where vengeance
Is due; or any other way, than where
Obedience lies; return reclaim'd, return,
While yet ye may, and with a flood of tears
Waſh your much-injur'd country's wounds; and oh!
Think, that every drop of her blood, that's ſhed
By you, ſhould more afflict you, than whole ſtreams
Of the blood of thoſe your ſo unnat'ral
Partners againſt her peace; perhaps ere long
From forc'd friends your tyrants, the avengers
Of this bleeding land. Ah! ſay what boots it

Thy ſons, ungrateful to conſpire in league
Thus with thy deadlieſt foes, from whom they fled
Ere while for refuge, under the covert
Of thy protecting ſhield? Why does nature
Recoil on itſelf revolting? no ſuch
Return was due to her, that, with fond care,
Foſter'd all their wants, cheriſh'd their ev'ry
Hope, ſooth'd their ev'ry care, nurs'd all their arts,
And riſing ſcience, while yet budding to
The view, and in their tender bloſſoms clad,
Maturing them to fruit; who made them what
They are, in this their high eſtate, gave them
Kingdoms, call'd them children, engag'd in wars,
Cruel wars, for their defence, ſhar'd with them
Her ſpoils, the fruits of all her victories;
Shar'd with them her laws, her freedom, and her
Commonweal: nor will they of her loſs in
Blood partake, and treaſure, nor yet conſpire
To eaſe her of the burden they impos'd;
But deſert her wearied, and old in their
Support and nurture; fly to thoſe againſt
Her, from whom, but ſo late, to her they fled.

Auſpicious ſhe led to crowns of laurel
Their muſe, yet all untutor'd in the lore
Of Greece, and Rome. In her train came commerce,
And with her liberty, by the Naïads
Hail'd from their wide water'd ſhores, where jocund
They play in feſtive bands. Wherefore was thus
Plenty, induſtry, with the olive branch
Of peace, by gentleſt zephyrs wafted o'er
My waves, from Britiſh iſles, to drear abodes
Like yon, to ſhed their influence on waſtes
Of unadorn'd nature? was it to nurſe
Ingratitude, teeming with monſtrous births?
Was't to nouriſh revolt, the gangrene of
The ſtate; the bonds and ties of nature brok'n
And diſſolv'd? muſt now the ſword that's loſt its
Sharpeſt edge in battles for them 'gainſt their
Enemies, be now whetted to revenge
Againſt themſelves? was't for this that Quebec
Tow'rs ſaw Wolfe bleed in th' hour of victory?
Are theſe his laurels' fruits at Breton reap'd,
And won at Louiſbourg?—is this the change,
This the dire reverſe, this the heavy gloom,

That fucceed joys like you, and fo late felt?
Are then rebellion's fons by rudeft hand
From my favour'd ifle eftrang'd?—But fee where
The wrecks of nature convuls'd, and fhaken
To her centre, crowd on my aching fight
From weftern Ind.—There was heard the thunder
Of warring elements, 'mid the rocking
Of hurricanes, and cataracts of rain
Defcending; 'mid the inceffant flafhes
Of fork'd lightning, that from heav'n's red right-hand
In vollies flew; 'mid convulfions of earth
Loos'n'd from its foundation, and op'ning wide
Its monftrous chafms; amid peals of thunder
Refounding from pole to pole, now redden'd
The bloody front of heav'n, and now dark
As Erebus appear'd: the quarter'd winds
Then burft their caverns, from either tropic
Meeting in dire conflict, that feem'd to fhake
The fpheres, and bafis of th' earth: then the clouds
Pour'd down their awful floods, the fwoln ocean
Nifitati [illegible]dignant through his bounds, and o'erwhelm'd
The fatr cities, the work of ages, and pride

Of

Of hapleſs man,—then his floating bulwarks
Were by the foaming billows rent, to ſtrow
The deſert beach, there, where his mangled limbs,
And bones unburied lie whit'ning the ſhores.
Earth deepeſt felt the ſhock, ſhe felt the pangs
Of ſighing nature, where uprooted lie
Her foreſts, where her tow'rs, and battlements,
Of old impregnable, her theatres,
And arcs triumphal, her proud palaces,
And ſolemn temples, all lie levell'd low
Mould'ring to duſt,—ruin, devaſtation,
Havoc, cover all. Then were heard the groans
Of agonizing thouſands; then were ſeen
Their bodies, that all bereav'd of ſhelter
From the thund'ring ſtorm, and relentleſs ſcourge
Of loudeſt tempeſts, lie on the wide waſte
A prey to vultures. Amid the ruins
Is ſeen the wretched mother, that her babes
Did fondly dream to ſave, faſt clinging round
Her neck, her knees, her arms; ſhe, all the while,
With head inclin'd, and drooping, all in vain,
Implor'd relief to her helpleſs offspring,

Helpleſs

Helpleſs herſelf, 'mid pitileſs whirlwinds,
All, all bound in one ſad, and laſt embrace,
Shar'd one common grave. See where the orphan
Wanders on the deſert plain bereav'd of
Raiment, food, and ſhelter; him the widow
Meets, but not in him meets her fond offspring,
And he in her in vain the parent ſeeks;
He has no parent. Yonder fades the bloom
Of young deſire untimely ſnatch'd,—there youths
Fall'n in flow'r of life, and pride of beauty
On the plain unburied lie,—there are ſtrow'd
Herculean limbs,—here, like a lily, droops
Virgin modeſty,—here the warrior,
That eſcap'd the battles dangers, the ſtorms
Of ſieges, the iron ſhow'rs of cannon,
The thunderbolts of war, that oft had trac'd
The Britiſh lion's progreſs o'er the fields
Of glory. Here the mariner that erſt
Had ſtruggled in the tempeſt, 'mid foaming
Billows curling their monſtrous heads, in th' rude
Viſitation of th' winds, in vain ſurviv'd
The fate of ſhipwreck'd crews. Not more diſmal

Was

Was Athens' ſcourge, that, with her children's gore,
Redden'd Iliſſus' ſtreams: nor did Ganges
Witneſs than theſe more dreadful ſpectacles
Of human mis'ry, then, when o'er his ſhores,
Stalk'd famine, and peſtilential terror,
In its train, with aſpect malign—millions
Of bodies floating on their wat'ry biers
Swell'd his floods, that with increaſe of tribute
He wafted to the main. Not bitt'rer ſcenes
Did Tagus behold, what time the earth teem'd
With dread volcano's, the diſcordant births
Of warring elements, that impetuous
Burſt their flaming bounds, and wide their caverns
Dark, and diſmal open'd, to tranſmit the light
Of day to th' deepeſt pit of Acheron,
And perplex the ghoſts of Pluto with fear
Of change, and horrible cataſtrophe.
As when the dread thund'rer Jove enrag'd,
Smites with his bolts th' earth around Typhœus
In Arimis, where are ſaid t' be his dens.
Dire was th' conflict, dire th' madding noiſe, when eart
Engend'ring her rebellious offspring,

Sever

Sever'd them from her rack'd bosom, and where
They outward rush'd, to vent their hideous rage,
In regions of air, ingulph'd th' hundred tow'rs
Of Lusitania. Ah the heavy change!
How unlike, O earth, thy aspect to what
So late display'd thy fields richly bedeck'd
With nature's gayest attire! how blasted
Are thy enamell'd plains! how thy blossoms
In their bloom are nipt, and thy budding charms
Decay'd—how all thy blushing honours droop!
Ere while universal nature her smiles
Profusest shed, and fruitful teem'd around
With growths spontaneous—the landscape glow'd
On the transported view,—the flocks and herds
Promiscuous roam'd along the verdant meads
In sunshine perpetual—the lowing
Of the oxen was heard—the bleating lambs
Sportive play'd; the green uplands crown'd the scene
Undulating with gradual, varied slopes,
And Amalthea pour'd her copious horn,
While fairest Flora with Pomona vied.
And thou, Ocean, ere while wast lull'd secure

From

From rage of tempeſts, from Æolian ſtorms
In their caverns cloſe pent up, nor yet ſtray'd
A blaſt from their cells.—On the glaſſy waves
Play'd ſleek Panope with her ſiſter train;
And Thetis with her nymphs, Nereïd nymphs,
Skimm'd th' azure floods. Amphitrite ſported
With the tangles in her hair, by Zephyrs
Gently fann'd; her printleſs feet glided o'er
The ſeas, that under her rejoic'd, with all
Their finny trains. The ſky was with purple
Ting'd, its front ſerene, nor ruffled by clouds.
Each morn breath'd odorif'rous ſpring, each eve
Nurt'ring dews diſtill'd, and balms ambroſial.
Then might theſe iſles have rivall'd thoſe fabled
Atlantic, fortunate Heſperian iſles,
Where univerſal Pan led on th' Graces,
And th' Hours in dance, with them eternal ſpring.
But what dire reverſe hath earth, heav'n, ocean,
Now felt, into confuſion hurl'd, yet once
More threaten'd with univerſal chaos,
And eternal night. Ah, thou hapleſs Iſle!
Do then the elements conſpire thy fall,

Are

Are then they confederate with thy foes,
Or ſhare thy foes like vengeance? yes they too
Have ſhar'd like fate, or fate more diſaſtrous,
If more diſaſtrous might be deem'd; they too
Groan under Heav'n's anger, wafted on winds
And torrents pour'd from ſulphureous clouds.
Ceaſe then, vain mortals,—nor contend with wrath
Of gods: ye that ſo fervent pray the peace
Of the troubled ocean, firſt learn to ſheath
The ſword of battle, nor wreak its vengeance
In your kindred gore: quell your high-born pride,
Tame your worſe ambition—taught by that hand,
That piteous ſpareth him, let man ſpare man.
This cruſh of elements does but forerun
The diſſolution of the great globe
Itſelf, and foretel expiring Nature
Through all her works, ominous of their end.
See where the rays of hope from Antwerp gleam
To cheer my drooping Iſles,—hail glad preſage
Of future joys! Antwerp that now verges
To decay, through whoſe deſert ſtreets in vain
The voice of commerce calls, whoſe moſs-grown tow'rs

With population's bufy din echo
Now no more! whofe maffy columns mould'ring
To the duft, the ivy's gloom encircles;
Where fenates erft have thunder'd, where now lurks
The ferpent; Antwerp, the Roman Eagle
Shall behold difplay'd on Britifh banners
Waving o'er the fields of conqueft,—with fhouts
Fame ufhers to the field the combin'd bands,
And chorufes of loud Pæans, Iö
Pæans, with trumpet founds 'mid th' returning
Laurel'd trophies: enroll'd in her temple
Th' heroes' names fhall live thro' lateft ages
E'ergreen in memorial,—commerce again
Now long eftrang'd into her ports fhall flow,
Her hofpitable ports from diftant fhores,
And tributary ftreams of Ormus or
Of Ind.—Her nobleft ftructures fhall yet rife
Reftor'd to ancient fplendor; all her arts,
And cultivated fcience fhall revive,
And flourifh yet again: Other RUBENS
Shall on the animated canvas glow,
And in vivid colours paint the triumphs

Of

Of imperial Auſtria; Alſatia
And Lorraine, ere while by haughty Gallia
Wreſted from her ſceptre's ſway, now reſtor'd
To their favour'd dominion, th' uſurpers
Humbled, and proſtrate lying at her feet
Imploring peace. Such ſhall be thy trophies
Auſtria, ſuch the meed of thy union
With BRITANNIA's ſons, union oft embrac'd,
Nor more auſpiciouſly than now embrac'd.
Thou, Pruſſia, ſhalt not unreveng'd behold
Thy ancient allies' wrongs; in triple league
With them combin'd ſhall ambitious Bourbon
Yet once more the hero view thee, that at
Liſſa and at Roſbach fought. On thy brow,
Furrow'd with age, and round thy hoary locks
The laurels freſh their blooming honours bear.
Hail ven'rable victor, yet undiſmay'd
By war's alarms! hail thou ſov'reign, favour'd
Of the muſes, by the muſes tutor'd
In philoſophic lore; whoſe train adorn
The graces: thy legiſlative nod gives
Sanction to law, thou explor'ſt the fountains

Of equity, her hidd'n treaſures reveal'ſt.
Thou, like another Cæſar, th' hiſtorian's
Page unfoldeſt, nor rivals Cæſar thee
In warlike atchievements; nor equall'd is
Thy fame by what of Hannibal reſounds
In fabled ſtory; nor yet vies, I ween,
With great FREDERIC, Alexander's name.
See the conqu'ring hero bear the courſers
Wide o'er Flandria's level fields; while vict'ry,
Eagle-wing'd vict'ry, hov'ring round him, ſtrows
Her laurel wreaths. Now feels deluded Belgium
The pangs of dire remorſe for broken vows,
Affiance violated, union
Oft pledg'd to BRITAIN, and mutual leagues
All cancell'd and diſſolv'd. Is Belgium
With her own and BRITAIN's natural foes
'Gainſt BRITAIN arm'd? that from fell oppreſſion
Ere while protected her ungrateful ſons,
And gave them commerce, and ſweet liberty,
While yet wand'ring in queſt of refuge
From Hiſpania's ſhores, to where the Roman
Eagle never flew: and but for BRITAIN,

Belgium

Belgium had not been: in her cradle crush'd,
Crush'd, while yet she but emerg'd from the floods,
Yet feeble was her arm,—and but for her,
In vain had ravish'd from the sea her plains,
In vain had boasted that her proud bulwarks
Would curb the Ocean's rage, and stem his floods.
Not so, when MARLBRO' and the brave EUGENE
Led on to conquest on Blenheim's plains, her
Bands, and Gallia mourn'd her shatter'd laurels.
Thou cherishest, Hispania, foul revolt,
Teaching disobedience to thy children,
That, already, seditious tumults raise,
And, with intestine convulsions, shake
Thy tottering empire. From northern climes
The flames of discord, to the utmost verge
Of Andes spread, and, in their course, embroil
The Mexican and Peruvian plains:
From either Tropic how they rage, and threat'n
Thy hidd'n treasures, the sources of thy strength,
The sinews of thy wars, and springs of all
Thy haughty pride. Whilom, thou little thought'st
That, so dearly, thou should'st abide the boast

Of thy protection, to rebellious ſons
Of BRITAIN, that, taught by their hand, thy own
Should catch the ſpirit of revolt.—Revenge,
Revenge, BRITANNIA cries; her diſtant ſhores
Re-echo revenge.—Now her tow'ring fleets,
In triumph, ride the main; remote are heard
Her bolted thunders, that, in loudeſt peals,
Her martial deeds proclaim: from the Eaſt
To Weſtern Ind, the Ocean's ſceptr'd Queen,
BRITANNIA knows no ſecond; th' nations own
Her pow'r, and tributary princes, yield
To her imperial ſway: the quarter'd world
Her proweſs feels: her more than Roman fame
Doth witneſs, that, for its boundaries, own'd
The Straits Herculean. Riſe, BRITANNIA, riſe
Triumphant o'er thy combin'd foes; let leagues
Of Bourbon race no more diſturb thy peace,
Let Belgic hoſts to gratitude return,
And fell rebellion ſheath her bloody ſword:
Already bleeds their commerce, and their iſles
Already own the mighty victor's ſway.
The Straits Herculean, the Herculean

Columns, ever fam'd, are now of labours,
More than Herculean, conſcious, where reigns
Triumphant BRITAIN 'mid her combin'd foes.
Thence, ſeated on a rock, from her tow'ring
Height, ſhe dauntleſs views their baffled efforts;
Secure, thence hurls defiance, thence, darts forth
Her bolted thunders on their ſhatter'd works.
Her cannon's roar, and horrid din of arms,
Are as the thunders loud of Ætna, or
Of Hecla, dread Volcanos; her light'nings
Such as theirs, when by their fires illumin'd,
Wide flames th' horizon. What time the vollies
Of her wing'd bolts, with burning fury flew
Amid the floating bulwarks, that her ſtrength
Aſſail'd, the heav'ns redden'd with her light'nings,
The earth ſhook with her thunders; old Ocean
Shrunk from th' impending force of flames, that wide
Raging o'er his waves, gave ſigns of woe to
The hoſtile bands, that all was loſt. The tale
Of that fam'd Herculean column, well
Might vie with that of Troy divine, if, as
In fate reſembling, ſo were it equal'd

In renown, and ſung in notes attun'd to
The Mæonian lyre, harmonious numbers.
But if deſerted, at thy utmoſt need,
By thoſe thy former union did protect,
BRITANNIA, thou muſt fall, by too ſevere
A fate, fall from thy high eſtate, amid
Th' ingrateful dominations round; with not
A friend to give thee aught of aid, how due:
Since of ſupport, I did but fondly dream;
And if, nor the matchleſs proweſs of thy
ELLIOTS, echoed loud from fam'd Gibraltar
To the Lybian ſhore, nor yet thy RODNEY's
Valour, 'mid his naval triumphs, have aught
Avail'd to ſave thy falling ſtate; greatly
Doſt thou fall, that, in falling, Samſon-like,
Cruſheſt thy hoſtile bands. What ſigns and dire
Portents, preſages miraculous, of
Aſpect malign, omens and prodigies
Have mark'd thy fate, to tell to ages yet
Unborn, the awful change! Nature's ſelf, in
Sympathy, from the centre to the pole, [quakes
Hath utter'd groans, rack'd and convuls'd; earth-

Inundation

Inundations, with eruptions drear
From deep Volcano's, thunder-ſtorms conſpired,
All at once, t' aſſail the works of hapleſs
Man. The grand revolt from Nature's fix'd laws,
The great globe pervaded, from frigid climes,
To the limits of the Torrid Zone, from
Hecla to its rival Ætna, whoſe tops,
Full blazing, as if in concert, labour'd
To bolt their deep-mouth'd thunders, the welkin
Vault with fire, red aſhes ſhow'ring, mix'd with
Columns of rolling ſmoke, and ſulph'rous clouds:
Nor rivers ceas'd, of liquid flame, to ruſh
Impetuous down their ſcorch'd ſides, and havoc
Spread, undulating diverſe. But when their
Boiſt'rous caverns hollow trembled, and deep
Foundations loos'n'd ſhook with all their load;
Their gulphs and mines of ſulphur blown into
Tenfold rage, with min'ral fury ſublim'd;
Far from Sicilia to Calabria's ſhore,
Were ſpread th' unheard-of ravages, cities,
Seas, and rivers, into Chaos plung'd, ſhocks
Reverberating from earth's receſſes

Hidd'n

Hidd'n moſt, alternate won from ſea, and land.
The furious ſurges of the vex'd Scylla,
And that other fam'd whirlpool, Charybdis,
Slept 'mid the general wrecks of nature,
And felt the o'erbearing, ſwoln ocean's force.
In either Calabria, who may tell
The ſcenes of deſolation,—the monſtrous
Chaſms of mountains rent aſunder,—breaches
In nature,—monuments of ruin?
Hills ſunk to vallies, vallies rais'd to hills,
Rivers, fountains, lakes, flow where ſtood dry land,
And now dry land uſurping in their ſtead:
And half th' populous cities, hurl'd into
Oblivion, cumber no more Heſperia.
Nor ceas'd, meanwhile the teeming earth, t' abound
With vapours volcanic, emanations [charg'd,
Dire, flame mix'd with ſmoke, ſmoke with ſulphur
That from th' abyſms around, thick iſſued forth.
But chief, Meſſina, thee the mournful tale
Awaits; chief, thy fate the tragic page ſhall
Fill, that ſcarce a veſtige leav'ſt now behind,

To

To tell the trav'ller where erſt ſtood thy walls.
Not ſo with Hecla's thund'ring ſhocks, that won
An iſle upheav'd amid the ocean's ſtream,
That, like another Hecla, ſwoln with fierce
Volcano's, nightly emulates its fires,
The main to illumine, whoſe reflected
Gleams, wide waving, the mariner perplex.
Far thro' Germania's confines, and the bounds
Of haughty Gallia, inundations ſwell'd
Great Rhenus' floods, that cities, cultur'd fields
With all their verdant loads, o'erwhelm'd with wrack
And deſolation. Beyond th' Indian mount
The iſle Formoſa ſhook; nor 'ſcap'd Syrian
Tripoli the dread rockings of the earth;
Nor Macedonian Theſſalonica.
A wand'ring ſtar, before unknown, appear'd,
The burning meteors vollied in mid air,
With train refulgent, on the nations blaz'd.
And thou, lab'ring Moon, didſt ſuffer eclipſe,
Total eclipſe, at either equinox.
Shak'n th' Papal throne totters to its ruin;
The Turkiſh Moon doth wain, and waining labours,

The

The Crefcent over-hung with dim eclipfe,
Portends difaftrous change, diminifh'd rule.
Peftilential terror fpreads havoc 'mid
Byzantium's tow'rs, and defolates her ftreets:
Her mis'ry begun in conflagrations,
Ends but in peftilence, the fad remains
Of raging flames contagion foul confumes;
While Ruffian bands ufurp her provinces,
Revolt fpreads wide its baneful influence.
To clofe the tragic fcenes, affliction's
Bitter cup to fill, famine fore did fmite
The land, and with it half the nations:
CALEDONIA, haplefs CALEDONIA
Mourn'd her widows, and her orphans, that with
Agonizing cries, pierc'd night's thickeft gloom;
And on the ground, the cold ground, 'mid flakes of
Snow, in deferts wild, hung their heads, and died.
Meanwhile th' league, that erft BRITANNIA threaten'd
With proud invafion, diffolv'd, is into
Difcord and difunion run. Thofe bands late
Form'd, beyond the Atlantic, felf-diffolv'd,
Create wild uproar, into confufion

Thrown

Thrown, vagabond and fruſtrate, that of their
Growing empire fondly dreamt, of Halcyon
Days, with th' olive branch of peace, returning.
Tumults, and fierce miſrule, their vitals tear,
And civil broils, and Diſcord, with Até
By her ſide, cry havoc, the dawn to blaſt
Of all their riſing hopes, and unfledg'd joys.
Ah, thrice happy! had they ſought no other
Happineſs, nor other freedom but too
Fondly graſp'd, than what with Britons they ſhar'd.
Nor other fate the Belgic, and ſo late
United Gallic bands await, in leagues
Ere while conjoin'd of mutual amity,
Conjur'd allies, now diſſever'd, rivals
Of each other grown; their forc'd affiance
Canker'd with jealouſy, and all its bands,
Thus brok'n aſunder, ne'er t' unite again.
War's in Belgium's confines, inteſtine war,
Arm'd citizens ſteep their hands in kindred gore,
And, from the wild ſea-bank, caſt a longing
Eye on BRITAIN's ſhores, wonted ſource of hope
In danger; whence, as of old, if not now

Cheer'd, to the imperious ſurge their plains
They will reſtore, the laſt ſad refuge left.
And thou, Hiſpania, but ſhort reſpite find'ſt
From war's alarms, ſhort truce, not peace canſt boaſt:
Peace hath but chang'd thy foes, from Gibraltar
Fruſtrate driv'n, to wreak thy diſappointed
Vengeance 'gainſt the Lybian ſhores: and as from
Gibraltar, ſo thou from Algiers return'ſt.
To thee, and thy aſſociates, in vain doth
Peace bring her proffer'd ſweets, to you in vain
Reſtores her balmy treaſures. So, with her
Returning, to you her joys return not,
Nor foſt'ring comforts, nor her nurt'ring balms.
On thee, BRITANNIA, propitious ſhe ſmiles,
For thee alone ſhe ſpreads her ſwelling ſails,
Her olive branch ſhe waves alone for thee,
On ſpicy gales is wafted to thy ſhores.
Thou, like another Phœnix, like that ſelf
Begott'n bird, which knows no ſecond, or third,
Reviv'ſt, reflouriſheſt, reſtor'd t' ancient
Splendor, emulous of thy old renown.
Riſe, crown'd with light, as the Orient ſun,

By

By proſtrate Perſian Magi worſhip'd,
For whom the roſy-finger'd Aurora
Unbars the golden portals of the Eaſt.
Hail, tow'ring ALBION, hail, Imperial Iſle!
Favour'd of heav'n, that from old Ocean ſprung,
Faireſt of all his daughters, ſit'ſt ſerene,
Stretching thy wide domain to fartheſt climes:
Thee, Liberty, thy native genius, thee
E'er zealous 'tends, that with the Muſes choirs,
Leads on the jocünd train of Naïads, where
They ſet their printleſs feet, along the green
Margin of the ſhady bank, that's waſh'd by
Godlike Thames; and on the winding verge, where
His ſilver ſtream he ſpreads, there ſhe holds ſoft
Dalliance, in thoſe her native ſhades, while
Ling'ring ſhe liſtens to the lyre and ſong.
Wand'ring oft from foreign climes, from foreign
Climes eſtrang'd, by foul oppreſſion, as oft
She refuge finds in BRITAIN's ſoft retreats.
In this Atlantic region, fortunate,
Heſperian iſle, ſo highly favour'd,
Hath Liberty, nurſe of cultur'd ſcience,

And the Mufes arts, fix'd her feat, and mark'd
Its people for her own: amid its oaks,
The aged tow'ring forefts, erft th' hallow'd
Groves of the old Bards, the infpir'd Druids,
Are her haunts, her chofen retreats, rever'd
Receffes; here's her temple feen to rife
Of faireft form, and goodlieft ftructure.
On that fam'd mead that's wafh'd by father Thames,
Under aufpices fo goodly, was firft
Rouz'd the public zeal, enthufiaftic
Ardor firft inflam'd, that, in the glow of
Gen'rous Britifh breafts, in their country's caufe
Embolden'd, of its laws the dread affertors,
Deep and broad laid the bafe of her great work,
The general weal of ALBION's realms,
And Stamp'd it with th' Great Charter of the land.
So, founded on the rock of juftice, more
Sure than, that whereon ftood Rome's capitol,
The fabric fair was rear'd; the glorious
Gothic pile ftood reveal'd, under th' HENRYS,
And EDWARDS, a long line of patriot kings.
Her altars ftrow'd with incenfe, fhed profufe

Sabæan

Sabæan odors, ſuch as by Zephyrs
Borne, in ſpicy columns, blow from the ſhores
Of Araby the Bleſt: not ſtain'd with blood of
Victims, thoſe ſacrifices, and profane
Rites of old, they breathe odoriferous
Frankincenſe, like what the vernal morn pours
On the earth's great altar, and, on morning
Wings, grateful lifts to heav'n. Long wandering
In queſt of refuge, long chuſing fit place
Of reſidence, awhile propitiouſly
Inclin'd to Greece and Rome ſhe ſeem'd; yet ſcarce
Shewn to them, her form, but faintly diſcern'd,
As if through hovering miſts, or denſe clouds,
Her footſteps darkly trac'd: they, enamour'd
Of her rites, yet knew them not, nor in her
Myſteries initiated, worſhip'd
Her unknown. She, averſe to ſuch impure
Sacrifices, like Aſtræa, left the earth,
Ne'er to reviſit it but in this Iſle;
Where bounteous Nature round circles her ſeat
With bulwark, more than adamantine ſtrong,
With the ever-during Ocean's might:

Where, if not ſecure, no more the dwellings
Of men ſhe'll deign to viſit; to their rites
No more will be propitiouſly inclin'd,
Nor on their works auſpicious will ſmile,
But, like Aſtræa, leave the earth for ever.

What heroes has ſhe nurtur'd! what fam'd chiefs,
And Demi-gods of old! her HENRYS, and
Her EDWARDS, everglorious names! whoſe deeds
Of matchleſs worth the ſhining page adorn.
Who may the laurels rival of Creſſi's
Well fought field, or what hero emulate
Its fame? the Sire ſtood ſmiling on a hill
Sublime, amid the radiant ſolar beams,
And ſaw below, reflected in his ſon,
His dauntleſs valour; in young EDWARD, ſhone,
Black Prince of Wales, the father all confeſs'd.
Who then beheld him riſing into fame,
In flow'r of youth, rivalling heroes old,
There tutor'd, to th' adventurous deeds on
Poictiers' plains atchiev'd? or, who then beheld
His gen'rous ſpirit, after conqueſt ſhewn,
Shewn to thoſe hapleſs, fall'n from high eſtate,

This

His piteous tributes ſo largely on them
Show'r'd, whether attendant on the captive
Monarch ſeen at feaſt, not ſharer with him
In that feaſt he gave; or whether in his
Entry ſeen to natal land, not emulous
Of the pomp of Roman triumph, nor yet
Studious of its barbaric pride, rather
Reverend, as if revolving in his ſoul
The various turns of chance below, as that
The victor well the vanquiſh'd might be deem'd,
He offers at the foot of his father's
Throne, the royal pledge of his heroic
Deeds, thus lowly, the captur'd crown of Gaul.
Others may his conqueſts rival, his high
Deſert in arms, none from them reap ſuch fruits.
O untimely to thy country, to thy
Father loſt! cut off, while yet in prime of
Life mature! the fates but ſhew'd thee to th' earth,
Then, ſudden, ſnatch'd thee from it, in the full
Career of glory, the tide of honours
Streaming on thee, with eagle-wing'd vict'ry
By thy ſide, proclaiming loudeſt Pæans;

Amid hanging trophies, and nodding plumes,
The wreaths of laurel round circled thy brow,
While fame prepar'd thy way ſtrow'd o'er with flow'rs.
At Agincourt, glad ALBION ſaw reviv'd
In HARRY the ſpirit of her EDWARDS,
Saw him bear their image, wear their victor
Wreaths, reap anew their laurels, reflect their
Glory, bid it reflouriſh and revive.
Nor ALFRED, ARTHUR ſhall remain unſung,
Both Great, of Saxon race, both Patriot kings:
The firſt, the founder of the Britiſh ſtate,
The laſt, not leaſt among its worthies rank'd.
Thou, Windſor, with thy floods, and verdant meads,
Thy memorable foreſts, claim'ſt the ſong:
Thee ARTHUR early made the ſeat of Tilt,
And Tournament, of noble Chivalry:
Thy later annals, too, ſhall flouriſh long,
Wherein recorded ſtand, in fame's bright rolls,
The honour'd Garter'd Knights, of the Order
Of St GEORGE, the tutelary ſpirit,
Patron of ALBION; Order founded
By victorious EDWARD, at the ſolemn

Feſtival held within thy battlements.
In regal ſtate th' Heroic monarch ſat
Enthron'd, amid his valiant Peers, Princes,
Renown'd Potentates, from far diſtant climes,
All rivals in the guerdon of virtue
And of valour. The Genius of BRITAIN,
Auſpiciouſly invok'd, to ſhed his
Happy influence on that day's records,
Deſcended in his car from the bright ſpheres,
Where, ſublime, he rides; with him deſcended
His aërial ſpirits, the choral bands
Of Bards and Druids. The ſong began from
BRITAIN's Genius, that, with effulgent grace,
Crown'd the royal pomp, and ſolemn awards.
As he firſt, ſo laſt was celebrated,
Sole arbiter 'tween the rivals in fame,
Candidates for the prize of matchleſs worth.
And may that Genius, who on the riſe of
This high Order ſmil'd, pure keep its fountain
Of honour, unpolluted all its rills.
May no after ſon intrude, unworthy
Of ſuch an origin, of the founder,

Th'

Th' heroic EDWARD, and firſt Companion
Knight to his Sire, EDWARD, Black Prince of Wales,
Bright ornaments of your country's annals,
For you her Bards ſhall tune harmonious praiſe,
For you, the zeal unanimous of her
Chos'n ſons ſhall weave the laurel wreath, round your
Tombs ſtrow amaranthine flow'rs: nor ſometimes
Forget thoſe days auſpicious, that carol
Loud ELIZA's triumphs, her high deſert
In arms, her deeds advent'rous, nor them leave
Without the meed of ſome melodious lays.
Thames, on thy banks ſtands nobly eminent,
Yon monument of Britiſh piety,
Munificent and great, fam'd Greenwich pile;
Whoſe long extended columns, lofty tow'rs,
Are not in rich Heſperia's ſtructures
Rivall'd, nor in the gorgeous palaces
Of th' Eaſt. Within thoſe walls a ſafe retreat,
Aſylum is ſecur'd to the aged
Mariner, eſcap'd the battle's fury,
That, tried in arms, hath hurl'd confuſion,
In re-echoed peals of vollied thunder,

On

On the proud aſpiring foe. Thoſe rever'd
Seats, as on thy azure floods, Thames, wafted,
Inſpir'd with love of natal land, grateful,
He views, and tributary homage pays.
Beware the rapid waſte of thy aged
Foreſts! the knotted oaks, the ſinews of
Thy ſtrength, the empire of the Ocean,
Strow'd on the ground, leave deſolate the vales:
The Dryads, Hamadryads, all diſmay'd
With the drear havoc, fly their favour'd haunts,
And, wand'ring, ſeek a refuge on the plains.
What honours are not due from thee to this,
Thy foreſts pride, under whoſe covert, high
O'er-arching thy heroes, and Demi-gods
Of old, receiv'd the people's tribute, wreaths
Of laurel, to decorate their brows, in
Sign of triumph. Nor other canopy
Of ſtate did ſeek thy ancient race of kings,
Where to ſway the ſceptre, or the royal
Standard where to wave. The Druids temple
Was the oak, wherein religious rites
They ſolemniz'd; their oracle, the oak,

And altars redden'd with their offerings.
In Mona, thy Bards, the raptur'd Druids,
Retir'd within the ſacred receſſes
Of their groves, fought for their country's freedom,
And laſt of thy ſons ſtoop'd to Roman yoke.
Then when the ſun of ALBION's ſcience roſe,
That from its tow'r meridian, 'mid the gloom
Of Gothic night, ſhot its noontide blaze, its
Beams refulgent ſhed on half the nations:
It roſe in that great Bard of high renown,
And that fam'd ſage, who, led by Nature's hand
Thro' all her paths, her high interpreters
Did penetrate her cells, and firſt reveal'd
To mortal ſight, thoſe hidd'n treaſures, thoſe ſtores
Of wiſdom op'd, that ſhew'd her fountains flow.
They, firſt, the ſoul of harmony diſplay'd,
That animates, pervades the whole; by which
Men rapt Elyſium ſee, and dwell in bow'rs
Of Amaranth, immortal Amaranth,
Or ſeem to dwell, and converſe with the ſpheres.
And but for them, Nature had lain as in
A veil obſcur'd, in myſt'ry wrap'd, nor deign'd

Thro'

Thro' all her works to viſit men, nor her
Light reſtore to them in darkneſs fall'n, fall'n
On barbarous days, that ſought in vain her aid.
The Sun of ALBION's ſcience, ſweetly ſung
The Muſes, in its riſing; in their train
The Graces, and the Hours, in numbers join'd
Harmonic, and circles bright: with golden
Lyres they uſher'd in the dawn, and choral
Symphonies the matin ſung, the orient
Beams, propitious, hailing; Airs, raptur'd
Airs, to ſoft recorders breath'd, melodious
Minſtrelſey, and dulcet chymes, the preludes
To full reſounding choirs, that chanted loud
The high meridian rays, whoſe luſtre far,
This Iſle illumin'd, the Muſes' favour'd
Haunt, and crown'd with auſpices ſo goodly.

MONODY.

THOU Sun, that with tranſcendent glory crown'd,
Erewhile from thy dominion didſt appear,
Say, wherefore does thy wonted luſtre fade?
Why is withdrawn thus thy diminiſh'd head,
Nor it on high, with vigour more doſt rear,
To ſhed its influence the earth around?
Is it, that thy lov'd LUCY's loſt, thy ray
Of brighteſt hue, loſt to the light of day,
In the flow'r of youth, and beauty's diſplay?
Is it, that thy LUCY, ere her prime's dead,
And low, in ſhades of night, is ſunk her head?
Ah where! where was thy all-foſtering heat,
In what far region, what eſtrang'd retreat,
Then, when clay-cold was grown that lily hand,

When pale was grown that cheek, and that eye wan?
For neither on her chilled hand was pour'd
Thy balmy breath, nor on her fading cheek,
To tinge it, was thy genial influence ſhow'r'd,
And with thy vivid colours it to ſtreak:
Nor yet by thee was cheer'd her drooping eye,
Deſcending with thy animating ray;
That eye, that joyous in thy beams did play,
To welcome thy radiance from th' orient ſky.
But the rugged winds round her ſad retreat,
Burſting their caverns, did moſt rudely beat;
Æolus there rag'd, but thou waſt not there,
To hover o'er her head, with tender care:
Nor waſt, with hand alleviating, nigh,
To temper the rigour of the froz'n ſky.
Ay me! alas, I do but fondly dream!
For what could that have done? of what avail
Had been thy heat, that's caſt on Afric's plains?
Where, vertical, thou dart'ſt thy fervid beams,
Piercing the deepeſt ſources of the Nile?
All would have fail'd to eaſe her heart-felt pain.

Thou

* Thou, Sun, her image to behold her bear,
Standing from thy dominion didſt appear;
Thou ſtood'ſt, and, ſtanding, didſt in raptures gaze,
The while thy glory round her offspring blaz'd.
O the ſad reverſe! with thee returning,
Return'd not to her thy foſtering heat,
To me returns not thy diminſh'd light,
But in its ſtead, ever-during mourning.
With bloody front, thou pitied'ſt dying Rome,
And redden'ſt, conſcious of her Cæſar's doom;
When, in eclipſe dim, from behind the Moon,
Thy livid and diſaſtrous twilight ſhone:
Faint and obſcure was then, as now thy light,
And impious nations dreaded endleſs night.
Muſt Bothwell's tow'rs then moulder to the ground,
Encircled by the doleful cypreſs gloom,
And wreaths of aged ivy, never ſere,
That gently twines around her hallow'd bier,
And penſively laments her hapleſs doom.
There oft ſhe graceful mov'd in muſing rounds,

* She bore a daughter on the winter ſolſtitial day 1779, and died the 13th of February following.

There has ſhe oft the Nymph ſweet Echo call'd,
That dwells unſeen beneath the moſs-grown wall:
There oft hath woo'd the ſolemn bird of night,
That, in its warblings, ſhuns the glare of light:
Where now the ſcreech-owl, on yon lofty tow'r,
With tott'ring battlements, 'mid ivy bow'rs,
Making its dreary moan, all darkling ſits.
The Gothic pile returns the raven's note,
Its muſic, as 'mid air it wildly floats:
The turtle-dove its whiſp'ring murmurs joins,
From window, where the ivy-branches twine.
No more the Druids harps harmonious ſound,
Nor hoſpitably glows the torch around;
Amid feſtive bands inſpir'd, ſwell no more
The famous old Bards full-voic'd chanting choirs,
That ſung, and ſinging, all ſymphonious join'd,
In heav'nly ecſtaſies diſſolv'd the mind.
There finds no ſhelter the benighted ſwain,
Expos'd to tempeſts on the deſert plain:
There darkneſs, ſilence, ſolitude, from cells
Cimmerian fled, alternate ever dwell.

Weep,

Weep, O ye Nymphs, ye Naïad Nymphs, begin
The mournful lay! ye Naïads, that attend
The rills of fountain Arethuſe, her ſprings
Attend: ye Siſters of the well, in rings
Solemn and ſad, hither your footſteps bend,
And ſomewhat loudly ſweep the plaintive ſtring.
Leave, Nymphs, O leave the banks of ſilver Thames,
Your myrtle groves, 'mid Twitnam's ſweet retreats,
Nor hold ſoft dalliance, on thoſe favour'd ſtreams,
At once the Naïads, and the Muſes ſeats.
Hither, and with you come the tuneful quire,
That, all enraptur'd with celeſtial fire,
Breathe inſpiration on th' harmonious lyre:
For they have witneſs'd ſuch embitter'd ſcenes,
Then, when their lov'd Muſæus from them fled,
And Melpomene, with her ſiſter train,
Pour'd out on Twitnam's meads their plaintive ſtrains,
And round his tomb their tears in circles ſhed.
She lov'd the Muſes, lov'd to hear their ſong,
And echo it the ſylvan ſcenes along.
Come, but not the ag'd parents leave unwept,
That, lull'd ſecure, in hopes deluding ſlept;

That

That yet ſhe would reviſit thoſe your ſtreams,
And yet again would fill their longing arms,
Diffuſing round them all her winning charms,
Ay me! ah fond, and viſionary dreams!
Say, were you playing on Thames' ſilver ſhore,
When death drew near to raiſe his bloody hand,
In that diſaſtrous, lamentable hour,
When o'er her head he wav'd his ebon wand,
That fatally ſmites once, to ſmite no more.
Or were you in the Muſes hallow'd train,
Where round their lov'd Muſæus' laureate herſe,
They their ſad vigils keep on Twitnam's plains,
And oft their elegiac lays rehearſe?
Or did you join their chorus on the banks
Of winding Iſis, fring'd with oſiers dank?
O hear a voice, that 'mid your Iſis' bow'rs,
Oft call'd you, under Rhedecyna's tow'rs!
That voice now calls you to far other woods,
And bids you leave your Thames for Glota's floods.
Weep, O ye Dryads, Hamadryads weep,
For her weep, that oft you, as you wander'd,
In feſtive rounds, woo'd on the ſhaggy ſteep,

Where

Where Glota's ſtream is roll'd in meanders.
For, O ye Dryad Nymphs, amid your groves,
Oft has her bright imagination ſtray'd,
Oft has her ſportive fancy lov'd to rove,
Through your green up-lands, and ſequeſter'd glades.
Bid penſive Echo liſten to the ſong,
The while ſhe wafts it the ſhrill woods among,
Meand'ring murmuring Glota's ſtreams along;
In ſorrow'd cadence, and in dying notes,
As down his wat'ry bed it broken floats.
Bid rocks and caves the ſolemn dirge to hear,
And Zephyrs it on downy pinions bear;
Bid ſleek Panope, and her ſiſter train,
Waft it in gliding murmurs on the main:
Thou, Thetis, mourn, as with thee ends the day,
Nor with thy Nymphs, thy Nereid Siſters play:
Neæra, drop the tributary tear,
Nor ſport thus with the tangles in thy hair.
Ceaſe playing, Amaryllis, in the ſhade,
And join the choirs, that mourn for Lucy dead:
Diana, liſten, and in paſſing, ſigh,
For as much of chaſte virtue as could die:

Oft has ſhe ſought your fountains, ſhades, and ril.
Her mind with heav'nly contemplation fill'd.

And thou, ag'd flood, meand'ring murm'ring flo
In doleful cadence let thy ſwans make moan,
The ſwans that whiter on thy bed than ſnow,
In long-drawn ſighs may lengthen out their tone.
And as her widow'd grottos, and her caves,
Thou kiſſeſt with thy tributary waves,
Penſive and hollow let thy murmurs flow,
Thy ſympathizing murmurs tun'd to woe.
Soft play the Zephyrs, 'mid thy ruſtling weeds,
Thy oſiers dank, and all thy mournful reeds,
The while along thy ſhores and winding ſtreams
E'er in memorial green thou waft'ſt her name:
For ſhe thy Naïads, in their jocund trains,
Has on thy green banks ſought, nor ſought in va

Thee, LUCY, the woods, thee the green banks mo
Thee mourn at ſunſet, thee when day returns.
Thee the hanging rocks, and the lonely vales,
Thee the dark caves, and all their echoes wail.
For thee, the roſes hang their penſive heads,
For thee, the lilies droop along the meads:

Fo.

or thee, ſad Philomel forſakes the woods,
or ſeek the ſhepherds with their flocks the floods.
turn, O Muſe, Sicilian Muſe, return
o other notes, and other lays than theſe,
as may more the tender paſſions pleaſe:
id thou the Nymphs no more thus hapleſs mourn.
Ye Naïads, weep no more—let now your ſongs,
n other ſtrains, your ſtreams be borne along:
eturn, O Muſe, Sicilian Muſe return.
A hat tho' thus peaceful ſleeps her mortal ſhade?
Bi hat tho' in duſt are low her aſhes laid?
A r ſoul, immortal, thro' the ſtarry ſpheres,
Bi ſeats of bliſs, miniſt'ring angels bear,
W at, in their glory, breathe celeſtial airs.
Th t ſtill ſhe lives in theſe her offspring dear,
N ey, on their forehead ſtamp'd, her image bear:
them, her virtues her ſad fate ſurvive,
ro' a long line of anceſtors deriv'd.
n them is fix'd the widow'd huſband's care,
A ey all his tender paſſions mutual ſhare.
I them he traces all the mother's looks,
All her chaſte ſmiles, her ſofteſt loves and grace,

That

That his united firmeſt ſoul partook,
Bound in the ties of conjugal embrace.
And now he ſighs, and now again he looks
On theſe ſure pledges of their mutual love,
That in returns of ſoft endearments ſtrove.
The while, in tracing virtues ſuch as hers,
A pleaſing melancholy flows, that mourns
For them, ere prime, untimely from him torn,
And with the ſweet remembrance ſooths his tears.
 Amid theſe ſtruggles, and theſe broken ſighs,
He turns with tears his yet o'erflowing eyes,
Where lay the infant in the nurſe's arms,
Faſt lull'd aſleep, that in its ſleeping charm'd:
" Thou ſleep'ſt, he ſpake, ah hapleſs! how thou ſleep'ſt,
" For neither thee move, nor yet thee affright,
" Theſe ſilent, ſolitary, ſhades of night,
" Nor theſe pale looks that without ceaſing weep;
" Nor yet touch thee mine, or thy brother's grief;
" Nor know'ſt of what a mother thou'rt depriv'd,
" That from her cares in thee would ſeek relief,
" Thee to careſs a thouſand ways would ſtrive.

" Thou

"Thou ſleep'ſt, and on thy roſy lips ſtill ſtray
"Thy wonted ſmiles, and there ſtill lovely play.
"Sleep on, ſweet babe, and with the ſleep my ſighs,
"And O with thine, let now be clos'd my eyes!
"Let not the ſorrows that thus tear this breaſt,
"E'er break thy ſlumbers, ere rob thee of reſt!
"When, when ſhall I with ſuch a ſleep be bleſt."

ODE I.

HAIL, Gratitude, hail, heav'nly gratitude,
Teach me to ſtrike th' harmonious lyre,
Enraptur'd with Pindaric fire,
For him who gave my youthful Muſe his aid,
While all untutor'd in the cradle laid,
Where on the banks of godlike Thames,
Immortal ſtands ELIZA's fame;
Hail, gratitude, hail, heav'nly gratitude.
  Oft has he fir'd my breaſt,
  With gen'rous ardor preſs'd;
  Oft bid emulation riſe
  To deeds of boldeſt enterpriſe:
By ſuch his Sires the field of glory won,
In ſuch unrivall'd ſhook their Monarch's throne.

Then when Rhedecyna's tow'rs,
And meand'ring Isis' bow'rs,
Inspir'd my lays
To sing the praise
Of Herculaneum's reveal'd treasures,
Emulous of the Mantuan measures;
What transports have flow'd,
What ardor has glow'd
In hearing great MACKENZIE's name,
Recorded in th' annals of fame!
There has he sat rever'd,
To learning e'er endear'd:
The Muses and Graces in his train,
While rivalling TULLY's flowing strain,
Or loftier Demosthenian thunder,
The veil of guilt he burst asunder.
My zeal with his, glows in his country's cause,
Emulous of him, and studious of her laws,
I seek Edina's tow'rs, where oft have hung
Wond'ring Senates on his persuasive tongue.
There have I sought his tomb,
Amid the Cypress gloom,

To

To ſtrow with vernal flow'rs,
And piouſly entwine
With wreaths of Ivy bow'rs,
His ever hallow'd ſhrine.
A long farewell to Albion's ſoft retreats,
Farewell the Muſes, and the Graces ſeats!
Hail SCOTIA's cliffs, with theſe her up-lands green,
Hail, her craggy ſteeps, and all her woodland ſcenes!
Happy, if beſide ſome tow'r,
Tott'ring 'mid its ivy bow'rs,
Warbling ſits the bird of night,
Shunning ev'ry glare of light.
Or as imagination ſoars,
Beſide the foaming torrent's roar,
And impetuous burſt of floods,
Down echoing rocks, and hanging woods;
Or thro' tow'ring groves,
As the fancy roves,
The Bards' harps are heard no more,
Silent is the Druid choir,
That oft in wild deſpair,
All with diſhevell'd hair,

 Have

Have beheld from afar,
Borne in his thund'ring car,
The bloody God of war;
What time the Roman ſhields,
Wav'd o'er BRITANNIA's fields,
Then 'twas, enrob'd in garbs of white,
They left their conſecrated bow'rs,
'Mid the Moon's trem'lous gleams of light
All in the ſolemn midnight hour:
Then with torches in their hands,
Were heard their yells 'mid the bands
Of CALEDONIA's chos'n ſons,
That oft the field of glory won,
With freedom's ſpirit yet unbroke,
Nor bent the neck to foreign yoke.
Now on the craggy ſteep,
Of Birnam high they ſleep,
And with them ſleeps the lyre,
Sleeps their poetic fire:
The flocks and herds their effac'd altars tread,
Their altars oft with human victims red;

Huſh'd

Hufh'd are their orgies, reveal'd the retreats
Of their fam'd groves, and memorable feats;
Ceas'd are their oracles, fall'n are their oaks,
Bent by the fcythe of time's repeated ftrokes.
And miffing them, I feek the trains
Of Nymphs that haunt th' enamel'd plains,
Of Naïad Nymphs that jocund play
On the banks of winding Tay.
Sweet are the ftreams, and fweet the fhades,
Where SHAKESPEARE's darling fancy ftray'd,
Reflecting reveal'd Nature's grace,
Spurning the bounds of time and place.
Here are the Dryads, th' Oreads feen
In feftive bands thro' woodlands green:
And mountain Nymph, fweet Liberty,
The Loves, and fair Euphrofyne.
Here, with cloud-capt fummit, Birnam
Rivalleth wooded Mona's fame,
Mona, the Druids' laft retreat,
The fam'd old Bards' religious feat.
Hence were great Birnam's nodding groves
Seen to Dunfinnan's tow'rs to move;

And with them mov'd Macbeth's fix'd doom,
In him untimely ript the womb:
Here the Sifters on the heath,
The weïrd Sifters met Macbeth;
Uttering their prophetic dreams,
With difmal fhrieks, and frantic fcreams;
Performing triple Hecat's rites,
'Mid Fairies, Elves, and midnight Sprites.
Teeming with ev'ry magic fpell,
With antic geftures, wildeft yells:
Contriving in their rounds the charms,
Fraught with the Furies fell alarms;
The while the cauldron's gleams did wave
Around their dark myfterious caves.
They on the wings of whirlwinds ride,
And thund'ring clouds, and lightning ftride.
All by the pale Moon's glimm'ring lamp,
Hovering o'er th' embattled camp,
Their omens break the warrior's fleep,
While they their midnight revels keep.
'Tis theirs with printlefs feet the floods,
Theirs to fkim the unbending woods:

In mazes they, and airy rings,
Vigils keeping, uncouthly ſing:
Now in the ſilent church-yard dwell,
Now in the dark, and lonely cell;
Now in the moſs-grown mould'ring tow'r,
Now in the vaulted cypreſs bow'r;
Where the foreboding ravens croak,
Beſide the ruſtling of the oak;
Where the ſcreech-owl doth make its moan,
With ſullen melancholy tone.
They open graves, and call forth ſhades,
Breaking the ſlumbers of the dead.
When hurricanes the foreſts rend,
When aged oaks to tempeſts bend,
And cataracts of rain deſcend;
'Tis then they leave their gloomy caves,
And in church-yards ſtalk o'er graves,
To behold the Moon's pale light,
All in the ſolemn hour of night.
'Tis theirs t' untwiſt the chains that tie
The ſecret web of deſtiny,

To weave the woof, the warp to twine,
And magic numbers to combine:
The fatal mazes to refolve,
To watch the periods that revolve,
Teeming with omens that appal
The monarch, with impending fall.
'Tis theirs eclipfes to foretel;
And wand'ring comets, with their fpell,
To trace thro' their eccentric rounds,
With more than mortal ken profound;
What time with bloody front malign,
They on the affrighted nations fhine.
Oft they the fatal Sifters meet,
Oft Sangrida, and Mifta greet;
And with them fabl'd converfe hold,
And legendary tales unfold.
'Tis theirs the womb of time t' explore,
And paft, and prefent, future lore,
Th' enlighten'd eyes to lay before.
They on the Furies car attend,
When to th' embattled camp they bend;

And

And rend with dreary yells the air,
Crown'd with ſnakes that hiſs in their hair;
When arm'd with deadly Gorgon ſhield,
They hurry o'er th' enſanguin'd field.
With them Diſcord is heard to cry,
Her feet on earth, and head on high:
And Fear and Terror in their train
Hover, hover around the plain.
Not more prophetic Circe's ſpells,
That dwelt unſeen in magic cells,
With cups engend'ring various ills,
Cups with deadlieſt potion fill'd,
Changing degen'rate men to beaſt,
A prey to the alluring feaſt.
Not more enchant Calypſo's bow'rs,
Nor more unſearchable her pow'r.
Acraſia, and the Sirens arts,
No higher knowledge could impart;
Sirens that with attractive voice,
Th' unwary traveller entice.
Not Comus with his midnight crew,
Could open to th' enchanted view,
More myſterious truths unveil'd,
When all to mortal ken reveal'd.

ODE II.

AWAKE thou, Genius, of the Scottiſh Bards,
Awake, nor thus retard
Thy too much drooping flight,
But to the height
Of old Olympus, or th' Aonian mount,
Borne aloft on Pegaſean wing,
Mix in the Muſes rings,
That ere harmonious ſing,
And ply their tuneful quires
To rapture giving all their golden lyres:
Beſide the Heliconian fount,
Through their hallow'd groves,
Let thy bright-eyed fancy rove.
Call forth the ſpirit of thy FINGAL's ſon,
Emulous of the laurels that he won:

For he when blind of ſight,
Could ſhare no longer in the glorious fight,
Bade the Muſe indite
His own and father's matchleſs deeds,
Not without the meed
Of his melodious lays,
And long reſounding praiſe;
For ſuch he wove the laurel crown,
And tun'd the muſic of renown.
O for one ſpark of that celeſtial fire,
That did his breaſt inſpire,
That I might rouſe thee from thy ſlumbers,
By the power of raptur'd numbers!
If in the ſilent vale
Of lonely Cona dwells
His genius, or the dale
Of Morven 'mid its cells,
Propitiouſly incline thine ear,
Bending from thy radiant ſphere,
And ſay where are thy virtues fled,
That thou no more doſt ſhed

Thy

Thy influence on the land,
Thou maſter of the Bards,
That 'mid the tuneful quires,
Rapt with the Muſes fire,
Aloud waſt heard
To ſtrike the lyre
With a maſter's hand.
If, in the Weſtern Iſles,
Thou ſeek'ſt amid th' Hebrids
The ruin'd altars,
Effac'd oracles,
Hallow'd ſeats,
Fam'd retreats,
And temples of the Druids,
That vie, or with the Cambrian piles,
Or rude Coloſſal monument,
That on old Sarum's plain,
By moonlight fills the ſwain,
At once with awe and raviſhment,
If in the Iſle Iona,
Rival of high Mona,

Thou hovereſt in thy radiant ſphere,
Or round the ſacred ſteep,
Whence in their country's cauſe,
Wont to diſpenſe its laws,
And viſions to unfold,
And prophetic dreams of old,
Thoſe oak-crown'd bands now ſleep,
Lend, O lend, propitious ear.
O that the favour'd youth of SCOTIA's climes,
Might catch thy ſpirit ſublime,
And emulate thy fame!
Their pious zeal
For public weal,
And fire with thine the ſame.
So may they hold ſoft dalliance,
Link'd in ſweet affiance
With the looſe-rob'd Liberty,
And the Grace Euphroſyne;
Nor e'er from their ſhrine,
Will the Muſes nine,
Their hallow'd choirs disjoin.

O Ossian, ſweet are thy notes,
When thy muſic warbling floats,
And tun'd are thy lays,
To Agandecca or Malvina's praiſe!
How it comes o'er the troubled ſoul,
The tender paſſions to controul,
Temp'ring them to that juſt meaſure,
That conſpires to heart-felt pleaſure.
Who may ſupply thy place,
Or boaſt thy matchleſs race,
Who thy deſcent trace,
O laſt of Fingal's line,
Whoſe voice divine,
My ſoul to cheer
I woo to hear,
More pure than amber ſtreams,
That 'mid Elyſian bowers,
Of which the youthful poets dream,
Roll o'er unfading beds of flowers.
When when ſhall riſe,
The youth that's emulous of the prize,

And conſcious of a generous flame,
Aſpire to Greek and Roman fame!
See the bird of Jove,
Soaring high above
The earthly ſphere,
With creſt uprear'd,
And piercing eye,
To meet the Sun on high,
Training his offspring to the ſight
Of the meridian ſolar light,
Sublime amid his rays,
And flood of noon-tide blaze.
Huſh'd is the lyre,
That did inſpire
The tuneful quires,
Nor echoes more the hall of ſhells,
With the voice that ſung ſo well.
The Muſes harps all unſtrung,
Are on drooping willows hung,
Mute is the Bard's melting tongue,
That melodious carols ſung.

Still may thy Genius hov'ring play,
Around theſe favour'd Iſles,
Still here propitious ling'ring ſtay,
And ſhed its brighteſt ſmiles:
And as the day-ſtar
Guide the poet's car;
Or nightly to his ſlumbers
Dictate raptur'd numbers,
And as he dreams
Of Cona's ſtreams,
Of Morven's hills,
And murm'ring rills;
Ever and anon his fancy raiſe,
To imitate thy lays,
And emulate thy praiſe:
Thou to the Mæonian Bard,
In fate alike, ſo like in fame,
To his may thy immortal name
By the nations round be heard;
And float along the tide of time
To th' utmoſt verge of diſtant climes.

ODE III.

'TWAS in ſoft ſmiling May,
Hail the auſpicious day!
That univerſal Pan
Led on the feſtive band
Of Graces and the Hours,
Bedeck'd with choiceſt flow'rs,
To hail the nativity
Of their lov'd Euphroſyne.
Then they their dulcet flow'ret braids
Around the bow'r in circles ſpread,
Where Hymen's torch its rays had ſhed.
O for a ſpark of that Pindaric fire,
To ſtrike the harmonious lyre,
So might I then aſpire

To

To celebrate that day,
In choiceſt meaſures, and in happieſt lays.
Firſt came the matin Venus in the train of light,
Diſpelling the dark ſhades of night,
To crown the ſmiling morn,
The ſweet hour of prime, t' adorn [bright:
She came, ſure pledge of day, firſt came with circlet
And from old Ocean's bed,
Where her roſy locks ſhe laves,
In his azure waves
She rais'd her pearly head.
Aurora uſher'd in the day, th' auſpicious day,
And ſought propitious Phœbus in his courſe to ſtay
Nor haſten to the lap of Thetis with his rays.
Then he diſplay'd his beams, array'd with glorious crown
His influence he ſhowr'd,
Around the genial bow'r,
To view the heav'nly maid, and mark her for his own
The Zephyrs on their wings,
Bore ambroſial ſpring;
Hebe and Hygeia ſtrove
In ſmiles with the Queen of Love:

And

And thou, Pomona, pour'd,
With lib'ral hand thy ſtore;
Fair Flora ſhed her flow'rs:
The myrtle, twin'd with roſes, glow'd,
The beauteous ſcene the violets ſtrow'd,
The Crocus and the Hyacinth,
The lilies and the Amaranth,
The Jeſſamine
With the Woodbine:
And all around
The teeming ground,
Aſphodelian bow'rs
Fragrant odours ſhow'r'd,
And balms Arabian pour'd.
The Muſes and their train,
Join'd their harmonic ſtrains:
Firſt came in their hallow'd choir
The Muſe herſelf that Orpheus bore.
And while they knit their hands
Link'd all in feſtive bands,
There warbled heav'nly harmonies,
With ſofteſt choral ſymphonies,

Tun'd to meafur'd Lydian airs,
That ravifh'd th' enraptur'd ears,
And feem'd the mufic of the fpheres.
The nymph fweet Echo in her airy rounds
Refonant prolong'd the diapafon's full-clos'd found.
Softly fweet the Doric mood,
All the tender paffions woo'd,
The warbling flute,
Vied with the lute
And vocal fhell,
The foul with raptures fwell'd.
The raptur'd notes
In mid air float:
The leaves on every fpray,
Were fann'd to the foft lays,
And gently murmuring play'd.
The vaulted roofs rebound,
With th' Angelic founds,
That to memorial of the day redound.
By fuch link'd harmony,
And fuch choral fymphonies,

This universe was fram'd,
From old Chaos claim'd,
And from eternal night,
Refcu'd to full orb'd light;
Its empire from the void was won,
To the great light of day, the glorious Sun.
From harmony the elements began,
That in quaternion,
Without ceafing run
Thro' all th' compafs of the notes, clofing full in man.
And hot and cold and moift and dry,
That did erft diforder'd lie,
Into brighteft order came,
And affum'd a regular frame.
Emblem of this concordant train
Of things, was feign'd Jove's golden chain,
That from beneath his throne,
All refulgent fhone,
And reach'd from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
In poifing them to which fuch pow'rs were giv'n.
Then when from on high,
Was heard a voice to cry,

Ariſe ye powers, riſe moving in your harmonies,
All was harmony, all heav'nly harmony,
All nature mov'd from harmony to harmony;
And as yet dead,
Inſpir'd rais'd her head:
Inchanted by ſuch ſacred lays,
The ſpheres ſymphonious 'gan to play:
And but for harmony,
Nature's ſelf would ſigh,
Nature ſoon would die.
By ſound, Timotheus rais'd the paſſions in the breaſt
Of Philip's warlike ſon at th' royal feaſt;
By muſic, rais'd a mortal to the heav'ns,
By muſic, an angel was to mortals giv'n.
By muſic ſooth'd, ſtern Proſerpine relented,
And of Eurydice's hapleſs fate repented:
By muſic Eurydice was from Pluto won,
And but for that dread voice that ſhrunk the ſtreams,
The Phlegethontic ſtreams,
Where fires eternal gleam,
That voice that Orpheus told he ſhould not ſee
Too eagerly his reſtor'd Eurydice,

Eurydice from Pluto was for ever won.
But ſoon, too ſoon he ſought to ſee,
His yet but half-regain'd Eurydice,
And, in ſeeing, loſt the prize of harmony.
Then when the fair to Hell return'd,
Sweeping the plaintive ſtring, he mourn'd,
And mourning, mov'd the rocks and woods,
Taught penſive murmurs to ſwift Hebrus' floods:
Eurydice wept the Rhodopeian tow'rs,
Eurydice wept the amaranthine bow'rs.
But in vain the rocks and woods,
And in vain the murmuring floods,
Enchanted had ears,
In raptures to hear:
For that Bacchanalian rout,
With their hideous ſhouts,
Drown'd both harp and ſong:
Nor could the Muſe herſelf her ſon
Save from the relentleſs throng.
Then univerſal Nature, Orpheus mourn'd,
That by the revel rout was torn;

 On

On his fault'ring tongue,
Eurydice ſtill hung,
As down the ſtream it went,
To the Leſbian ſhore, by Bacchanals ſent.
Not ſweeter was that riſing ſun,
That on mount Ida ſhone,
When with the Queen of Love,
Juno and Minerva ſtrove,
Deſcending from the ſkies,
Emulous of the golden prize,
The prize of beauty, and by beauty won:
Judge of ſuch Graces, ſat the ſhepherd boy,
Who in reward
For his award,
Gain'd his Helen, and with his Helen fir'd his Troy.
In ſuch a day, and in no other ſcene,
Enamour'd Jove admir'd his Juno's mien,
And with no fairer flow'rs did wooded Ida teem,
When Venus' zone her form belied,
And with her charms ſhe haply vied,
Nor leſs than Venus might be deem'd,
But like another Venus ſeem'd:

Not

Not ſo fair did ſhe appear,
Nor ſo her head did graceful rear,
Nor yet ſuch ſweetneſs ſhed her eyes,
When Paris met her charms,
And met her Graces arm'd;
Or Venus' ſelf had yielded then the prize,
Or both the Crown divided,
And Paris the conteſt equal decided.
So ſweetly ſmil'd that morn,
Such Graces it adorn'd,
Such vivid colours did gay Nature paint,
Such were her choiceſt richeſt tints,
Her virgin fancies ſhed,
While artleſs ſhe play'd;
And vernal flow'rs of various hues,
With ambroſial fragrance fill'd,
And her nurt'ring roſeate dews,
With a copious hand diſtill'd.
So ſweetly warbled their lays
The birds on every ſpray.
But neither the Muſes with their lyre,
Enraptur'd with celeſtial fire,

Their pleaſures to inſpire;
Nor the breath of riſing morn,
Nor Amalthea's copious horn,
Nor Venus with her Loves,
Nor yet the faireſt Flora,
Nor the gay Pomona,
For aught but Thee,
Euphroſyne,
In ſuch link'd ſweetneſs ſtrove.
As if an Angel to mortals had been given,
To viſit earth, had left the Heav'ns.

By Pan is meant Nature. By the Graces, the Seaſons. The Three, are Euphroſyne, Aglaia, Thàlia, by ſome ſaid to be the offspring of Bacchus and Venus; by Milton, of Zephyr and Aurora. The moſt ancient opinion is, that they were the daughters of Jupiter and Eurynome, according to Heſiod.

ODE IV.

YET once more BOTHWELL'S tow'rs,
And meand'ring Glota's bow'rs,
Demand the lyric ſong,
Far from the buſy throng;
While the ſweet remembrance of other days,
Call forth the meed of ſome harmonious lays,
To echo back their praiſe.
Here, in warlike ſtate,
Our valiant peers have ſat,
And rival knights around,
Their victorious temples bound,
With wreaths of laurel crowns.
Here has been hung the ſhield,
Borne from the well-fought field:

Amid

Amid theſe moſs-grown walls,
Erſt ſtood the hoſpitable hall,
That with the midnight torch's cheerful ray,
Was wont to guide bewilder'd trav'ller's way.
Hence have th' old Bards, the famous Druid quires,
Met the returning heroes with their lyres;
Hence have the Virgins met them with the ſong,
To praiſe their deeds amid the wond'ring throng.
Here have the hundred harps with lofty ſound,
The feaſt of ſhells to godlike Victors crown'd.
Hence are the cliffs of Lomond ſeen,
Lav'd by the lake, whoſe Iſlets green
Crown the varied woodland ſcene:
Lomond that with ſummit high,
Cloud-capt, ſeems to reach the ſky;
Th' indented vale and lake below,
The animated landſcape glows.
Thou glorious ſcene ſhalt meet the poet's lays,
For thee the Bard ſhall tune harmonious praiſe;
Nor yet the fam'd Geneva's lake,
From thee the tribute due ſhall take.

Not far remov'd flow ſilver Avon's waves,
That rocks and woods alternately do lave:
In beauty equal, and in name the ſame
With ALBION'S Avon, not of equal fame,
With that other honour'd ſtream,
Where SHAKESPEARE oft would dream
Of things that more than mortal ſeem'd;
Where, on the banks in's cradle laid,
Bright ey'd Fancy, hov'ring round him, play'd.
Faſt by ſtands BLANTYRE'S ag'd retreat,
BLANTYRE'S fam'd religious ſeat,
Where oft was heard the midnight bell,
Swinging ſlow with dreary knell,
Rouſing the Siſters to their rites,
The pale-ey'd Virgins of the night,
All enrob'd in garbs of white,
With tapers in their hands,
A ſad and ghaſtly band.
Warn'd by the ſound, the morning bird would wake,
Emboſom'd where it lay 'mid ſhadieſt brake.
Hence would the narrow window oft betray,
'Mid their oriſons th' hidden torch's rays.

Here

Here they their midnight vigils oft would keep,
Broken their ſlumbers, diſturb'd their ſweet ſleep.
  Here would the Veſtal Virgin quire,
  Their heav'nly harmony inſpire,
  Here would the ſolemn anthem clear,
  Pierce with its ecſtaſies the ear,
Such as Muſeus' ſelf might hear,
And Angels bending from the ſpheres.
Here was the world's noiſe and folly,
Chang'd for penſive melancholy.
See the ſad reverſe, ſee the moſs-grown wall,
On either ſide of Glota mould'ring fall:
The tow'rs of BOTHWELL nod to BLANTYRE's caves,
Each kiſs'd by Glota's tributary waves.
    The creeping Ivy twines,
    Around the heroes ſhrines:
The grazing flocks, the tombs of Virgins tread,
Mingling with duſt the aſhes of the dead.
In the ſequeſter'd ſolitary way,
The tott'ring gate ſtands verging to decay:

Half way down the wall,
Hang the aged trees,
That ruſtle in the breeze,
Nodding to their fall.
The ſetting ſun with farewell ſweet, its beams
Through window caſts, and ſheds its parting gleams;
Warning all the birds of night,
That ever ſhun the glare of light,
Where in clefts of walls they reſt,
Hide 'mid Ivy wreaths their neſt,
Their nightly choruſes to join,
And melancholy notes combine.
Yon tow'rs of Glota too, ſhall paſs away,
Yon hundred tow'rs themſelves ſhall all decay.
But ſee another BOTHWELL riſe,
That with theſe ancient turrets vies,
In luſtre and in fame,
And equal honours claims;
Reſtor'd to former ſplendor ſee 't reflouriſh,
Its wonted hoſpitality to cheriſh.
For DOUGLAS here has fix'd his choſ'n retreat,
Here ſocial tranſports crown'd with friendſhip meets.

While he theſe ven'rable monuments beholds,
That thus the image of his Sires unfold;
Conſcious ardor of their matchleſs worth,
Rouſing his gen'rous ſpirit calls it forth,
To emulate their high renown,
And like them merit Virtue's crown.

ODE V. To Simplicity.

Offspring of Nature, darling of the heart,
That ſhun'ſt the gariſh eye of art,
Nor to its votaries will impart
Thy ſoothing pleaſures,
Genuine treaſures,
Come as of old,
In graceful folds
Of looſe Attic robe, array'd;
Chaſte, decent Nymph that play'd
With the Muſes in the ſhade:
By the Mæonian lyre,
I thee invoke,
By Pellas' Bard,
By Sophocles' Seraphic fire,

Thoſe hymning laureate bands,
That oft have heard
Thy voice divine,
And ſung about thy ſhrine.
Nor need I roam to foreign lands,
But in the verge of natal climes,
Call thee by him who firſt broke,
In looſe Iambics from the yoke
Of Gothic fetter'd rhymes,
Nature and Fancy's ſweeteſt child,
That on his birth propitious ſmil'd;
By the Genius in Heroics bold,
That loſt Paradiſe unfolds:
By the leader of the Lyric quires,
That in Dithyrambic odes,
Thy unerring paths hath trod;
By him for thee who tun'd the lyre
I thee invoke, do thou inſpire;
And as at morn, or eve I muſe,
Thy genial influence infuſe.

Thou

Thou meet'ſt the vernal morn
With thy dewy roſeate wreaths,
To imbibe its fragrant breath,
On gentle Zephyrs borne.
And oft at even-tide thou'ſt heard,
The plaintive night-warbling bird,
Hid the ſhady bowers among,
Tuning her love-labour'd ſong.
In vain the ſhepherds ſing and play,
In vain the Nymphs each morn of May,
Without thy aid,
O heav'nly Maid;
Without thee, in vain
Does the rural ſwain,
With myrtles and with roſes,
Blend his amorous poſies,
And preſent them to his love,
Under covert of the grove:
Inſpir'd by thee, the paſtoral throngs,
Reſponſive from their echoing hills,
Or from beſide ſoft murmuring rills,
Alternate their melodious ſongs.

By thee the Druids fir'd,
By thee the Bards inspir'd,
Have with the harp and song,
With themes of British glory
Breath'd martial ardor 'mid the youthful throng:
By thee the warbling minstrel led,
In raptur'd strains unfolds,
With thy Genius on him shed,
What legendary fables told;
Tunes to thy melodious chimes,
Th' heroic song, and Gothic rhymes;
Tempers to oaten reed his Doric notes,
That thro' the wood-lands wildly sweet do float.
Taught by thy hand, RAPHAEL his Graces strows
On vivid canvas, with thy charms that glows:
In marble, PHIDIAS and PRAXITELES' art,
Thy genuine beauties to the eye impart,
Whether of the Athenian Pallas
Expressive, or Olympian Jove,
Or the Cyprian Queen of Love,
Or the strength of Hercules.

Thou

Thou temp'reſt to thy juſt meaſures,
Muſic, ſource of heart-felt pleaſures,
Whether in ſtrains of melody,
Or celeſtial harmony,
Or of choral ſymphony,
Thy numbers ſweet controul,
All the movements of the ſoul;
And alternate riſe or fall
The paſſions at thy potent call.
Thy ſtrains Muſeus in his bow'r
Has heard, and own'd the magic pow'r;
Thy notes to Orpheus' lyre were ſung,
All Nature with their echoes rung.

On the Death of W——m D——s.

Ah ſoon, too ſoon, ſweet youth, thy ſpirit's fled,
To mingle with thy mother's in the realms of bliſs;
Fled is thy breath, as ſweet as that of morn,
On morning wings, by guardian Seraphs borne:
Clos'd are thy lips, with not a parting kiſs,
Pale and clay-cold, that ſo late beauteous red,
Their ſofteſt ſmiles in roſy circles ſhed.
Nor from thy bed, in death thy hand thou gav'ſt,
Nor one laſt word, nor yet a ſad farewell
On thy cold tongue was fault'ring heard to dwell,

Which ere in ſweet remembrance I might have.
Nor did I catch thy laſt and dying ſighs,
Nor yet my hands did cloſe thy lifeleſs eyes.
One of thy father's ſupports, thou art gone,
In whoſe fair looks thy mother's he would trace,
Oft as he indulg'd in tend'reſt embrace,
And now the double loſs he muſt bemoan.
Ah, where forlorn, ſhall now thy brothers walk,
That miſs thee at th' accuſtom'd hours of play,
Where, now, in queſt of thee, ſhall hapleſs ſtray,
No more of that ſweet innocence to talk.
O faireſt flow'r, thy budding charms are nipt
By death's cold hand, and of their beauty ſtripp'd,
Ere yet matur'd, to bloſſom in their prime.
O faireſt form, no ſooner ſeen than loſt,
That leav'ſt us in a ſea of troubles toſt,
Now thou reclin'ſt on beds of heav'nly flow'rs,
From earthly, mov'd to pure ethereal climes,
Amid immortal amaranthine bow'rs:
There dwells ſecure thy dove-like innocence,
Protected by celeſtial genial pow'rs,
By th' fountains of life diffuſing fragrance.

Hither

Hither ye Naïads, Dryads, with you bring
The earlieſt flow'rs that mark the riſing year,
The Primroſe, Iris, Crocus, on his bier,
To ſtrow in circles, and about it ſing.

POEMATA.

HERCULANEUM.

Pandere res alta terra, et caligine merſas.

O MUSÆ! quarum fæcundo numine plenus
Mæonides cecinit celebres ante omnia muros
Iliacos; quarum auſpiciis Carthaginis arces
Virgilius ſacravit, et incunabula Romæ
Cantans, Mæoniæ laurûs adeò æmulus extat:
Sit mihi fas, vobis, Divæ, aſpirantibus auſo,
Pandere res alta terra, et caligine merſas:
Dum memoro antiquæ repetens veſtigia cladis
Fortunas

Certaminis poetici, in Æde Chriſti apud Oxonienſes, argumentum.

Fortunas miſerandæ urbis, quæ nomine longum
Floruit Herculeo, et fama vigit uſque recenti.
Extremis Britonum quoties venit advena ab oris
Dejectas moles viſens, monumenta vetuſtæ
Laudis, et ingenii artificis, tellure ſepulta
Jamdudum, tenebriſque altis; ut ſingula luſtrat
Luminibus tacitis, ſtupet, attonituſque recluſis
Theſauris urbis recolit veſtigia verſæ,
Semirutas turres, præruptaque mœnia paſſim;
Sollicitoque animo repetit felicia quondam
Tempora, cum pleno populus ſpectâcla theatro
Ederet, aut feſtas ageret per ſtrata choreas.
Interea Veſuvina cacumina lugubre fulgent
Per noctem, tremor unde jugis et vallibus imis.
At quoties barathrum collectis ignibus ingens
Æſtuat, horribili miſcentur cuncta fragore,
Fit tonitru, abrupto effundit de vertice ad auras
Sulphureoſque globos flammarum, atrumque vaporem,
Ferventemque picem: circum undique murmure diro
Mugit humus, varioque procul labefacta tumultu
Fundamenta tremunt, imiſque à ſedibus urbes
Commotæ trepidant; et formidabile nutant:

Unà

Unà omnes reboant ſilvæ, cava ſaxa gemiſcunt.
Navita ſæpè legens, per ſola ſilentia noctis,
Sirenum infames ſcopulos, dulceſque receſſus
Baiarum, ſubitum perculsâ mente fragorem
Accipit ignarus, cernit ſimul æquora latè
Luce repercuſſâ denſas fulgere per umbras.
Luſtrare eſt moles, et adhuc minitantia ſaxa,
Horriferoſque æſtus, albentiaque arva favillis,
Funditùs et ſubverſa antiquæ robora ſilvæ.
Heu fruſtrà exercet tellurem innixus aratro
Agricola, et lætæ præſumit præmia meſſis!
Res videt everſas circum, dum pallida conjux,
Et nudi infantes miſerandis luctibus agrum
Abreptum ſubitò aſpiciunt; dum jugera pauca,
Atque humilem villam flammanti gurgite torrens
Obruit, atque uno ſpes omnes funere mergit.
Tuque urbs infelix, experta es qualis ad auras
Erumpit ſeſe, vi quantâ exæſtuat undans;
Tunc quando piceis nebulis, et turbine nigro,
Et liquefactorum ſaxorum deſuper imbre
Exuſtos per agros flammantia flumina volvens
Atria vaſtaret laqueata, viaſque nitentes.

Attamen et poterint medio de fonte malorum
Surgere quæ fuerint miſeri ſolatia caſûs,
Et dederint ſubverſæ aliam effugiſſe ruinam:
Cum Boream linquens ſævi gens barbara ſêcli
Invaſit Latium ſpoliatum invecta per orbem.
Jamque dies aderat quando tu, Roma ſuperba,
Viſa potens nimium ſuperis ruitura ſupremùm
Nutâſti, Capitôli alto fundamine moto.
Jamque aris inſultatur, templiſque Deorum
Per terram everſis, opera admirata per annos
Disjecta artificis—Tiberis migravit ab oris
Muſa exul—ſiluit vatum chorus omnis—et artes
Tum demùm ingenuæ Auſonias periere per urbes;
Fædaque barbaries terram caligine merſit.
Tu verò ante alias urbs admiranda ſuperſtes
Barbaricis armis vel adhuc præſtabilis arte
Cerneris—uſque adeo moles has fama ſacravit,
Uſque adeo ſervat celebrem per ſæcula ſedem.
Ergo ſera dies pandit pulcherrima rerum
Herculeæ monumenta urbis, monumenta vetuſtæ
Admiranda artis, mediiſque in ſtragibus ipſis
Magnifica, et celebres theſauros reddidit orbi.

Intima jamque patent penetralia, et atria longa,
Urbs vetus inſtaurata en omni ex parte retecta!
Cernas effoſſas moles, ſemiuſtaque tecta
Quà pendent: illic mireris grande theatrum
Longo extans intervallo, immaneſque columnas,
Et portæ ingenti ſubſtructam fornice molem.
Juxtà opere antiquo pandit venerabile templum
Murorum ſpatia, et deſerta per atria latè
Heröum, Divûmque effoſſos ordine vultus.
Corpora ſemûſta aſpicias excita ſepulcris;
Veſtibulum ante ipſum, primoque in limine tecti
Hîc mater miſeranda ſedet, quam parva ſecuuta
Progenies genibus, cubitove innititur; illa
Heu caput inclinans fruſtrà defendere tentat
Prolem infelicem communi ſtrage ſepultam.
Parte aliâ ſurgunt extructi marmore fontes,
Qui nunc per cœca incaſsùm penetralia terræ
Dulcibus exudant lymphis, queis caſta puella,
Dum res Herculeæ ſtabant, furtiva latebat,
Naïadum riguo haud fruſtrà defenſa receſſu,
Dum mollis vapor ambiret nivis æmula membra.
Hanc etiam ſedem latebroſam, atque undique nigris

Informem aggeribus diſtinguunt pocula ſæpè
Mille modis variata, et paſſim argentea vaſa
Per cinerum moles rutilant, triſteſque favillas.
Quin rerum annales revolutos mille per annos
Submerſi tenebris tandem ſupera alta reviſunt.
Cui verò egregias artes memorare poteſtas,
Aut æra Heröum vivos imitantia vultus,
Aut calamum mirè artificem, fucumve potentem?
Qualis Apelleæ ſeſe effert æmula dextræ
Pictura, et ſuſpenſum animum permulcet amœnis
Illecebris; comitem cui ſe dat Gratia quæque,
Atque ſuas artes, ſua munera prodiga fundit
Quæque Venus laqueati inter decora alta theatri.
Hic Divûm luſus ficti; Nymphæque ſorores
Alternis vicibus feſtivas rité choreas
Exercent—Faunûm læta agmina rura pererrant,
Pan quoque, Sylvanuſque ſenex, Satyræque protervæ,
Diique, Deæque omnes, queis ſilvæ et flumina curæ.
Marmore ficta extat Pallas certamine qualis
Viſa Giganteo, dum quaſſat Gorgona ſævam,
Aut jaculum torquet jamjamque minata Typhæo.
Longè aliter Juno caput effert qualis in Idâ

Emicuit

Emicuit Veneris non incaſsùm æmula, honores
Divinos illi Venus ipſa afflavit: ut ardet,
Ardet amor Jovis, ut formam miratus amœnam
Nititur amplexu! torpeſcunt fulgura dextræ,
Juxtà aquilæ rutilans oculus ſopitus, et horrens
Roſtrum languеſcunt. Lotus, molleſque Hyacinthi,
Et ſuaves violæ, atque Crocus per gramen odores
Spirant, atque favent Hymenæis dulce rubentes,
Exornantque torum. Non ſic, Diva, ora ferebas,
Nec ſic læta oculos, tunc cum te vallibus Idæ
Poſthabuit Veneri Paris, et cùm ſemireductæ
Illecebræ malè ceſſerunt certamini iniquo.
Inter odoratas laurus, dulceſque receſſus
Myrtetum feſti Floræ Zephyrique Hymenæi
Concelebrantur—Amore, loci Genioque tepeſcunt
Ritè faces; Dryades caſtæ, et læto agmine Nymphæ,
Naïades Nymphæ, Euphroſyne, Venereſque ſorores
Ritè favent; nectuntque inter ſe ſerta per umbras,
Gramineoſque toros violis feliciter ornant.
Ecce triumphalis Bacchus; comes ecce triumphi
It felix Ariadna comes—Cerealia ſacra
Juxtà extant—Cybeles nec abeſt inducta tabellæ

Cœlicolas in vota vocans ut, Sole reverſo,
Reddita ſecum adſint felicia tempora verna.
Neve elementa abſunt queis tu tremefacte, Veſeve,
Uſque adeò furis, et malè quæ cöeuntia fruſtrà
Vi tantâ cohibes—quin diſſociata ſub aſtris
Libera ſe tandem erumpunt, raptimque feruntur.
Parte aliâ apparent redimiti tempora lauro
Magnanimi Heröes victricia dona ferentes
Ad delubra Deûm—læti dux Fama triumphi
It Pæana canens, mediiſque inſignibus ardet.
Cernitur hic labor Herculeus qui irrupit Avernum,
Quem Stygii tremuere lacus, cui Cerberus impar
Congreſſu ceſſit; Nemeæi à cæde leonis
Incedit nocti ſimilis. Nec victor ab oris
Dictæis Theſeus aberat, quem patria læta
Agnoſcit reducem; pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Cum cantu et citharâ circum glomerantur euntem,
Atque inter choreas ſpargunt per compita flores.
Gratia Dædaleos ornat variatque labores.
  Hæc veteris monumenta artis jam munere Regis
Magnifici complent laqueatas ordine ſedes,
Atque repercuſſo rurſùs ſub ſole niteſcunt.

At

At malè vicinus fruſtrà haud furit uſque Veſevus,
Scilicet haud fruſtrà vi tali undante tumeſcit:
Qualis et Hecla ardet, vel qualis fulminat Ætna,
Omnis Trinacriæ dum vi fundamina quaſſat.
Ut verò minitatur adhuc! quæ fulmina fundit,
Ut portenta edit, ſolitaſque reſuſcitat iras!
Fors et tempus erit quando hæ miſerabilis urbis
Relliquiæ fruſtrà raptæ caligine eundem
Caſum iterùm patientur, idem lacrymabile fatum.

LACHRYMÆ CORSORUM.

Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt:

FLENT Corſi vires fractas, monumentaque ſæva
Mavortis per rura inculta minantia latè.
Te vero, Paoli, patriæ ſpes ſola ſuperſtes,
Semper honorandum nomen, ſi littora noſtra
Adventâſſe parùm tædet, jungique Britannis
Hoſpitio, te teſtor ut Anglia fata tuorum
Flet tecum, crudele jugum, raptoſque penates,
Flore juventutis natos ante ora parentum
Occiſos, atque ante diem cum matribus ipſis,
Patres, atque ſenes communi funere merſos,
Impoſitoſque rogis pueros, miſeraſque puellas.

Gens

Gens Cyrnea diu jacuit damnata ſeveris
Piſarum imperiis, Ligurumque, diuque ſepulta
Barbarie extrema; donec, labentibus annis,
Attollens caput, et tetris emerſa tenebris
Aſſeruit ſeſe tandem, indignaſque catenas
Detrectare auſa eſt—exin quæ bella ciebat,
Utque egit Corſos accenſos æmulus ardor
In ferrum latè ſpargens incendia pugnæ,
Te duce, Libertas, te, Diva, hortante catervas.
Poſt autem Ligurum vires, animoſque ſuperbos
Perfractos Marte adverſo, direptaque vincla:
Vixdum ſopierat per fines horrida bella,
Ceſſârat vixdum armorum ſonus otia rumpens;
En rurſum in ferrum trahitur, fera munia belli
Paulum interrupta, horrendaſque redintegrat artes.
Credidit infelix tandem ſub pace quieta
Se fore ſecuram, longum ſibi leniter annos
Lapſuros procul horriſono clangore tubarum.
Gallus at invidit tibi, Cyrne, hæc gaudia tanta,
Ipſe tyrannorum imperiis damnatus iniquis,
Aſſuetuſque jugo ſervili inglorius ultrò.
Jam tum deſeruit, nec te tua priſtina virtus,

Ut conjuratas acies defcendere crebras
Vidifti Alpinifque jugis, atque arce Monæci.
  Ecce autem Paoli vindex ultro obvius hofti
Irruit accendens alacres in prœlia turmas
Exemplo, intrepidus tentat difcrimina belli.
Illius aufpiciis hæfit victoria longùm
Gallorum, et patriæ jura intemerata fteterunt:
Scilicet atque ibat lætis affueta triumphis
Cyrnus, et abreptis affueta ex hofte trophæis.
Quas ftrages dedit ille virûm, quot millia dextrâ
Oppetiere illâ, turbavit ut arva tumultu
Quacunque irrueret, denfumve irrumperet agmen,
Quàve ageret toto cedentes æquore Gallos:
Illi ibat comes arridens victoria pulcra,
Una aderat terror, quoties fua dextra ferrum
Arriperet, vindexque affurgeret acer in hoftes.
  Aft ô quàm difpar rerum nunc panditur ordo!
Triftis Cyrne jaces, averfo numine Divûm,
Heu varias experta vices, variofque labores,
Bellorum fedes, durifque exercita fatis!
Rapta tuis fuerit communis caufa doloris
Libertas, quæ fera graves miferata labores

Annuerat

Annuerat votis, longo poſt tempore migrans,
Hoſpes ut ignotas jamdudum inviſeret oras,
Se tantùm oſtendens, et vix libata receſſit.
Aſpicias latè dederint quas bella ruinas,
Jam non ridet ager, nec copia dives ut olim
Per rura incedens paſsìm ſua gaudia fundit.
Illius ingreſſu lætam non ampliùs arva
Oſtendunt faciem flavâ redolentia ariſtâ.
Agricolæ mentem nec ruſtica gaudia tangunt,
Tellurem exercet nec curvo innixus aratro,
Præcipiens ſecum expectatæ prœmia meſſis.
At tacito cum horrore ſtupet ſqualentia rura,
Agrorum incultam faciem, cui jugera pauca,
Cuique caſam erranti miles ferus invidet arctam,
Direptùm graſſans annorum impunè labores.
Stant urbes luctu merſæ, miſeroſque penates
Crinibus en paſſis pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
Gallum execrantes crebris plangoribus implent:
Exanimes vultus cernas per compita paſſim.
Interea balbam mater miſeranda loquelam
Dilectæ ſobolis formans ante omnia Galli
Sedulitate docet garrire inamabile nomen.

Illa

Illa ſub adventum non ultrà veſpere ſero
Conjugis officioſa parat convivia læta:
Luſibus haud fallunt hibernæ tædia noctis
Ante focum ritè agreſtis feſtiva corona;
Lætitia apparet, nec fuſa per hoſpita tecta.
Felices animæ, queis in natalibus arvis
Contigit oppetere, indignatas Gallica vincla,
Atque immite jugum quas formoſiſſima rerum
Libertas acuens haud æqua in prœlia miſit.
Vos ô pro patriâ paſſi tam vulnera pulcra,
Cyrnei Heröes, neque enim decorare triumphos
Spectati hoſtiles, ſubmittere colla coacti
Nec captiva jugo; longùm haud ultore carentes
Umbræ eritis, vobis quin Diva Britannia ſurget
Ulciſcens patriam, violataque jura capeſſens.
Hanc colit uſque almam Libertas aurea ſedem,
Scilicet huc fugiens fruſtrà haud defenſa refloret,
Crudeles terras, et inhoſpita regna tyrannûm
Deſeruit quoties, grata incunabula quærens,
Erranti dulces quà fata dedere receſſus.
Quàque choros agitat ſe miſcens agmine denſo
Naïadum, in ripis propter Thameſina fluenta.

Illam mox reducem, Corſi, accipietis ad oras,
Cum duce magnanimo reditum comitante, penates
Qui nunc hoſpes amat noſtros, aggreſſus honores
Ingentes plauſus inter plebiſque patrumque:
En Paoli, et ſecum Libertas pulcra redibunt
Auſpiciis Britonum, queis Galli nomen amarum
Uſque fuit, Galli telluri hoſtilis utrique.

AD PATRUUM.

MUNERA digna tuo quæ munera digna Patrono
Tanto, Muſa, feras? qui ſedulitate loquelam
Ritè tuam formans propter Thameſina fluenta,
Quà fama æternùm florens ſtabilitur Elizæ,
Dulce miniſterium tibi præbuit: illius ardens
Auſpiciis primùm tentâſti ſpernere terram
Viribus aucta novis, et conſcia pectore flammæ
Majora aggreſſa es: neve intentata relicta eſt
Semita difficilis famæ quæ reſpicit ædem.
Te verò mediis luctantem niſibus hiſce
Ille valere jubet comes idem, idemque Patronus,

Idem

Idem etiam Patruus; jam jamque recedit ab umbris
Doctrinæ—Interea quid, diſſociata Camœna,
Jam mediteris opus longinquis ſedibus hoſpes,
Poſthabitis patriis agris? quid? mente repôſtum
Illius exemplum manet, illius æmulus ardor
Excitat, et jubet integros accedere fontes,
Unde Iſis ſeſe prorumpit; quàque choreas
In ripis agitant Muſæ, dulceſque receſſus
Ritè colunt. Rhedecyna, mihi ſi contigit unquam
Incoluiſſe tuas ſedes, ſi viſere turres,
Centum altas turres, felicia tempora mente
Sollicitâ repeto, dulces ante omnia Muſæ
Me quando tenuere tuæ! O ſi concipiam ignem
Jam nunc illarum ſacram! ut tibi dona, Patrone,
Digna feram! meritis ſed reſpondentia tantis
Quæ reddam? ſaltèm iſtæc, qualia qualia ſinto,
Teſtentur gratam mentem, atque agnoſcere poſſint
Te dulcem comitem ſtudiorum, teque Patronum
Munificum, Patruumque pium Te. Si quid amœnum
Jam mihi ſurrexit depromptum carmine ſacro,
Sublimis vel ſi quid amabile præſtat Homerus,

Virgiliive

Virgiliive melos; vel ſi dulcedine tangit
Neſcio quâ mœſtâ mentem Sophocliſve cothurnus,
Euripidiſve, id et omne tuum eſt: tu ſcilicet auctor,
Tu ſolus, per quem mihi fas coluiſſe Camœnas.
Tuque etiam toto accendis vim pectore flammæ,
Et per te Graiæ, per te Latiæque Camœnæ
Cultori patuere mihi, Venereſque ſorores,
Et comites Charites; et quicquid Taſſo Maronis
Æmulus edocuit, vel quicquid Gallica Muſa,
Pro tantis meritis tibi ſaltèm carmina grata
Debentur; nam tu coluiſti ritè Camœnas
Dilectas, nôras et condere amabile carmen.
  Quid memorem quales quanti ſint dediti honores
Carminibus, quales vix unquam contigit ullis
Artibus ingenuis cognatis participare.
Ut Muſæ auſpiciis medio de fonte malorum
Surgit amœni aliquid; ſi nos mortalia tangunt,
Sunt lacrymæ rerum, ſunt et ſua gaudia miſta.
Quid memorem ut poſſit ſævum lenire dolorem,
Utque etiam dulcem curis adhibere quietem.
Non alio auxilio fretus quàm grata Camœna

 Præbet

Præbet ſecum Orpheus ſylvas et ſaxa doloris
Duxit participes; aliis nec mulſit amœnis
Illecebris tigres, rabidorum iraſve leonum:
Mirati dulcem citharam, et modulamina cantûs
Illi ibant comites. Ditim quin carmine flexit,
Carmine mota ſtetit Proſerpina. Fortia facta
Heröum tu, Muſa, canis: pulcherrima rerum
Ilias extat; Homeri flammeus qualis et ignis
Erumpit ſeſe! ut ſublimis Achilleos ira
Fulminat, ut Trojæ everſæ jam jamque minatur.
Tuque, Maro, accendis pectus quà prælia victor
Suſcitet Æneas, famæ et fundamina ponit
Romanæ. Ut vero, ut Milto, tu fulmina torques
Omnipotentis! ut ipſa tremunt fundamina cœli
Axe ſub ignifero Meſſiæ! ut fulgura dextra
Vibrat, dextra rubens; hoſteſque in Tartara fundit.
Extrà anni, ſoliſque vias, flammantia mundi
Mœnia longè extrà, Milto, tuus igneus ardor
Irruit, atque ipſum ſolium Omnipotentis adivit.
Et Chaos antiquum, æternæ et myſteria noctis
Te patefacta jacent, penetralia et intima Averni.

Talia

Talia præſtatis tanta hæc vos gaudia, Muſæ,
At tu ne renuas tenuis manuſcula laudis
Utcunque indigna haud ſpernas, dilecte Patrone;
Si ſit noſtra levis, ſit et impar gratia factis,
Hoc rude ſit, tamen eſt depromptum pectore donum.

VOTUM.

O Mihi ſi fas ſit traducere lenitèr annos
In riguis ripis propter Taiana fluenta,
Virgineas ubi Naïades celebrare choreas
Inter ſe certant, dulces ubi ritè receſſus
Incoluiſſe juvat: Fauni, Nymphæque ſorores,
Et caſtæ Dryades paſsìm ſocia agmina jungunt,
Innectuntque comas ſertis. His Gratia ruris
Omnis ſeſe addit comitem, Vеnereſque ſorores,
Atque chorus Charitum, Horarum comitante coronâ,
Dum Pan vult feſtis ſeſe immiſcere choreis.
Hic molles Zephyri ſpirant, hic Flora per agros
Mille modis ludit ſpargens per culta vireta

Lilia

Lilia miſta roſis, violaſque, Crocoſque tenellos,
Atque Lotos, necnon hyacinthos molle rubentes:
Et propter fontes poſuere cubilia nymphæ.
Vellem hîc divinas meditarier uſque Camœnas,
Vallibus umbroſis, vellem nemora alta ſubire
Muſis ſacra, atque integros accedere fontes,
Quos illæ exoptant.—Adſit ſublimis Homerus,
Virgiliique melos adſit; vatum chorus omnis
Dent comites ſeſe; Euripidis, Sophocliſque cothurnus
Præſtent illecebras, mentem et dulcedine tangant
Neſcio quâ mœſtâ. Pandet myſteria rerum
Newtonus, mentis vi clauſtra arcana recludat
Naturæ, ætherei jubaris qui ſolis adinſtar
Exortus latè effulſit, tenebraſque reſolvit,
Humana ante oculos queis vita ſepulta jacebat.
Felix primùm ingreſſus iter Verulamius ille,
Felix primùm auſus ſacros recludere fontes,
Sublimiſque adeo arcanos penetrare receſſus.
Atque modo ante oculos aſſurgat imago Platonis,
Qualis erat, tunc cum doctrina ornaret Athenas,
Omnia plena Deo monſtrans. Neve æmulus ille
Alter Ariſtoteles abſit, quo fœdera rerum

Certa

Certa retecta patent, elementaque materiai.
Sint comites Graiæ, comites Latiæque Camœnæ,
Tu Milto, faveas, et tecum Gratia quæque
Mœoniæ citharæ ; tuque æmulus ille Maronis
Taffo, fave ; et greffus comitetur Gallica Mufa.
His mediis ftudiis ut ruftica gaudia mentem
Tangunt, utque etiam divini ruris honores
Participare juvat ! juvat immifcere labori
Otia grata, quies quæ qualia præbet amœnis
In ripis, præftant quæ filvæ, et mollia prata.
Nam funt hic dulces fontes, funt devia faxa
Unde fcatent ; clivi hîc molles, quos irrigat ingens
Taius, quà præter finuofis labitur undis.
Nec procul hinc extat fummo de vertice nutans
Birnamius, longè latèque minatur ad auras
Aggere prærupto : ftat circùm filva vetufta
Birnamio æterno quæ fervat nomine famam.
Olìm hic Macbethes furiis agitatus in antro
Horrifico, aggreffus fatales ritè Sybillas
Confuluit trifte orâclum, quem vana fefellit
Gloria imaginibus falfis, et ad impia facta
Illecebris duxit. Vario hinc excita tumultu

Vifa

Visa ad Dunsinanas arces nemora alta moveri.
Hic magicas artes, mysteria dira Sybillæ
Secum exercebant: arcanæ hinc sæpè per umbras
Effulsere faces, et sæpè ululatibus altis
Ritè obiere sacra, et ferali veste recinctæ,
Crinibus et passis visæ celebrare choreas,
Atque inter choreas magnâ ter voce vocabant
Divam Hecatem triplicem; illius nam numine plenæ,
Numine jam propiore afflatæ oracula dira
Edebant, atque arcanos coluisse recessus
Fas erat illius auspiciis, infamiaque antra:
Fatidicæ hic curæ fuerant sollennia pompæ,
Hinc simulacra modis miris pallentia circûm
Vagitu errabant inopi. Aspectare vagantem
Lunam, dum fulget per sola silentia noctis,
Exibant antris—illis prædicere fas est
Defectus solis varios, lunæque labores.
Illæ vi subitâ maria alta atque æthera tranant,
Neve pedem signata seges, neque percipit unda.
Corpora ritè jubent humana excita sepulcris
Prodire, atque jubent funebres ritè cupressus,
Atque ossa, atque herbas sacratis ignibus uri.

Quin

Quin et Avernales rores obſcura per antra
Spargunt incomptæ caput, horrenteſque capillos.
Sidera carminibus, cœlo excantata refixa eſt
Luna, ſacris et adeſt arcanis arbitra teſtis.
Seſe dant comites Furiis, Martemque laceſſunt,
Bellonæ currum cingunt, mediiſque choreis
Perterrent bellantum animos, rumpuntque quietis
Somnia, et horriſonis latè loca planctibus implent.
Non hiſcum certent infamia pocula Circes,
Sirenumve artes magicæ, nec Diva Calypſo.
Shakeſpeare, aſt ô tu felix, fœcunda Camœna
Felix, quæ famam æternam ſilveſtribus illis
Scenis donavit: ſis tu comes uſque quietis
Ruricolæ noſtræ; ſis curæ dulce levamen.
Sim veſter, veſter, Muſæ, veſtriſque choreis
Immiſtus ſacris haud abſim fontibus hoſpes.

ARCES BOTHVELLIÆ.

O Si palantes greſſus pauliſpèr in umbrâ
Siſtam, quà clivus nemoroſo geſtit honore
Accingi, et ripas viridantes irrigat amnis!
Et quà ritè choros agitant denſo agmine Nymphæ,
Naïades Nymphæ, et furtivæ ſæpè latentes
Dulcibus irrorant lymphis nivis æmula membra:
Gramineiſque toris Fauni, Dryadeſque capillos
Floribus exornant, ſeſe immiſcentque choreis.
O ſi ſemotos liceat penetrare receſſus,
Muſcoſos muros, et caligantia clauſtra,
Quæ circumvolvens hederæ venerabilis umbra
Ambit, et in mediis ſaxis radicibus orni
Implicuiſſe juvat ſeſe, aut quà brachia pandens
Deſuper annoſus quercus de vertice nutat.
Ad feram noctèm ſolâ de turre querelas

Effundit

Effundit bubo mœſtas, et murmura miſcet
Semirutâ ſidens tremulo ore columba feneſtrâ.
Dulce eſt arcanos prodat ſi luna receſſus
Conſcia luna chori nocturni, et devia clauſtra
Lumine perluſtret tacito—quin ire per umbras
Aſpiceres lemures, animum dum mulcet imago
Heröum, hæ veteres quibus incunabula turres.
Ut reminiſcenti proavum mavortia facta
Æmulus ardor agit pectus, laurûſque renaſcens
Uſque videtur honos victricem cingere frontem!
Ah quale hoſpitium hic olim ſenſere penates,
Utque faces felicitèr exarſere Hymenææ!
Hæc quando quando mihi ruſtica gaudia dentur!

I.

An effectus requirat Agentem sibi proportionatum?

Affr.

FELIX, naturæ quo claustra arcana reclusa,
Felix quo cœli pulcrior ordo nitet.
Cui non defectu in medio sol desuper instat
Sanguineo ostentans omina fronte minax.
Qui cernit Lunæ tranquillâ mente labores,
Nec timet inde gravis præscia signa mali.
Novit enim quo cursu, immensis orbibus actis,
Sidera, quo certo fœdere vincta ruunt;
Ut sol in medio nitidum caput efferat, unde
Conjurata inter se sua jura manent.

Novit quò tandèm vergat, raptimque feratur
  Lumine lugubri dira Cometa rubens,
Utque ratos aufa indignantèr rumpere fines,
  Scilicet ingenti vi tumet unda maris.
Ne verò ulteriùs ne vividus irruet ardor
  Mentis—neve Deo fas propiore frui.

II.

An detur in rerum naturâ absoluta quies?

Neg^r.

EFFULSIT longùm Musarum Græcia nutrix,
Felici viguit numine freta Deûm:
Donec Cecropias Libertas viseret umbras,
Et comites Veneres, ingenuique chori.
Exul at hinc Musa Ausonios migravit ad agros,
Secum et Mœoniæ Gratia quæque lyræ:
Nec puduit jamdudùm ignotas Tibidris oras
Pindi posthabitis incoluisse jugis.

Scilicet

Scilicet Aoniæ Roma extitit æmula laurûs,
Palladis et numen ſenſit adeſſe Maro.
Finibus his etiam extorrem, ſine ſede vagantem.
Excepit placido terra Britanna ſinu. [Camœnæ
Tandem hic ſiſte gradum Britonum memor uſque,
Sera cole has proprias hoſpes amica lares.

III.

An corruptio ſit rebus naturalis?

Affr.

QUA prærupta extat Mona formidabile nutans
  Infrà indignantis fluctibus icta maris;
Arcanos olim Druidæ coluere receſſus,
  Pompâ et ſolenni ritè obiere ſacra.
Illorum auſpiciis Romanæ hæſere phalanges,
  Libertaſque Anglos ſera reliquit agros.
Veſte hinc ferali cincti, paſſiſque capillis,
  Geſtabant rutilas denſa per arma faces.
Quin nunc inſultant patriis armenta ſepulcris,
  Ariſque humano ſanguine ſæpe rubris.

Diruta

Diruta fana antiqua jacent, ferroque latebræ
  Reclusæ, arcanis nec ſtrepit umbra choris:
Fatidico nec nutu edunt myſteria quercus,
  Per terram reſonæ conticuere lyræ.
Quin altæ turres, et grandia templa peribunt,
  Quin magni moles orbis et ipſa ruet.

IV.

An duo corpora poſſunt eſſe ſimul in eodem loco?

Negr.

JUPITER ut ſtatuit, nutu et tremefecit Olympum,
Vita hâc Tyndaridis non ſine lege datur:
Ut vivat frater, fato cedente, ſuperſtes,
Sit pro fratre lubens ille vel ille mori:
Ut vivat frater fraternâ morte redemptus,
Sæpius ambo velint ire redire vias.
Hic ſimul alternum terris oſtenderit ortum,
Dum liceat vitâ pretereunte frui:
Jam jamque ille umbras, ſtrepitumque reviſat Averni,
Alterius reditûs flebile pignus eat.
Divellit fatum quos junxerat una voluntas,
Vivere nec comites fas, comiteſve mori.

Carmen Quadrageſimale.

An effectus requirat Agentem proportionatum?

Affr.

PSALMUS CXIV.

CUM genus Isacidum Nili migraret ab oris,
 Secum et Libertas, Omnipotente duce:
Sancta nec ulla fuit nisi gens Judæa superstes,
 Judæa ante alias chara propago Deo.
Vidit, et horrescens subitò vi ingente refugit
 Unà cum totis fluctibus unda maris:
Vidit Jördanes tremefacta fluenta revolvens
 Præpete cum cursu fontis adusque sinus:
Et tremuere alti montes ex sedibus imis,
 Commotumque sonos edidit omne nemus.

Quare

Quare refugiſti ingenti perculſa timore
  Unà cum totis fluctibus, unda maris?
Cur tua Jördanes, adeò fugere fluenta
  Præpete cum curſu fontis aduſque ſinus?
Cur vos, ô montes, tremuiſtis ſedibus imis?
  Veſtrum quare ſonos edidit omne nemus?
Jam propiore Deo, quin tu treme, conſcia terra,
  Jam propiore Deo, terra vel ima treme:
Qui jubet ut ſeſe prorumpant rupibus amnes,
  Fontibus et riguis ſaxa ſcatere jubet.

An effectus requirat Agentem sibi proportionatam?

Affr.

CLAUSTRA inter tacita, atque orbatos sole recessus
  Nigrâ cincta stolâ Virgo verenda sedet;
Pallidula ora gerens, crebra et suspiria ducens,
  Vix grave sustineat Relligionis opus.
Sæpè interrumpit dulces campana sopores,
  Et vigilem rauco murmure sera ciet:
Seu toties repetita monet sub vespere vota,
  Seu matutinas vult renovare preces.
Sublimes edit modò fervida pectore cantus
  Atque inter cantus organa plena strepunt.
Pallentum quin sacra choro peragente sororum,
  Nocturnas cernas sæpè micare faces.
Non illi mentem terrestria gaudia tangant,
  Nec fas delicias participare tori.
Usque adeo ante oculos stat tristis mortis imago,
  Pro vitâ æternâ bis ea passa mori.

PASTOR AD NYMPHAM.

NYMPHA, veni, mecum exornaŋs agreſte cubile,
  Ruſtica participans gaudia, Nympha veni.
Deliciis variis paritèr frueamur amœnis,
  Quot præſtant ſylvæ, præbet et omne nemus:
Quot clivi molles, riguæ convallis et umbræ,
  Quot præſtant campi, devia ſaxa, lacus.
Mugituſque boum juvat exaudire per agros,
  Lanigeroſque greges cernere propter aquas:
Ut juvat ad fontes labentes ducere ſomnos,
  Dum reſonis avium perſtrepit umbra choris.
Sedulus innectam tibi mille fragrantia ſerta,
  Et ſternam roſeos, gramineoſque toros.
Nec violæ, aut hederæ deerunt, quò ornatior extes,
  Æmula quò Veneris ſis, tibi Myrtus erit.
Paſtores tibi agent choreas, Nymphæque Sorores,
  Atque inter choreas agmina læta canent.
Hæc, quæ rus præſtat mentem ſi gaudia tangant,
  Mecum hæc participans gaudia, Nympha veni.

NYMPHÆ RESPONSUM.

SI modò priſca Venus rediviva inviſeret orbem,
Secum et paſtorum priſtina caſta fides :
Dein hæ deliciæ mentem mihi tangere poſſent,
Nec comitem vitæ te renuiſſe velim.
Rerum aſt tempus edax hæc gaudia cuncta reſolvit,
Deliciis mediis ſurgit amari aliquid :
Horreſcit campus brumali frigore læſus,
Marceſcunt flores, tu Philomela, taces.
Mel ſi lingua edit, ſed fel ſub corde latebit,
Degener inque odium vertitur omnis amor.
Rumpentur vittæ, fragrantia ſerta peribunt,
Marceſcent roſei, gramineique tori ;
Me nec eæ violæ, myrtuſve, hederæve movebunt,
Nec comitem vitæ te renuiſſe pudet :
At ſi, annis lapſis, floreret aduſque juventus,
Atque refloreſcens uſque vigeret amor ;
Nî peritura ævum tua gaudia cuncta moneret,
Nî foret uſque adeo tarda ſenectus inops ;
Dein hæ deliciæ mentem mihi tangere poſſent,
Atque tuum vellem participare torum.

HORATII ET LYDIÆ DIALOGUS. *Lib.* iii. *Ode* 9.

H. DUM tibi gratus eram; juvenis neve æmulus alter
Gratior exciperet candida colla ſinu;
Felix tum vigui, nec me felicior alter,
Nec rex tam felix Perſicus ipſe fuit.

L. Dum magìs haud fueras alieno accenſus amore,
Et puduit Lydiam poſthabuiſſe Chloï;
Tum vigui Romæ præſtantior omnibus extans,
Ilia nec Lydiâ clarior ipſa fuit.

H. Nunc mihi Threſſa Chlöe ſubnectit vincula amoris,
Dulces docta modos, ritè perita lyræ;
Pro quâ non metuam vel triſtia fata ſubire,
Si modo fas illi ſit ſupereſſe mihi.

L. Sentio me Caläis perculſam pectus amore,
Percipit ille pari corda calere face;
Pro quo bis patiar bis triſtia fata ſubire,
Si modo fas illi ſit ſupereſſe mihi.

M 3 *H.* Quid

H. Quid ſi priſca Venus redeuns in corda reſurgat,
Reddita quid ſi ſint fœdera rupta tori ?
Quid ſi flava Chlöe tectis detruditur exul,
Rejectæ et Lydiæ janua noſtra patet?
L. Quamvis formoſo ille aſtro formoſior extet,
Quamvis tu fragili cortice ſis levior;
Sævo Helleſponto, ſis iracundior Auſtro,
Vellem ut tu vitæ ſis comes, atque necis.

ELEGIA.

Samſon Agoniſtes Semi-chorus ultimus.

QUALIS Solis avis Phœnix illa unica terris
 In lucis Arabis non adeunda latet:
Ritè pyrâ ſtructâ procumbens Sole crematur,
 Ad triſtes cineres tota redacta jacet.
Reliquias mox inſtaurat, jam jamque reſurgit,
 Integranti ævum fas ſupereſſe rogo.
Niliaças Thebas quin advolat, atque ibi Solis
 Templo reliquias condere ritè parat:
Seſe dans comites avium chorus evolat omnis,
 Miranturque alas verſicoloris avis.
Illa refloreſcit, per ſæcula longa refloret,
 Nulla avis eſt ſimilis, nulla ſecunda ſibi.

Sic

Sic Samſon quantùm quantùm mutatus, egenus,
  Cæcus, et a patriis flebilis exul agris;
Conjugis indigno Dalilæ deceptus amore,
  Flet vires fractas, fœdera rupta tori.
Solennes inter pompas Dagonis honores,
  In templum inductus conſtitit ille miſer.
Inclinat caput, et vultus tellure moratus,
  Hæc ſecum ſolo pectore verba ciet:
An ſic conſpiciar tales decorare triumphos,
  An ſpectâcla iſtis edere cogar ego?
Dagonis templo populus dum indicit honorem,
  Siccine ludorum pars ego magna fiem?
Conſcia quin virtus collectis ignibus ardet,
  Viribus aucta novis pectore flamma furit:
Quamvis fruſtrà oculos volvo caligine merſos
  At luce internâ mens radiata viget.
Luminibus fruor internis, redivivus ut olim
  Sentio me plenum jam propiore Deo:
En vindex, vindex Samſon—nec plura moratus,
  Utraque quin manibus rapta columna ruit,
Queis moles ſtabilita ſtetit, dum fulminis inſtar
  Secum unà templi machina tota ruit.

Hoſtes et ſeſe fato ſubmerſit eodem,
Qualis et in vitâ, funere talis erat.
At fama Heröis viget, æternùmque vigebit,
Nemo ſibi ſimilis, nemo ſecundus erit.

An ſimile agat in ſimile? Aff^r.

ECHO, blanda Echo, reſonans huc vocis imago,
  Obducta aërio tegmine, Nympha, veni.
Muſcoſos fontes ſi umbroſis vallibus ambis,
  Aut tibi per ſylvas devia ſaxa placent:
Seu magis oblectent viridi ſub margine ripæ;
  Quà voci ſpirans lenitèr aura favet:
Murmura Mæandri aut juvat exaudire per umbra
  Quà querulum ad murmur reddere murmur a.
Quà tibi per noctem fundit Philomela querelas,
  Atque adeò faciant carmina mœſta moram.
Inter odoratos lucos poniſve cubile,
  Sive ſpecum reſonum non adeunda colis.
Aut his poſthabitis, recubas ſub mœnibus altis,
  Sive ſub aëriis rupibus uſque lates.
In cœlum redeas tu cui cœleſtis origo,
  Et ſis æthereis Gratia miſta choris.

An simile agat in simile? Affr.

As you like it. *Act* ii. *Scen. ult. prop. fin.*

Qui palantes penetrâſtis devia clauſtra,
Quà furtivâ umbrâ ſemita ſepta latet:
vobis unquam arriſerunt gaudia vitæ,
Contigit et lautas participare dapes:
vobis campana ſacrâ reſonavit in æde,
Atque piis lacrymis immaduere genæ:
Agreſtis noſtri comites ſalvete cubilis,
Si juvet hoſpitium participare caſæ.

Responsum.

Responsum.

Nobis feſtiva arriſerunt gaudia vitæ,
Contigit et lautas participare dapes,
Et nobis campana ſacrâ reſonavit in æde,
Atque piis lacrymis immaduere genæ.
Salvete! agreſtis comites juv[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]lis,
Et juvat hoſpitium participare caſæ.